

LEV
TOLSTOY

Anna Karenina

Book One

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Лев Толстой

АННА КАРЕНИНА

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CONTENTS

Foreword

ANNA KARENINA AND HER TIMES*

1

There are authors who go through life without ever changing their once established view of the world. Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1828-1910) was not one of them. In mid-life he experienced a deep spiritual crisis. He started out as a novelist. But from 1881, while still remaining a novelist, he became also a moralist, philosopher and teacher of life. His name became inseparably associated with the revolutionary history of Russia. From 1865 to 1868 he wrote his historical epic *War and Peace* and from 1889 to 1899 the accusatory novel *Resurrection*. In the "boundary" period between these (1873-1878) came *Anna Karenina*, his "novel of modern life". The essence of Tolstoy's spiritual crisis was, as he said in his famous *Confession* (1881-82), that he "renounced the life of his own circle". By birth and upbringing Tolstoy belonged to the topmost circle of the Russian nobility. The title of Count had been conferred on his ancestor in the early 18th century by Peter the Great himself. Lev Tolstoy had inherited the large family estate at Yasnaya Polyana in central Russia with its serfs, forests, lands, waters and fishing rights... Even the nightingales that sang at the window were his own, he would say. But he reached the conclusion that there could be no moral justification for wealth amid mass poverty. During the period of social reform in 1861 he did all he could for the emancipation of the serfs. In Tolstoy's activities the Russian gentry were, as it were, negating

their own state system. His "exposure of the rich" grew particularly forceful on the eve of the First Russian Revolution of 1905. Breaking with the gentry, Tolstoy went over to the side of the people, "the makers of life". The artist Ilya Repin portrayed Tolstoy as a strong peasant ploughing his native soil. Such a figure was already to be found in *Anna Karenina* where Tolstoy says of Levin that "now, almost against his will, he dug himself deeper and deeper into the soil, like a plough, and he could not pull himself out without turning a furrow". It was just such a deep furrow that Lev Tolstoy left in Russian literature and Russian life.

2

At the very beginning of the novel Tolstoy writes: "The Oblonsky home was in turmoil." It is a brief sentence full of meaning, embracing the general features of the age and the particular circumstances of family life in the 1870s. Tolstoy's criticism of society began with the family and went on to consider highly topical problems of private property and the state, all inseparably interlinked. An early reviewer, writing while the novel was still appearing in instalments in the *Russky Vestnik* (Russian Messenger), penetratingly observed in Tolstoy's novel signs of "the most palpable break-up of the family". It is with this that the novel begins. Anna Karenina comes to Moscow to reconcile the Oblonskys, but at the very same time her own life is shattered. Karenin's family, too, is crumbling, despite all his efforts to preserve peace and proprieties in his own home. Karenin firmly believed in the indissolubility of marriage. But just when Tolstoy was writing *Anna Karenina* in the seventies the view was gaining ground that the legal severance of family ties was both possible and permissible. In a rough draft of the novel Tolstoy wrote: "On the question of divorce that people were widely discussing Alexei Alexandrovich always spoke against it in public and in private." But in the novel Karenin suffers defeat both in public and in private. And he is not the only one. Everywhere the family life of the landed gentry was breaking up. "His wife?.. Only today he had a talk with Prince Chechensky," Tolstoy says, describing Ob-

lonsky's impressions of St. Petersburg. "Prince Chechensky had a wife and family—grown boys in the Corps of Pages—and he had another, illegitimate family where he also had children. Excellent as was the first family, Prince Chechensky felt happier in the second one." Seemingly simple solutions were found to problems, but behind them loomed terrible consequences which Tolstoy found alarming. "His children? In St. Petersburg children did not bother their parents. Children were put into schools to be educated." In *Anna Karenina* Tolstoy was not a destroyer of the family; nihilist theories about marriage were repugnant to him. But he clearly saw the break-up of the old aristocratic family. And it was in the life of the common people that he wished to find the springs of a renewal of "the idea of the family". Levin longs for "a pure life of toil". At haymaking time in the village Levin meets a young peasant Ivan and his wife and their love is a great revelation. "Levin had often been struck with admiration for this sort of life," writes Tolstoy, "he had often envied those who lived it, but today for the first time—especially after observing the relations between Ivan and his young wife—for the first time the thought clearly presented itself to him that it was within his power to change the idle, artificial, highly individual sort of life that weighed so heavily upon him for this pure life of common labour that appealed to him so strongly." Levin's dream was not just a personal whim of his own: in Tolstoy's novel thoughts about the family merge with thoughts about the people.

3

An even more important and acute issue was that of gentry property. The abolition of serfdom in Russia in 1861 had undermined the traditional manner of gentry landownership. All attempts by the gentry to preserve the old manner of farming and of everyday life conspicuously failed. In *Anna Karenina* failure was hard pressing on every side not only Oblonsky but Levin as well. "Oblonsky's affairs were in a bad way... He had no money at all," Tolstoy writes. Oblonsky is forced to seek a post; he sells the woods, his last remaining wealth. His estate is in utter decline. Dolly, his wife, is completely at a loss in the coun-

try. "On the day after their arrival there was a heavy rain. That night it leaked into the nursery and the hall so badly that the beds had to be moved into the drawing-room. There was no cook. Of nine cows it turned out, according to the woman who took care of the cattle, that some were with calf, others had just calved, others were old and still others were hard-uddered; there was not enough butter or milk even for the children. There were no eggs. There were no young chickens, they boiled and fried old, tough, blue-skinned roosters. No women could be found to scrub the floors, they were all busy planting potatoes. The family could not go driving because the one horse was unsteady and reared in the shafts. They could not bathe in the river because the entire bank had been trampled to a mush by the cows and was open to the road. They could not even walk in the garden because the cows came through holes in the fence and there was a frightful bull that roared so loudly it must surely be dangerous. There was not enough space for their clothes; the doors of the few wardrobes either would not shut or opened of themselves whenever anyone walked past. There were no pokers or irons for the fire, no boiler for laundering, not even an ironing board in the maids' room."

This was the picture which gentry landownership presented in the 1870s. Unlike Oblonsky, Levin lives in the country and is actively engaged in farming. But all his efforts to improve farming run up against the insuperable distrust of peasants. "Another difficulty," writes Tolstoy, "lay in the peasants' invincible conviction that the master could have no purpose but that of fleecing them." And Levin can see that "his boat had sprung a leak". And, just as he sought "simplicity" in family life, so in farming he comes round to the idea of "renunciation", though he does not know how to go about this "renunciation of his old way of life ... of his fruitless knowledge and of his superfluous education."

4

The prevailing mood in *Anna Karenina* is one of anxiety and confusion. Not only does Anna Karenina live "in the shadow of despair", but so does Levin, who also comes

close to the thought of suicide when seeking the meaning of existence. In a life which is already almost totally exhausted, everybody is overcome by vague anxiety and unease. Even carefree Vasenka Veslovsky, when the talk turns to relations between "master and peasant", says that "there is something underhand in such business". And the kind-hearted Oblonsky admits it is "dishonest" that the peasant remains poor and defenceless no matter how hard he works. Levin endeavours not to widen the gap between his own wellbeing and that of the poor, but the difference is too great for his sense of justice to leave him at ease. The old order has already been "turned upside down" but the new bourgeois capitalist relations gradually taking shape in Russia are alien to him, unfamiliar and incomprehensible. He views them with fear and distrust. Oblonsky, for instance, who comes of a long line of nobility, has to wait a long time to be received by the "railway king" Bolgarinov. He is already more dependent upon cash and capital than upon land. "The getting of gain by dishonest means," Levin argues is the same as "the profits of a banking house... This evil, the amassing of enormous fortunes without labour, is exactly what our tax-farmers did, only in a different form... Scarcely did we do away with the tax-farmers when the railway magnates and the bankers stepped in. Theirs, too, is profit without labour." Tolstoy was creating his own "work ethic", considering its fundamental basis to be "farm work", the "pure common working life" of the tiller of the soil. Even more important for Levin was his meeting with Sviazhsky and the "confirmed supporter of the serf system", an elderly landowner who assures him that the root cause of all farming troubles is that power "has been taken away" from the landowners. Levin wishes to found a new science of farming and to this end studies the labour laws of old feudal Russia and of bourgeois England. He thinks the most important questions now are farming, the hiring of labourers "and similar things". "Perhaps they are unimportant under the serf system," thinks Levin, "or in England since both England and the serf system offer conditions of stability, but with us at present, when everything has been overturned and is just beginning to take new shape, the question as to what this shape is to be, is the one question of importance."

Tolstoy's novel presents contemporary life with its full variety of topical issues. Konstantin Levin's brother Nikolai is a revolutionary. He rejects both the old feudal and the new bourgeois relations: "The capital is crushing the workers," he says to Levin. "Our workers and peasants carry the whole burden of labour on their shoulders and yet are placed in such a position that no matter how they try they cannot rise above their animal-like existence. All the profits of their labour ... are taken away from them by the capitalists." Levin detects in his brother his own lively sense of social justice. And Tolstoy, too, who pondered problems of ethics, was inspired by his quest for truth and justice. "His brother's words about communism, which he then treated so lightly," Tolstoy says about Levin, "now caused him to stop and ponder." Here Levin, despite his preoccupation with self-improvement, was confronted with the acute social problem of altering the economic conditions. Konstantin Levin dreams of a moral revolution while Nikolai talks of an economic revolution. And the similarity between them lies in the very fact that they are brothers. On reading *Anna Karenina* Dostoyevsky was amazed to find "in the work of an author who is supremely a creative artist and chiefly a writer of fiction, real news items—everything of any importance in our current Russian political and social issues, and concentrated, as it were, in one place."

5

But perhaps nowhere else did Tolstoy's view of the deep crisis of the Russian social order in the second half of the 19th century find so clear an expression as in Karenin's character and outlook. For he was one of those who made the laws or saw that they were observed. Tolstoy depicts with sympathy Karenin's marital troubles and lets him voice many of his own thoughts on marriage and the family. But he portrays his public and government activities with irony. Karenin is patently a failure. In his day, the philosopher Konstantin Leontiev admired Vronsky as a strong Guards officer, a defender of the Russian throne and statehood. In this sense the confrontation between Karenin and Vronsky is also of profound historical signi-

ficance. Karenin was a competent official, but even in the narrow sphere of his own official duties he fails as miserably as in his personal relations. "It so happened," Tolstoy writes, "that at the celebrated Commission of the 2nd of June harsh criticism was levelled at Karenin's ministry for its mismanagement of the irrigation of fields in Zaraisk Gubernia, a notorious example of red-tape and needless expenditure. Karenin knew that the criticism was just" yet decided to defend his stand and lost. Having ruined his career he turned for consolation to religion and mysticism.

It was against this background that there unfolded the story of the restless heart of Anna Karenina, whom neither Karenin could save nor Vronsky could make happy, and she sped "like a lawless comet" through a world sinking ever deeper into chaos. Anna ceased loving or had never loved Karenin; but Vronsky too ceased loving, or had never appreciated Anna and her truthful, freedom-loving and fair-minded nature. This was something only Levin understood and it came to him as an amazing revelation. "She did not wish to hide from him the hardships of her position," writes Tolstoy, "...and her face had become severe, as if turned to stone. She was even more beautiful like this." This is how Levin saw Anna Karenina for the last time. "She is an exceptional woman. It is warm-heartedness that captivates even more than her intelligence. I do feel sorry for her."

Tolstoy was neither prosecutor nor defence counsel of Anna Karenina. He neither excused nor accused her. He chronicled her appalling tragedy, relating it as "a historian of the human soul". One of Tolstoy's wisest contemporaries, the poet Afanasi Fet, said: "This novel is a stern and honest judgement of our whole way of life." And in the very epigraph of the novel: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord", Fet saw not religious so much as social and historical meaning: "Tolstoy pointed to the phrase 'I will repay' not as to the cane of an angry teacher but as to the power things have to punish." Tolstoy was writing the history of his own day, a history of the decline and break-up of an entire social system, and in the chaos of everyday life he saw the direct and natural bonds of cause and effect.

6

The modernity of *Anna Karenina* lay not only in the topicality of the issues it dealt with but also in the lively detail it contained of life in the 1870s. To some episodes Tolstoy assigned dates—such as the seeing-off of volunteers in the summer of 1876. If we work back from this date to the beginning of the novel the full chronological sequence of events is revealed with absolute precision. Anna Karenina arrived in Moscow in the winter of 1873. The tragedy at Obiralovka railway station happened in the spring of 1876. Vronsky left for Serbia in the summer of that same year. The chronological structure of the novel is based not only on a calendar sequence of events but on a definite selection of details drawn from contemporary life. Thus there are references in the novel to the Samara famine and the Khiva campaign (1873), to the introduction of universal military service and the Sunday schools (1874), to the proposal for a Pushkin memorial and to the university issue (1875), and to Milan Obrenovic and the Russian volunteers (1876). It was during this period that Tolstoy wrote and published almost the whole of his novel. Not for nothing does Dostoyevsky speak of "news items" in one of his comments on the novel. The action of Tolstoy's novel was synchronous with life itself.

Tolstoy kept no diary while working on the novel. "I wrote everything into *Anna Karenina*," he said, "and nothing was left over." In letters to friends he spoke of the novel as a diary. He wrote to Fet: "I have tried to express much of what I thought in the last chapter of the April number of the *Russky Vestnik*."

This is the chapter describing the death of Nikolai Levin. Tolstoy put much of his own experience into the novel. Levin's estate at Pokrovskoye reminds us of Yasnaya Polyana. His study of philosophy, management of the farm and his joining in the haymaking—all this was autobiographical for Tolstoy.

7

In his article *Lev Tolstoy and His Epoch* Lenin wrote: "The epoch to which Lev Tolstoy belongs and which

is reflected in such bold relief both in his brilliant literary works and in his teachings began after 1861 and lasted until 1905."* It was a turning-point in Russian history—from peasant reform to the first Revolution. The nature of it is well shown in *Anna Karenina* where Tolstoy speaking through Levin, points out that "everything has now been turned upside down and is only just taking shape". "It is difficult to imagine a more apt characterization of the period 1861-1905," notes Lenin. *Anna Karenina* is one of the greatest social novels of the 19th century, penned by a writer of genius. Dostoyevsky admired its "tremendous psychological probing of the human soul", "its incredible depth and power" and "a realism of portrayal unlike anything we have yet seen." Turgenev confessed that as he was reading it the book fell from his grasp and he exclaimed: "How can anybody write so well! " Tolstoy, however, did not attach much importance to his success. In 1878 he wrote in English to William Ralston: "I am fully convinced by many examples of writers, of whom their contemporaries made very much of and who were quite forgotten in their lifetime, that for contemporaries it is impossible to judge rightly the merits of literary works, and therefore, notwithstanding my wishes, I cannot share the temporary illusion of some friends of mine who seem to be sure that my works must occupy some place in Russian literature. Quite sincerely not knowing if my works shall be read after a hundred years or will be forgotten in a hundred days, I do not wish to take a ridiculous part in the very probable mistake of my friends."**

But Tolstoy's friends, such as Dostoyevsky and Turgenev, were not mistaken. *Anna Karenina* along with *War and Peace* won worldwide fame and recognition. In 1887 Tolstoy received a letter from John Forest in the United States, who wrote: "It gives me pleasure to acknowledge to you that I am under great intellectual obligation to your wonderful studies of human nature *War and Peace, Anna Karenina*... As for Anna Karenina—alas, poor brilliant, desperate Anna,—what a wreck she made of life! And what a wreck she could have left me.... Well, your characters

*V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works*, Vol. 17, p. 49
**Lev Tolstoy, *Collected Works* in 90 volumes, Vol. 62. Letters (in Russian).

are as real to me, Count, as you are... You and Dostoyev and Gogol have within the last year peopled for me wh was previously a solitude inhabited only by geograph names. If I should come to Russia now, I should look f Natasha, Sonia, Anna, Pierre and Levin more confident than I should look for the Tsar. And if I were told th they were dead, I should be greatly grieved, and should say 'What! All?' How comes it that all Russian novelists wri with this sincerity and actuality? There was nothing like before, except in the works of the little known Stendhal..."

In his interesting comments Forest makes many tru observations about Tolstoy's work. Tolstoy was very ap preciative of such letters. "It always gives me particula pleasure to feel a brotherly bond with people who geogr phically, ethnographically and politically might seem remote as anyone could possibly be." He described *Ann Karenina* as "a free and far-ranging novel" which "withou any strain" embraced everything the author himself un derstood and observed "from a new, unusual and worth while aspect".

In Tolstoy's free novel we find not only freedom bu also strict artistic necessity. The novel's merit lies not jus in the aesthetic significance of particular episodes but i the perfection of the whole. Each and every idea in th novel can be grasped and correctly understood only i conjunction with the whole. A "respect for life" is to th highest degree characteristic of Tolstoy the author. He saw his aim to be not "to find an incontestable solution to problems but to make people love life in all its endless and ever inexhaustible manifestations". He said: "If I were told that what I wrote would be read by today's children 20 years from now and that they would weep over it and laugh and come to love life, I would devote my whole life and strength to it." He wrote this over a century ago. His work has stood the test of time. The grandchildren of the children Tolstoy had in mind are now poring over his books. Each new work of Tolstoy's was a revelation to readers. But it was a revelation for the author too... "What I wrote," he said, "was just as new to me as to those who read it." Perhaps this is the only true source of creative work.

Edward Babayev

Part One

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord

1

All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

The Oblonsky home was in turmoil. The wife had discovered that her husband was having a love affair with their former French governess and she told him she could no longer live under the same roof with him. This state of affairs had prevailed for three days and was painfully felt not only by the husband and wife but by all the other members of the household as well. All the members of the household felt there was no longer any sense in their going on living together, that strangers whom chance circumstances had brought together in a public inn had more in common than they, the members of the Oblonsky family and household. The wife did not leave her rooms, the husband had not been home for three days. The children ran all over the house like gamins; the English governess quarrelled with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend asking her to find her a new situation; the cook left the house at dinner time of the second day; the kitchen girl and the coachman gave notice.

On the third day after the rupture Prince Stepan Oblonsky ("Steve" as he was known to his friends in the fashionable world) awoke at his usual hour, which is to say at eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's bedroom but in the study, on a leather sofa. He turned his well-

padded, well-tended body over on the soft sofa as if about to sink back into a deep sleep, tightly hugging the pillow and pressing his cheek to it; but suddenly he sprang to a sitting position and opened his eyes.

"Let's see, let's see, how was it?" he said to himself as he tried to recall his dream. "How was it, now? Ah, yes! Alabin had us to dinner in Darmstadt; no, not Darmstadt ... something American ... no, this Darmstadt was in America! That's it, Alabin gave a dinner on glass tables and—I'll be dashed if the tables didn't sing! *Il mio tesoro*; no, not *Il mio tesoro* ... something even better ... and pretty little wine-glasses ... and the wine-glasses were ladies..." he recalled.

Oblonsky's eyes twinkled merrily and he smiled as he gave himself up to his dream. "Very jolly. Very. Lots of other nice things too, but you can't put it all into words or even thoughts, can't express it when you wake up." Noticing a streak of light peering round the edge of one of the heavy window hangings, he light-heartedly swung his legs off the sofa, felt with his feet for the slippers trimmed in gold-coloured leather his wife had made for him (a gift on his last birthday) and without getting up reached for the dressing-gown that had been hanging in the same place for the past nine years. It was at this point that he realized he was not sleeping in his wife's bedroom but in the study and why. The smile vanished and he knitted his brows.

"Oh me, oh my!" he moaned, remembering all that had happened. He went over in his mind every detail of his quarrel with his wife, the hopelessness of his situation and, which troubled him most of all, his own guilt.

"No, she will never forgive me, she cannot forgive me. Worst of all is that I am to blame; I am to blame and yet it is not my fault. That is the tragedy of it," he thought. "Oh me, oh my!" he groaned in despair as he recalled what for him was the worst moment of their quarrel.

The worst moment was the first moment when, on returning from the theatre happy and pleased with himself, holding in his hand an enormous pear for his wife he did not find her in the drawing-room; to his surprise he did not find her in the study either; he came upon her at last

in the bedroom with that accursed note in her hand that exposed everything.

There she was, the ever anxious, ever bustling, not too clever (in his estimation) Dolly, sitting motionless with the note in her hand, staring at him in horror, despair and anger.

"What do you call this? What do you call this?" she asked, holding up the note.

As he recalled the scene, Oblonsky was distressed not so much by the situation itself as by the way in which he had responded to his wife's words.

What happened to him at that moment is what always happens to those who are unexpectedly caught in some shameful deed. He had no time to adapt his face to the position in which he was placed by the discovery of his wrong-doing. Instead of waxing indignant, denying everything, trying to vindicate himself, asking forgiveness, even displaying indifference (anything would have been preferable to what he did do!), his lips involuntarily (reflex action, he said to himself; he took an interest in physiology)—his lips quite involuntarily spread in his usual good-natured and therefore foolish smile.

He could not forgive himself that foolish smile. On seeing this smile Dolly winced as if from physical pain, poured forth a stream of harsh words with characteristic vehemence and rushed out of the room. Since then she had steadfastly avoided her husband.

"It was all that foolish smile," thought Oblonsky. "What's to be done? What's to be done?" he asked himself despairingly. He found no answer.

2

Oblonsky was honest with himself. He could not pretend that he repented of his misdemeanour. He was unable to repent that he, a handsome, susceptible man of thirty-four was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, a woman only one year younger than himself. He only repented that he had been unable to hide it from her. He was, however, aware of the gravity of his position and he was sorry for his wife, his children and

himself. Perhaps he would have been more careful had he known she would take it so hard. Without ever having put the question to himself frankly, he had vaguely assumed that his wife must know (and have known for long) that he was unfaithful to her, and that she chose to disregard it. He even felt that, worn out as she was with childbearing, no longer young and no longer beautiful, nothing but the usual mother of a family, though a very kind one, she ought, in all fairness, to be lenient. She was just the opposite.

How dreadful! Dear me, how really dreadful! Oblonsky kept saying to himself without finding any way out. How pleasant everything was until this happened! How well we got on! She found happiness and contentment in her children, I did not cross her in anything, allowed her to run the household and bring up the children as she liked. Too bad, of course, *she* was living here as governess. Too bad, too bad! There is something petty and vulgar in making up to one's governess. But what a governess! (Here a vivid picture of Mademoiselle Roland's smile and her roguish black eyes rose before him.) But after all I allowed myself no liberties so long as she lived in the house. The worst thing is that she is already... Good God, how could it have happened? What's to be done now?

There was no answer except the universal answer life offers to the most complicated and insoluble problems. The answer was: forget these problems by losing yourself in the daily round. You cannot lose yourself in dreams—not, at least, until night sets in; you cannot go back to the music sung by the wine-glass ladies, and so you had better lose yourself in the dream of daily life.

Well, we shall see, Oblonsky said to himself, and so saying he got up, put on his grey dressing-gown with the blue silk lining, flipped the tassels into a knot, drew in a deep breath of air that filled the vast cavity of his chest, went to the window with the bold stride of out-pointed toes that so lightly carried his stoutness, lifted the curtain and gave the bell-cord a vigorous tug. Matvei, his valet and old friend, promptly came in with his clothes, his boots and a telegram. At Matvei's heels came the barber bringing the shaving things.

"Any papers from the office?" asked Oblonsky as he

boots and holding the telegram in his hand, Oblonsky was washed and combed and ready to be dressed. The barber had gone.

"Daria Alexandrovna told me to say she was going away. She said let him—you, that is—do as he likes." He laughed with his eyes alone and stood gazing at his master with his hands in his pockets and his head cocked.

Oblonsky said nothing for a while. Then a kindly and somewhat pathetic little smile crept over his handsome face.

"How do you like that, Matvei?" he said, shaking his head.

"Have no fear, sir; everything will shape up," said Matvei.

"Shape up?"

"Oh, yes; it will."

"You think so? Who's there?" asked Oblonsky, hearing the rustle of skirts on the other side of the door.

"It's me, sir," said a firm and pleasant feminine voice. In the doorway appeared the grave pockmarked face of Matrona, the nursemaid.

"What is it, Matrona?" asked Oblonsky, going to the door.

Even though Oblonsky had done his wife a serious wrong, as he himself knew only too well, most of the people in the house, including the nursemaid, who was Daria Alexandrovna's help and mainstay, took his side.

"What is it?" he asked dispiritedly.

"Go to her, sir, and ask her forgiveness again. It may help, God willing. She is so miserable! Wrings a person's heart, so it does, and the house all topsy-turvy. Think of the children, sir. Do beg her pardon, sir. It can't be helped. Once you've made your bed..."

"But she won't accept..."

"You do what you ought to do, sir, God is merciful. Pray to Him, sir, pray to Him."

"Very well, you may go," and Oblonsky blushed. "Come, time I was dressing," he said to Matvei, throwing off his dressing-gown abruptly.

Matvei was already holding up his shirt like a horse-collar; he blew away some invisible speck and slipped the shirt over his master's sleek body with manifest pleasure.

3

When he was dressed Oblonsky sprinkled some scent on himself, straightened his shirt cuffs, felt various pockets to see that cigarettes, pocket-book, matches and watch with double chain and fobs were all in their proper places, shook out a clean handkerchief, and with the pleasant sense of being clean, fragrant, healthy and physically elated despite his misfortune, walked with a springy step into the dining-room, where he found coffee waiting for him and letters and papers lying beside his cup.

He read the letters. One of them was unpleasant. It was from the merchant who was buying woodland on his wife's estate. It was imperative that these woods be sold, but there could be no question of discussing the matter until he was reconciled with his wife. Nothing could be more unpleasant than to have money matters mixed up with this business of reconciliation. It was insulting to think that their relations could be influenced by money matters, that in fact he might seek a reconciliation just so that he could sell the woods.

When the letters were read Oblonsky pulled over the papers from the office, quickly leafed through two sets of them, jotted down a few remarks with a big pencil and pushed them aside so that he could enjoy his coffee. As he drank he unfolded the morning paper on which the printer's ink was still damp.

Oblonsky took (and sedulously read) a liberal newspaper, not the extreme one but a paper whose trend was supported by the majority. And although he was not particularly interested in science or art or politics, in all of these fields he strictly adhered to the views held by the majority and by his newspaper, and he changed them only when the majority changed theirs; perhaps it would be more correct to say he never changed them; the views imperceptibly changed of themselves.

Oblonsky did not choose trends and views. Trends and views came to him of their own accord, just as he did not choose the fashion of his hats and coats but accepted whatever was being worn. Living as he did in a particular society and experiencing the need of intellectual activity that usually comes with maturity, he found it as essential

to hold views as to wear hats. If there was a reason for his preferring the liberal trend to the conservative one (held by many people of his circle), it was not that he found the liberal trend more logical but that he found it more congenial to his way of life. The liberal party said that everything was wrong in Russia, and certainly Oblonsky had a great many debts and very little money. The liberal party said that marriage was an outworn institution that must be renovated, and certainly Oblonsky got little satisfaction out of family life which forced him to lie and deceive—things that were contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather assumed, that religion was nothing but a means of holding in reign the uncivilized part of the population, and certainly Oblonsky could not stand through even a short church service without coming away with pains in his legs and he never could understand why all those frightening high-sounding phrases should be expended on the other world when this world was such a jolly place to live in. Moreover Oblonsky, who was fond of a joke, would sometimes shock a conformer by saying that if a person was so proud of his ancestors why should he stop at Rurik, Russia's first prince, and not go all the way back to the very source—the ape? The liberal trend had indeed become a habit with Oblonsky and he loved his newspaper, as he loved his after-dinner cigar, for the slight haze it produced in his head. He read the leading article explaining that in our times it is utterly useless to raise a hue and cry as to radicalism swallowing up all conservative elements and the government being obliged to suppress the hydra of revolution: on the contrary, "...it is our opinion that the danger lies not in the mythical hydra of revolution but in the stubborn traditions hindering progress..." and so on and so forth. He read still another article, one on finance, in which the names of Bentham and Mill were mentioned and hints were dropped reflecting on a certain ministry. With characteristic quickness he caught the meaning of the hints, by whom and at whom they were aimed and on what provocation, and as always this afforded him considerable satisfaction. But today his satisfaction was marred by the remembrance of Matrona's advice and the trouble in the family. He further read that Count Beist was said to have left for

Wiesbaden, that grey hair was out, that a light carriage was for sale and a young lady was looking for a situation. But this information did not bring him the amused satisfaction it usually did.

When he had finished the paper, a second cup of coffee and a buttered roll, he got up, shook the crumbs off his waistcoat, squared his broad shoulders and smiled happily, not because he was thinking of something pleasant—no, the happy smile was engendered by a good digestion.

But the happy smile instantly reminded him of things that made him grow thoughtful.

Children's voices came to him from the other side of the door (he recognized them as belonging to Grisha, his younger son, and Tanya, his elder daughter). Apparently they had dropped something.

"I told you not to put passengers on the roof," cried the little girl in English. "Now you can just pick them up!"

Everything's topsy-turvy, said Oblonsky to himself. The children running about with no one to look after them. He went to the door and called them. They dropped the box they had turned into a train and went to their father.

The little girl, his favourite, ran boldly up to him, threw her arms about his neck and hung there laughing, delighting as usual in the familiar scent of his side-whiskers. When she had kissed his face, flushed from bending over and beaming with tenderness, she let go of him and would have run back if he had not stopped her.

"What is mamma doing?" he asked, passing his hand over her smooth delicate throat. "Good morning," he said, smiling at the little boy who had come up to greet him.

Oblonsky was aware of caring more for the girl than for the boy and always made an effort to hide his preference; but the boy sensed it and did not respond to his father's chilly smile.

"Mamma? She just got up," said the little girl.

Oblonsky heaved a sigh. That means she's had another sleepless night, he thought.

"Is she cheerful?"

The little girl knew her mother and father had quar-

relled and for that reason her mother could not be cheerful and her father must know it and was just pretending when he asked the question in such an off-hand way. She blushed for her father. He understood and blushed too.

"I don't know," said his daughter. "She said we were to take a walk to Grandmamma's with Miss Hull instead of doing lessons today."

"Then run along, darling. Ah, just a moment," he said, detaining her again and stroking her soft little hand. He took a box of sweets off the mantelpiece where he had put it the night before and, selecting her favourites—a chocolate and a fondant—gave them to her.

"For Grisha?" she said, holding out the chocolate.

"Oh, yes." He stroked her again on the shoulder, kissed her on the neck and at the edge of her hair and let her go.

"The carriage is ready," said Matvei, adding: "A lady's come to ask for something."

"Has she been waiting long?" asked Oblonsky.

"Half an hour or so."

"How many times have I told you to announce people immediately!"

"And are you not to have your coffee in peace?" said Matvei in that rough friendly tone that made it impossible to become angry with him.

"Well, ask her in and be quick about it," said Oblonsky, frowning with vexation.

The request made by this woman, widow of a Second Captain named Kalinin, was foolish and could not be satisfied, but Oblonsky, as was his custom, offered her a chair and listened attentively, without interrupting, and gave her detailed advice as to whom to see; he even scrawled a brisk note in his large flowing hand to the functionary who might be of help to her. When he had seen her out, Oblonsky took his hat and paused, wondering if there was anything he had forgotten. It turned out he had forgotten nothing but what he wanted to forget: his wife.

Ah, yes. He dropped his head and a mournful look clouded his handsome face. To go to her or not? he asked himself. An inner voice told him there was no point in going, that nothing but falseness would come of it; it was impossible to mend or improve their relations because it

was impossible to make her lovely and seductive again, or to make him senile and incapable of falling in love. Nothing but falseness and lies would come of it, and falseness and lies were contrary to his nature.

But I will have to do it eventually; things cannot go on as they are, he thought, trying to bolster up his courage. He squared his shoulders, took out a cigarette, lighted up, took two draws, tossed it into a shell ashtray, walked quickly through the gloomy drawing-room and opened the door to his wife's bedroom.

4

Daria Alexandrovna, in a shirt-waist, the braids of her now thin hair, once thick and lustrous, pinned up on the back of her head, with a thin drawn face and big frightened eyes that the thinness of her cheeks made even bigger, was standing among a litter of things in front of an open chest of drawers from which she was selecting articles of clothing. Hearing her husband's footsteps, she stopped and stared at the door, vainly trying to adopt a stern and contemptuous expression. She knew she feared him and this encounter. She had just been trying to do what she had tried to do a dozen times in the last three days: select her own and her children's things to take with her to her mother's home. And again she could not make the decision. But again, as on each of the other occasions, she told herself that things could not remain as they were, that she must take some measure, must punish him and cause him shame, must get revenge for even a small portion of the suffering he had caused her. She still kept telling herself she would leave him, but deep down within her she felt that this was impossible; it was impossible because she could not get rid of the habit of regarding him as her husband and of loving him. Furthermore, she felt that if here, in her own home, she had difficulty in taking proper care of her five children, it would be much worse for them there, where she intended taking them. In just these three days the youngest one had fallen ill because he was fed unwholesome broth, and the others had eaten practically no dinner at all yesterday. She felt it was impossible to

leave, yet she deceived herself by selecting their things and pretending she was going to leave.

As soon as she saw her husband she began rummaging in the drawers again and looked round only when he was close beside her. Her face, which she had tried so hard to make stern and resolute, showed only suffering and bewilderment.

"Dolly," he said in a soft meek voice. He let his head sink on his chest and tried to look chastened and submissive, but for all that he radiated freshness and health.

In one swift glance she swept him from head to foot—all that radiant freshness and health. Yes, he is happy and content, she said to herself, and I? And that loathsome kindheartedness for which everybody loves and praises him; how I hate that kindheartedness! she thought. Her mouth hardened and the cheek muscles twitched on the right side of her pale nervous face.

"What do you want?" she asked quickly in a deep voice unlike her own.

"Dolly," he repeated, and there was a quiver in his voice. "Anna is coming today."

"What is that to me? I cannot receive her!" she cried.

"But you must, Dolly."

"Go away, go away, go away!" she shrieked without looking at him, as if shrieking from physical pain.

Oblonsky could think of his wife with composure and hope that everything would "shape up", as Matvei had put it; he could calmly read his paper and drink his coffee; but when he saw her haggard suffering face and heard that note in her voice that said she had given up hope and bowed to her fate, he caught his breath, a lump rose in his throat and tears glistened in his eyes.

"My God! What have I done! Dolly! For God's sake! After all..." He could not go on, he was choked by sobs.

She slammed the drawer shut and looked at him.

"What can I say, Dolly? Only one thing: forgive me, forgive me. Consider: do not the nine years of our life together outweigh minutes ... minutes..."

She dropped her eyes and listened, waiting to hear what he would say, imploring him, as it were, to say something that would restore her faith in him.

"...minutes of infatuation," he brought out and would

have gone on, but at the sound of that word she again compressed her lips as if from physical pain and again the muscles of her right cheek began to twitch.

"Go away! Go away!" she shrieked louder than ever. "And don't dare speak to me of your infatuations and your beastliness!"

She turned to go out but swayed and seized the back of a chair for support. His face swelled, his lips puffed up, his eyes were brimming with tears.

"Dolly," he murmured, now whimpering audibly. "For God's sake think of the children; they are not to blame. I am to blame, punish me, make me pay for my sin. I am ready to do anything in my power. I am guilty, no words can express how guilty I am. But forgive me, Dolly!"

She sat down. He heard her heavy breathing and felt unutterably sorry for her. She made several attempts to speak but was unable to do so. He waited.

"You only think of the children when you want to play with them, but I think of them always and know that now they are ruined," she said; evidently this was one of the sentences she had kept repeating to herself in the course of these three days.

Her voice softened as she spoke to him and in gratitude he glanced at her and reached for her hand, but she drew back in revulsion.

"I think of the children and would do anything in the world to save them, but I myself don't know how to save them: by taking them away from their father or by leaving them with their reprobate father— yes, reprobate. Tell me, pray, after ... after what has happened, is it possible for us to go on living together? Is it possible?" she repeated, raising her voice again. "After my husband, the father of my children, has had a love affair with his children's governess!"

"But what is to be done? What is to be done?" he asked in a pitiful voice, hardly knowing what he was saying and letting his head fall lower and lower.

"You are loathsome, disgusting!" she cried, growing more and more angry. "Your tears are mere water! You have never loved me; you have no heart and no nobility of soul! You are low, beastly, a stranger to me—yes, an utter stranger!" With spite and pain she pronounced the

word *stranger*, which sounded so terrible to her.

He glanced at her and the spite in her face frightened and astonished him. He did not understand that his pity exasperated her. She could see that he felt sorry for her but did not love her. No, she will never forgive me, she hates me, he said to himself.

"This is dreadful, dreadful," he said.

Just then a child began to cry in the next room—perhaps it had fallen down. Dolly listened and suddenly her face softened. It seemed to take her a few seconds to realize where she was and what she must do; then getting up quickly, she went to the door.

After all, she loves my child, he thought, remarking the change that came over her face on hearing the cry. *My* child, so how can she hate me?

"Dolly, one word more," he said, going after her.

"If you come after me I shall call the servants, the children! Let them all know that you are a scoundrel! I am leaving the house today and you can live here with your mistress."

She went out and slammed the door behind her.

Oblonsky heaved a sigh, wiped his face and walked towards the door with slow steps. Matvei says everything will shape up, but how can it? I see no possibility of it. Oh me, oh my! How dreadful! And how vulgarly she shrieked! he said to himself as he recalled her shrieks and the words *scoundrel* and *mistress*. Dear me, the maids may have heard! Horribly vulgar, horribly. Oblonsky stood there a little, wiped his eyes, heaved another sigh, squared his shoulders and went out.

It was Friday and the German clock-maker was winding up the clock in the dining-room. Oblonsky smiled as he remembered having once jested that this bald, punctual clock-maker was wound up for life to wind up clocks. Oblonsky enjoyed a joke. Perhaps everything will shape up after all, he thought. That's a nice expression: "shape up". I must tell it to the chaps.

"Matvei! " he called. When Matvei appeared he said, "Make arrangements with Matrona to have my sister sleep in the sitting-room."

"Yes, sir."

Oblonsky put on his coat and went out on the porch.

"You will not dine at home?" asked Matvei, seeing him off.

"We shall see. Here, this is for expenses," he said, taking ten rubles out of his pocket-book. "Is it enough?"

"Enough or not, it will have to do," said Matvei as he shut the carriage door and turned back to the porch.

Meanwhile Dolly, having quieted the child and guessing from the sound of carriage wheels that her husband had gone away, went back to her bedroom. This was her only refuge from the household cares that swooped down upon her the moment she left her bedroom. Even now, in the brief time she had been in the nursery, the English governess and Matrona had assailed her with urgent questions she alone could answer, such as: what were the children to put on for their walk? Were they to be given milk? Must a new cook be sent for?

"Oh, let me alone, let me alone! " she wailed. She went back to her room and sat down in the chair she had been sitting in when she talked to her husband, clutched her thin fingers with the rings falling off them, and began going over in her mind everything that had been said. He has gone, she said to herself, but has he ended everything with *her*? Can he still be seeing her? Why did I not ask him? No, no, it is impossible that we should go on living together. Even if we remain under the same roof, we are strangers. Strangers for all time. She repeated this appalling word with special emphasis. And how I loved him! Heavens above, how I loved him!.. And now—do I not love him now? Do I not love him now even more than before? How dreadful! And the main thing is ... Her thoughts were cut off at this point by Matrona's putting her head in at the door.

"Do send somebody for my brother, Ma'am," she said. "He can at least make us some dinner so that things don't go on like yesterday, with the children hungry until six o'clock."

"Very well, I will come directly and see to everything. Have you sent for fresh milk?"

And Dolly gave herself up to the cares of the day, drowning her grief in them for the time being.

5

Oblonsky did well at school thanks to his native ability, but he was lazy and mischievous and for that reason ended among the lowest in his class. Despite his reckless habits, his comparative youth and his low rank in the civil service, he held an honourable and lucrative post as head of one of Moscow's administrative offices. He had received this post through his sister Anna's husband, Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin, who was an important official in the ministry to which the Moscow office belonged; but even if Karenin had not appointed his brother-in-law to this post, hundreds of other brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts and distant relatives would have seen to it that Steve Oblonsky had this or a similar post bringing him in the six thousand annual income so essential to him because his affairs, notwithstanding his wife's considerable fortune, were in a bad way.

Half of Moscow and St. Petersburg were Oblonsky's relatives or friends. He was born among those who were and are the great ones of this world. One third of the elderly men at the head of state were friends of his father and had known Steve when he was still in long clothes; another third were his intimate friends; the rest were good acquaintances. It follows that those who distributed earthly blessings in the form of appointments, concessions, income and such, were all his friends and could not possibly overlook one of their own. Oblonsky did not have to put forth great effort to obtain a profitable situation; he had only not to refuse, not to envy, not to quarrel and not to take offence, and since all of these things were contrary to his nature he did none of them. If anyone had suggested that he might not be given a post offering him the salary he required, he would have found the suggestion absurd, especially since he demanded nothing exceptional, only what his friends received, and he could discharge his duties as well as any of them.

Those who knew Steve Oblonsky loved him not only for his kindhearted, cheerful nature and indubitable honesty, but also because there was something in his bright and handsome appearance, in his shining eyes, black eyebrows and hair, fair and ruddy complexion, that

acted physically on those who met him, transmitting to them his amiability and good cheer. "Ah, Steve! Ah, Oblonsky! Glad to see you! "—was what those who met him invariably cried with a bright smile. If, after talking with him, they sometimes discovered that nothing to rejoice over had occurred, even so they rejoiced in the same way on seeing him the next time, and the next.

In the three years Oblonsky had been head of this Moscow office he had won the esteem as well as the love of his colleagues, his subordinates, his superiors, and all who had dealings with him. The main qualities that earned him this esteem at the office were, first of all, his indulgence towards others, arising out of his appreciation of his own shortcomings; secondly, the absolute liberalism of his attitude, not a liberalism derived from the newspaper, but a liberalism that flowed in his veins and made him treat all men alike regardless of their wealth and position; thirdly and most important, his complete indifference to the work he was engaged in, as a result of which he never became emotionally involved or made mistakes.

On arriving at the office Oblonsky, escorted by the deferential doorman, entered his small private office, changed into his uniform and went to the board room. Clerks and copyists all stood up and bowed cheerfully and deferentially. Oblonsky walked to his place with his springy step, shook hands with the board members and sat down. He joked and gossiped only so long as he could do so with propriety before turning to the work in hand. No one better than he was able to set the exact bounds to the ease, freedom and official manner required for the pleasant carrying on of business. The secretary brought him some papers cheerfully and deferentially, as all things were done in Oblonsky's office, and remarked in the tone of liberal familiarity he had cultivated in his subordinates:

"At last we have succeeded in getting that information from Penza Gubernia. Here, wouldn't you like?"

"So you have, have you?" said Oblonsky, slipping a finger between the papers. "Well, gentlemen..." and the day's session began.

If they only knew, he thought as he listened to a report with a grave face, his head cocked on one side, if they only

knew what a guilty boy their chairman looked half an hour ago! and his eyes twinkled. They were to go on with their business until two o'clock, when there would be an interval for lunch.

It was not yet two when the big glass doors of the board room were thrown open and somebody came in. The board members sitting below the portrait and the double-headed eagle glanced at the doors, glad of the distraction. But the hall porter instantly put the intruder out and shut the doors.

When the report was over Oblonsky got up and stretched. As a tribute to the liberalism of the day he allowed himself to take out a cigarette in the board room before leaving for his own office, followed by two associates: Nikitin, who had grown old in the service, and *Kammerjunker* Grinevich.

"We will have time to finish everything after lunch," remarked Oblonsky.

"Oh, indeed we will! " said Nikitin.

"That Fomin must certainly be a rascal," said Grinevich, referring to one of the men involved in the business under discussion.

Oblonsky frowned at Grinevich's words without commenting on them, thereby letting him know that premature judgements were not to be suffered.

"Who was it that entered the room?" he asked the hall porter.

"Don't know, Your Excellency; pushed in without asking directly my back was turned. Asked for you. When the meeting's over, I tells him, that'll be time—"

"Where is he now?"

"Must be he went downstairs, he was walking up and down here. Ah, that's him," and the hall porter pointed to a broad-shouldered, athletically built man with a curly beard who, without taking off his sheepskin cap was running lightly up the worn steps of the stone staircase. A lean functionary going down the steps with a folder under his arm stopped to look disapprovingly at the flashing legs and then to cast an inquiring glance at Oblonsky.

Oblonsky was standing at the top of the staircase. His face, shining good-humouredly above the braided collar of his uniform, shone all the brighter when he recognized the runner.

"Well, now, if it isn't Levin at last! " he cried with a friendly amused smile as he took in the advancing figure. "How did you bring yourself to visit me in my den?" he asked. Finding a handshake inadequate, he kissed his friend. "Been here long?"

"I just arrived and wanted very much to see you," replied Levin, glancing about him shyly, ill-humouredly and uneasily.

"Here, we'll go into my office," said Oblonsky, aware of his friend's proud and ungracious shyness. He took his arm and led him away as if guiding him among perils.

Oblonsky addressed almost all of his acquaintances with good-natured familiarity—old men of sixty, young men of twenty, actors, ministers, tradesmen and generals. Many of them stood on opposite ends of the social ladder and would have been greatly surprised to discover that their relations with Steve Oblonsky provided them with something in common. It goes without saying that he was on terms of familiarity with everyone with whom he drank champagne, and he drank champagne with everyone; if, in the presence of his subordinates, he met one of his "disreputable pals", as he jocularly referred to many of his friends, he was able to moderate the bad impression made on them thanks to his native tact. Levin was certainly not one of his "disreputable pals", but Oblonsky's tact told him Levin might think that he, Oblonsky, did not wish to reveal their intimacy to his subordinates, and so he hastened to take him into his private office.

Levin was about the same age as Oblonsky and on terms of intimacy with him, but not because they drank champagne together. They had been friends from early youth. They were devoted to each other in spite of the difference in their characters and tastes, as people are devoted who have known each other from early youth. But, as often happens with those who have chosen different fields of activity, each of them, while justifying the other's activities when considering them rationally, secretly held them in contempt. Each considered that the life he had chosen was the only real one, and that that chosen by his friend was unsubstantial. Oblonsky could not restrain a slightly amused smile on seeing Levin. He had seen him many times on his visits to Moscow from the country, where he

was engaged in doing something or other—Oblonsky could never understand exactly what and was not sufficiently interested to try to understand. Whenever Levin came to Moscow, he was excited, hurried, a little self-conscious and irritated by his self-consciousness; usually it was discovered that he had just adopted some new and unexpected view of things. Oblonsky laughed at all this and loved him nonetheless. In just the same way Levin secretly despised his friend's urban life and his occupation, too, which he considered a mere waste of time, and he laughed at them in his turn. The difference was that Oblonsky, since he did exactly what everybody else did, laughed complacently and good-naturedly; Levin laughed without complacency and sometimes ill-humouredly.

"We've been expecting you for a long time," said Oblonsky, letting go of Levin's arm as they entered his office as if to indicate that the danger was over.

"I'm delighted to see you. Delighted," he went on. "Well, how are you? When did you get here?"

Instead of replying, Levin stared at the unfamiliar faces of Oblonsky's companions and especially at the hand of the elegant Grinevich with such long white fingers and such long yellow nails curving round the tips, and with such a big shiny cuff-link in the sleeve that all his attention was drawn to these hands and he could think of nothing else. Oblonsky observed this and smiled.

"Ah, yes; allow me to introduce you," he said. "My colleagues, Filipp Ivanovich Nikitin and Mikhail Stanislavich Grinevich." Then, turning to Levin: "Konstantin Dmitrich Levin, a man who takes an active part in *zemstvo* administration, a country gentleman of the new type, an athlete who can lift five poods with one hand, a sportsman, a cattle-breeder, my good friend and the brother of Sergei Ivanovich Koznishev."

"Glad to meet you," said the old man.

"I have the honour of being acquainted with your brother Sergei Ivanovich," said Grinevich, holding out the thin hand with the long nails.

Levin scowled, coldly pressed the hand, and instantly turned back to Oblonsky. Although Levin had the greatest esteem for his half-brother, a writer well known throughout the country, he could not bear to be accepted

as the brother of the celebrated Koznishev rather than as himself, Konstantin Levin.

"I no longer take an active part in *zemstvo* administration. I have quarrelled with everybody and do not even attend meetings any more," he said, addressing himself to Oblonsky alone.

"It didn't take you long," replied Oblonsky with a smile. "How did it happen? What is the reason?"

"That's a long story. I will tell you later," said Levin, but he began it immediately. "To put it briefly, I became convinced that nothing is or can be accomplished by our *zemstvo* administration." He said it with the air of one who has just received an affront. "On the one hand it is mere child's play—playing at parliament—and I am neither young enough nor old enough to amuse myself with childish games; on the other hand" (he stumbled over the words) "it is a means for the country gentry to line their pockets. They used to get it from patronage and judgeships, now it comes from the *Zemstvo* Council, not in the form of bribes but of unearned salaries." He spoke as heatedly as if one of those present were challenging his opinion.

"Dear me, I see you have entered a new phase, a conservative one," said Oblonsky. "But we will discuss it later."

"Yes, later. Now I must speak to you," said Levin, looking with loathing at Grinevich's hand.

Oblonsky smiled faintly.

"Was it not you who said you would never again wear European clothes?" he said, taking in his friend's new suit, obviously cut by a French tailor. "Yes, I can see it—a new phase."

Levin blushed suddenly, not as grown people blush—slightly, without noticing it themselves—but as little boys blush, aware that their shyness makes them look ridiculous and therefore blushing and suffering all the more, almost to the point of tears. It was so incongruous to see so childish a state reflected on that manly intelligent face that Oblonsky turned his eyes away.

"Where shall we meet? I simply must speak to you," said Levin.

Oblonsky seemed to be considering the matter:

"We could lunch at Gurin's, we can talk there. I am free until three."

"No," said Levin after a pause. "I have to make a call."

"Very well, then we shall dine together."

"Dine together? But I only want a word with you, just to ask you something. We can talk later."

"Then ask me now and we will talk at dinner."

"This is it..." said Levin. "Oh, well, nothing in particular, to be sure." His efforts to suppress his bashfulness made him look positively ferocious. "What can you tell me about the Scherbatskys? Is everything the same with them?" he came out with suddenly.

Oblonsky, who had long known that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty, smiled faintly and his eyes sparkled.

"You have asked me in a word but I cannot answer you in a word because... Just a moment."

The secretary entered the room and with respectful informality and the modest conviction common to most secretaries that they know more about the business than their chiefs, went over to Oblonsky with some papers and, under the pretext of making inquiries, began explaining certain difficulties to him. Without hearing him out, Oblonsky laid a gentle hand on the secretary's arm:

"No, you had better do as I told you," he said, softening his rebuke with a smile; after a brief explanation of his own view of the matter, he pushed the papers away and said: "So please do as I told you to do, Zakhar Nikitich—just as I told you."

The discomfited secretary went out. While the conversation with the secretary was going on Levin, who had recovered his composure, stood leaning with both hands on the back of a chair and listening with amused attention.

"I can't understand it, I simply can *not* understand it," he said.

"What cannot you understand?" asked Oblonsky, smiling as complacently as ever as he took out a cigarette. He expected one of Levin's odd observations.

"I cannot understand what you are doing here," said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you take it seriously?"

"Why should I not?"

"What have you to complain of, Stepan Arkadievich?"

"Everything. Everything has gone wrong," said Oblonsky with a deep sigh.

6

When Oblonsky asked Levin what had brought him to Moscow, Levin had blushed and been angry with himself for blushing because he could not say, "I have come to make your sister-in-law an offer," although that was precisely why he had come.

The Levin and Scherbatsky families were old aristocratic Moscow families and they had always been in close and friendly relations. Their intimacy had been strengthened in Levin's student days. He had prepared for the university together with young Prince Scherbatsky, brother of Dolly and Kitty, and together they had been accepted as students. In those days Levin often visited the Scherbatskys and he fell in love with their home. Odd as it may seem, it was precisely with the home, with the family, especially the female members of the family, that Konstantin Levin fell in love. Levin did not remember his mother, and his only sister was a great deal older than he was, so that in the Scherbatsky home he saw for the first time the sort of old, aristocratic, cultivated and high-principled family that he had been deprived of by the death of his father and mother. He saw all the members of the family, especially the female members, through a veil of mystery and poetry, and not only did he perceive no shortcomings in them but through the veil of poetry enshrouding them he divined the most elevated feelings and every sort of perfection. Why these three young ladies should speak only French or English every other day; why at certain hours they should take turns playing on the piano, whose sounds reached their brother's room upstairs where the students were studying; why those tutors of French literature, music, drawing and dancing should come to them; why at a certain hour the three young ladies escorted by Mademoiselle Linon should go for a drive along Tverskoi Boulevard in their silk coats—Dolly in a long one, Natalia in a half-length one and Kitty

post and no position in society, whereas his contemporaries, also thirty-two years of age, were colonels, professors, directors of banks and railways, or, like Oblonsky, heads of state offices. He, in contrast (he knew very well how he must look to others), was just a country landlord engaged in the breeding of cows, the shooting of snipe and the building of barns, in other words, a witless fellow who had come to nothing and who, in the opinion of the fashionable world, was doing what those did who could do nothing better.

Moreover, the beautiful and mysterious Kitty could not love a man as unprepossessing as he believed himself to be and one who, even worse, was so simple and unexceptional. And his former relations with Kitty—those of a grownup to a child owing to his friendship with her brother—now seemed to him a further obstacle to winning her love. In his opinion, a good-natured unattractive man like himself could be loved as a friend, but only a handsome and, above all, an exceptional man could be loved with the sort of love he bore Kitty.

He had heard that women often love simple unattractive men but he did not believe it; he judged by his own attitude in this matter: he himself could only love beautiful, mysterious and exceptional women.

But after spending two months alone in the country he was convinced that this was not just another attachment such as he had experienced in early youth. This attachment did not give him a moment's peace; he could not go on living without an answer to the question: would she or would she not be his wife? He also felt that his despair was born of his imaginings, and he had no proof whatever that his offer would be refused. So he went to Moscow with the firm determination to make an offer and to get married if the offer was accepted. If it was not... He could not bear to think what would become of him if he were rejected.

7

Levin arrived in Moscow by the morning train and went directly to stay with Sergei Ivanovich Koznishev, his half-

brother on his mother's side, a man older than himself. As soon as he had changed his clothes he went to his brother's study with the intention of telling him why he had come and asking his advice. But he did not find his brother alone. With him was an eminent professor of philosophy who had come from Kharkov with the express purpose of discussing a difference of opinion that had arisen between them on an important philosophical question. The professor was waging a heated campaign against the materialists; Koznishev was following the campaign with interest and after reading the professor's last article had written him a letter in which he took objection to it; he accused the professor of making too many concessions to the materialists. The professor had immediately come to discuss it with him. The subject was a popular one at the time: is there a dividing line between psychical and physiological phenomena in human behaviour and if so, where is this line?

Koznishev met his brother with his usual coldly affectionate smile, and after introducing him to his visitor went back to their discussion.

The little sallow-faced professor in spectacles and with a narrow forehead allowed himself to be distracted for a moment, but as soon as the introduction was over he went on speaking without paying the slightest attention to Levin. Levin, who sat down to wait for the professor to go, soon found himself taking an interest in what they were saying.

Levin had seen the magazine articles under discussion, had read them and been interested in their elaboration of the basic principles of natural science as he had been taught them as a student at the Biological Department of the University, but never had he connected these scientific discussions of reflexes, biology, sociology and the origin of man-the-animal, with questions about the meaning of life and death which had occupied his mind more and more frequently of late.

As he listened to his brother and the professor he became aware that they connected scientific questions with spiritual ones, several times they almost touched on the latter, but as soon as they came very close to what for him was most important of all, they beat a hasty retreat and

once more gave themselves up to making subtle distinctions, reservations, suppositions and references to authorities, until he had difficulty in understanding what they were talking about.

"I cannot allow..." said Koznishev with characteristic lucidity and precision of expression and elegance of diction, "...under no circumstances can I agree with Keiss that all my conceptions of the world spring from sensory impressions. The most basic conception, that of *being*, cannot be conveyed to me through my senses because there is no special sense organ for conveying that conception."

"True, but Wurst and Knaust and Pripassov would answer that your consciousness of *being* issues from the sum total of your sensations, that the consciousness of *being* is a result of sensations. Wurst even goes so far as to assert that if there are no sensations there can be no consciousness of being."

"I would assert just the opposite," began Koznishev. But at this point it appeared to Levin that, having come to the most important matter of all, they again were beating a retreat, and so he ventured to ask the professor a question.

"It follows, then, that if my ability to feel is destroyed, if my body dies, I cannot possibly exist?" he asked.

The professor glanced at him with vexation and as if suffering mental pain from the intrusion of one who looked more like a bargeman than a philosopher. He turned his eyes to Koznishev with a look of inquiry: what could he say to such a one? Koznishev, who spoke with nothing like the vehemence and one-sidedness of the professor and who was sufficiently broad-minded to be able to answer the professor and still understand the simple and natural viewpoint that had given rise to Levin's question, smiled and said:

"We have no right to answer that question as yet."

"We have no data," confirmed the professor, and he went on expounding his ideas. "On the other hand," he said, "I point out that if, as Pripassov contends, perception is based on sensory impressions, we must draw a sharp distinction between these two."

Levin stopped listening and just sat waiting for the professor to go.

8

When the professor was gone Koznishev turned to his brother:

"Awfully glad you've come. For long? How are you getting on with your farming?"

Levin knew that his elder brother took little interest in farming and asked just to be polite, so the only reply he made was to tell him about the selling of the wheat and the money it had brought in.

Levin wanted to talk about his intention of getting married and ask his advice; indeed, he had firmly resolved on this, but when he saw his brother and listened to his conversation with the professor, and when he heard the patronizing tone in which he asked him about farming (their mother's estate had not been divided and Levin supervised the entire property), Levin felt that for some reason he could not begin speaking to him about his decision to get married. He sensed that his brother would not regard it as he would like him to do.

"Well, what's going on in the *Zemstvo* Council?" asked Koznishev, who was interested in the council and attributed great importance to it.

"I really can't say."

"How is that? You're a member of the committee, are you not?"

"Not any more. I resigned," replied Levin. "I don't even attend meetings any more."

"A pity," murmured Koznishev with a frown.

To vindicate himself Levin described what went on at *zemstvo* meetings in his uyezd.

"That's always the way," interrupted Koznishev. "That's always the way with us Russians. It may be a virtue—the ability to see your own shortcomings—but we carry it too far and console ourselves with the irony that is always on the tip of our tongues. Let me tell you that if the rights conceded to our *zemstvo* administration were enjoyed by any other European country they—the Germans, the English—would work it up into freedom, whereas we only make fun of it."

"What can I do?" asked Levin apologetically. "I have made my last attempt. I threw my whole heart into it. I can't do it. I am incapable."

"Not incapable," said Koznishev. "You take the wrong view of things."

"Perhaps," replied Levin glumly.

"By the way, brother Nikolai is here again."

Nikolai, Konstantin's elder blood brother and Koznishev's half-brother, was a ruined man. He had squandered the greater part of his means, had chosen the society of strange and disreputable people and had quarrelled with his brothers.

"What do you say! " exclaimed Levin, shocked. "How do you know?"

"Prokofi met him in the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he—do you know?" Levin got up as if about to go and find him at once.

"I am sorry I told you," said Koznishev, shaking his head to see his younger brother so distressed. "I sent my man to find out where he is staying and to deliver his promissory note made out to Trubin, which I paid. This is the answer I received." And Koznishev took a note from under a paper-weight and handed it to his brother.

Levin read what was written in a peculiar and familiar hand: "I humbly ask you to leave me in peace. That is the only thing I demand of my respected brothers. Nikolai Levin."

Having read it, Levin stood before Koznishev with the note in his hand without raising his head. A struggle was going on within him between the desire to forget all about his unfortunate brother and the consciousness that this would be wrong.

"He seems to want to offend me," went on Koznishev, "but he cannot offend me; with all my heart I should like to help but I know it is impossible."

"I know, I know," said Levin. "I understand and appreciate your attitude. Still I will go and see him."

"Go, if you like, but I don't advise it," said Koznishev. "That is, I fear nothing for myself in your going, he cannot cause a quarrel between you and me, but for your own sake I think it would be better for you not to go. You cannot help him. However, do as you like."

"I may not be able to help him, but I feel, especially at this time—but that is another thing—I feel that I will have no peace otherwise."

"Well, that I don't understand," said Koznishev. "What I do understand," he added, "is that this is a lesson in humility. I look differently, more indulgently, on what is called depravity now that Nikolai has become what he is. Do you know what he has done?"

"Oh, dreadful, dreadful! " exclaimed Levin.

Levin took his brother's address from Koznishev's nanservant and meant to set out at once, but on considerng the matter he decided to postpone his visit till evening. First of all he must find peace of mind by deciding the question that had brought him to Moscow. And so he went o Oblonsky's office instead, and, having got news of the Scherbatskys, went where he was told he might find Kitty.

9

At four o'clock Levin with beating heart got out of his cab at the Zoological Gardens and walked down the path to the slide and the skating rink, certain that he would find her there for he had recognized the Scherbatsky carriage at the gate.

The day was cold and clear. At the entrance stood rows of carriages, sleighs, coachmen and gendarmes. Members of the fashionable world, their hats gleaming in the bright sun, were thronging at the entrance and along the cleared paths between Russian log houses with carved ridge-poles. The old birches of the gardens, their branches drooping under a weight of snow, appeared to be newly clad in priestly robes.

As he made his way down the path to the skating rink he kept saying to himself: I mustn't be excited, I must be calm; and to his heart: What's this? Why are you flutterng? Be quiet, foolish! But the more he tried to calm himself, the more breathless he became. An acquaintance called to him but he was not even aware of who he was. He reached the hill noisy with the chains of toboggans being pulled up and let down, with the whisk of sliding sleds and the gay cries of the sliders. A few more steps brought him to the skating rink and instantly, among all the other skaters, he descried her.

He knew her by the joy and fear that seized his heart. She was standing and talking to a lady on the other side of the rink. There was nothing, it would seem, in either her dress or her pose to distinguish her from others, but it was as easy for Levin to pick her out of the crowd as it would have been to discover a rose among nettles. She threw light upon everything. She was a smile irradiating the surroundings. Is it possible that I can walk out on the ice and go to her? he asked himself. The place where she was standing was as holy ground which he dared not approach, and at one moment he almost turned away, so appalled was he. He had to force himself to reason that all sorts of people were in her presence and that he, too, might have just come here to skate. He went down the bank, avoiding looking at her as one avoids looking at the sun, but he saw her, as one sees the sun, without looking at her.

On this day of the week and at this hour of the day, people of a certain set, all of them acquainted, gathered at the rink. Here were past-masters of the sport, showing off their skill, and beginners tottering and slipping as they learned to skate by holding on to little carts like prams on runners, and little boys, and elderly people excercising for their health. Levin fancied that all of them were enjoying a special dispensation by being allowed to be near her. Yet with complete indifference they overtook her, passed her by, even talked to her, and were gay quite apart from her, thoroughly enjoying this excellent ice and this fine weather.

Nikolai Scherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, in a short jacket and tight trousers and with skates on his feet, was sitting on a bench. He was the first to catch sight of Levin and called out:

"Ah, Russia's skating champ! Been here long? Capital ice! Put on your skates! "

"I have no skates," replied Levin, astonished by such boldness and unreserve in her presence; not for a second did he lose sight of her, yet not once did he glance at her. He was conscious of the sun drawing near him. She was taking a curve and, turning out her slender feet in high boots, she came towards him, clearly unsure of herself. A boy in Russian dress swept past her, bent almost in

two, swinging his arms fiercely. She was not steady on her legs; taking her hands out of the little muff hanging from a cord round her neck, she held them out to save herself and fixed her eyes on Levin, whom she had recognized, and smiled at him and at her own fears. When she completed the curve she pushed off with a strong little foot and glided directly to Nikolai, clutched him, and nodded, smiling, to Levin. She was even more wonderful than he had imagined her.

When he thought of her he could see all of her in his mind's eye, especially her face with its childlike frankness and goodness, and the loveliness of her small fair head set so firmly on her shapely girlish shoulders. The childlike expression of her face together with the slender grace of her figure constituted that particular loveliness he remembered so well; but what always struck him anew, like a surprise, was the look in her eyes, a shy, quiet, truthful look, and, even more, her smile, which always transported Levin to an enchanted world where he experienced the tenderness of spirit and softening of heart that he could remember experiencing only on rare occasions in early childhood.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, giving him her hand. "Thank you," she added when he picked up the handkerchief that dropped out of her muff.

"I? Not long ... yesterday ... that is, today..." replied Levin, unable in his agitation to grasp her question immediately. "I intended calling on you," he said and the realization of why he intended calling on her made him blush and feel uneasy. "I did not know you skated, and skated so well."

She looked at him attentively, as if trying to guess the reason for his uneasiness.

"If you say so it is praise indeed. You still have the reputation of being the best skater here," she said, knocking some needles of frost off her muff with a little hand in a black glove.

"Ah, there was a time when skating was a passion with me. I wanted to achieve perfection."

"You seem to do everything with passion," she said with a smile. "I should so love to see you skate! Do put on skates and let us skate together."

Skate together! Is such a thing possible? thought Levin without taking his eyes off her. "I will go and get them," he said. And he went to put on skates.

"Haven't seen you for a long time, sir," said the attendant as he held Levin's foot and screwed the skate to the heel. "None of the gentlemen have mastered the sport as you have. Comfortable?" he asked as he tightened the strap.

"Quite, do hurry if you don't mind," replied Levin, having difficulty in repressing the smile of happiness that would break through. Ah, this is life! This is happiness! he said to himself. *Together* she said, *Let us skate together!* Ought I to tell her now? But that is just why I am afraid to tell her, because I am so happy; happy because I have hope... And yet, what if?.. But I must do it! Must! Must! Enough of this weakness!

Levin got to his feet, took off his coat and, running across the uneven ice near the building, struck out on the smooth ice and glided effortlessly, as if his will alone were directing his course and making him go faster or slower. He approached her shyly, but once again her smile reassured him.

She gave him her hand and they set out together, gradually increasing their speed, and the faster they went the tighter she grasped his hand.

"I would learn faster with you, I feel confidence in you," she said.

"And I feel confidence in myself when you are leaning on me," he said. Instantly he was frightened by having said it and blushed. Sure enough, as soon as he pronounced these words the gentleness went out of her face as the sun goes behind a cloud and Levin recognized the familiar play of muscles when she was thinking: her smooth brow was puckered by a little frown.

"I hope nothing is troubling you? But I have no right to ask," he apologized.

"Why have you not? No, nothing is troubling me," she replied in a chilling tone, adding hurriedly, "Have you seen Mademoiselle Linon?"

"Not yet."

"Do go to her, she is so fond of you."

What could be the matter? I must have displeased her.

Dear God, help me! said Levin to himself as he made for the bench on which the old French woman with the grey ringlets was sitting. She greeted him as an old friend, displaying her false teeth in a broad smile.

"Yes, we grow up," she said, indicating Kitty with her eyes. "We grow older. Tiny Bear is big now," she laughed, reminding him of his having called the sisters the Three Bears from the fairy-tale. "You remember you used to say so?"

He did not remember, but for the last ten years she had attributed this pleasantry to him and took great pleasure in it.

"Well, go now, go and skate. Our Kitty has learned to skate well, hasn't she?"

When Levin went back to Kitty her face was no longer severe, her eyes looked at him as truthfully and gently as before, but Levin fancied there was a special, a deliberate composure behind her gentleness. This made him sad. When they had spoken of her old governess and her oddities Kitty questioned him about his life.

"Are you not bored in the country in winter?" she asked.

"Not at all, I am too busy," he said aware that she was holding him in check by adopting this tone of composure and that he would not be able to break through it, as he had not been able to do at the beginning of the winter.

"Have you come for long?" Kitty asked him.

"I don't know," he replied without thinking of what he was saying. The idea had struck him that if he surrendered to this tone of placid friendship he would again go away without deciding anything, and he resolved to take the plunge.

"What? You don't know?"

"No, I don't know. It all depends on you," he said, horrified by the words the moment they were out.

Perhaps she heard them, or perhaps she chose not to hear them: be that as it may, she suddenly stumbled, and hurriedly skated away, going first to Mademoiselle Linon and saying something to her, then to the pavilion where the ladies took off their skates.

My God, what have I done? Dear God, help me, show

me the way! he prayed. Feeling an urgent need of vigorous exercise he dashed off, inscribing big circles to left and right.

Just then one of the younger men, the best of the new skaters, came out of a coffee-house with a cigarette in his mouth and skates on his feet and, with a running start, dashed down the steps with a great clatter. When he reached the bottom he struck out over the ice without so much as flinging out his arms.

That's a new trick, said Levin to himself, and instantly ran up the steps to try it himself.

"You'll kill yourself! It takes practice! " Nikolai Scherbatsky called out.

On reaching the top Levin, too, took a running start and flew down the steps, keeping his balance with his arms. He stumbled when he got to the bottom and touched the ice lightly with his hand, but a violent twist of his body kept him from falling and he skated away, laughing.

What a dear, what a darling he is! thought Kitty, who came out of the pavilion with Mademoiselle Linon at just this moment and stood gazing at him with a quiet and tender smile, as at a beloved brother. Am I to be blamed for anything? Have I done anything wrong? Flirting, they call it. I know I love somebody else, but still I am happy with him, he is such a dear. I wonder why he should have said such a thing? she mused.

When Levin caught sight of Kitty going away with her mother, who had met her at the steps, he stopped, flushed with exercise, and considered a little, then took off his skates and overtook mother and daughter at the entrance to the gardens.

"Delighted to see you," said the elder princess. "We are at home on Thursdays as usual."

"Today, then?"

"Yes, we shall be very glad to see you," said the princess stiffly.

Kitty was chagrined by her mother's stiffness and tried to atone for it by turning to him with a smile and saying:

"Well, then, see you this evening! "

Just then Oblonsky, hat aslant, face and eyes shining, entered the gardens with the air of a gay conqueror. He

put on a grave and guilty countenance, however, as he came up to his mother-in-law and answered her inquiries as to Dolly's health. They exchanged a few words in low, sombre voices, after which he threw out his chest again and took Levin's arm.

"Well, shall we be off?" he asked. "I've been thinking about you all this time; I am uncommonly glad you've come," he said, looking into his eyes meaningfully.

"Yes, yes," replied the happy Levin, whose ears were still ringing with that "See you this evening! " and whose eyes still saw the smile with which it was said.

"To the English Hotel or the Hermitage?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Then to the English Hotel," said Oblonsky, choosing the English Hotel because he owed more money there than at the Hermitage and considered it ungentlemanly to stay away on that account. "Have you a cab? Good! I sent my carriage home."

The friends were silent on the way. Levin was pondering the reason for Kitty's change of expression, one moment assuring himself that he had grounds for hope, the next falling into despair, convinced that it was madness to hope; even so he felt a different man from the one he had been before that smile and the words *See you this evening!* Oblonsky's thoughts were occupied with the composing of a menu for their dinner.

"I believe you are fond of turbot, are you not?" he asked Levin as they came near the hotel.

"What's that?" asked Levin. "Ah, turbot. Oh yes, I am vastly fond of turbot! "

10

As Levin entered the restaurant with Oblonsky he could not help remarking a peculiarity of expression, a kind of suppressed radiance that emanated from his friend's face and entire person. Oblonsky took off his top coat and with his hat tipped to one side went into the dining-room, where he gave instructions to the Tatar waiters in tail coats and with napkins over their arms who rushed up to serve them. Bowing right and left to the acquaintances who here,

as everywhere, were delighted to see him, he made his way to the buffet where he had an appetizer of fish and vodka and murmured jests to the painted French girl behind the counter (all ribbons and laces and ringlets) that made even her laugh heartily. Levin did not take any vodka because his finer feelings were offended by the sight of the French girl, who appeared to be fashioned entirely of false hair, *poudre de riz* and *vinaigre de toilette*. He walked swiftly away from her as from something unclean. His heart was brimming over with remembrances of Kitty and his eyes glowed with a smile of triumph and happiness.

"Here, Your Excellency; you will not be disturbed here," said the waiter, the most persistent of them, an old white-haired Tatar so broad in the hips that the tails of his coat parted company. "Here, Your Excellency," he said to Levin, demonstrating his esteem for Oblonsky by being solicitous of his friend as well.

When he had deftly thrown a fresh table-cloth over the one already covering the round table standing beneath a bronze wall-bracket, he pulled out the velvet chairs and planted himself in front of Oblonsky, napkin over his arm and menu-card in hand, waiting for the order.

"If you prefer you may have a private room, Your Excellency; Prince Golitsin and the lady with him are leaving directly. We've received fresh oysters, Your Excellency."

"Ah, oysters."

Oblonsky considered the possibilities.

"Perhaps we had better change our plans, Levin?" he said, interrupting the progress of his finger down the menu-card. His face expressed genuine perplexity. "Are you sure the oysters are good? Mind, now! "

"Flensburg oysters, Your Excellency, not Ostend."

"Flensburg oysters are good enough, but are they fresh?"

"Got them just last evening, Your Excellency."

"Then perhaps we ought to begin with oysters and change our plans accordingly, shall we?"

"Makes no difference to me. I should prefer cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge, but they are not to be had here."

"*Porridge à la Russe*, sir?" asked the waiter, bending

over Levin as a nurse would bend over a child.

"All joking aside, anything you order will suit me. Skating has given me a whale of an appetite. And don't think I fail to appreciate your choice," he added, noticing a shadow of disapproval cross Oblonsky's face. "I'm only too glad to have a good meal."

"I should hope so! Say what you will, but that is one of life's real pleasures," said Oblonsky. "Well then, my man, give us two—no, better three dozen oysters ... broth with herbs—"

"*Printanière*," put in the Tatar, but Oblonsky was apparently unwilling to give the man the satisfaction of naming the dishes in French.

"With herbs, mind you. Then turbot with thick sauce, then ... er ... roastbeef—but be sure it is properly done! Capons, perhaps, and certainly preserves."

The Tatar, recalling Oblonsky's reluctance to name the dishes in French, did not repeat each item after him, but later he allowed himself the pleasure of reading the entire order according to the French menu: "*Soupe printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l'estragon, macédoine de fruits...*" and immediately, as if by clockwork, he put down one card and picked up another, the wine list, and handed it to Oblonsky.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you say, only not much. Champagne, perhaps?" said Levin.

"What? To begin with? But you may be right. Do you like White Seal?"

"*Cachet blanc,*" offered the Tatar.

"Very well, give us that brand with our oysters and then we shall see."

"Yes sir. And what table-wine will you drink?"

"Nuit. Or no, better make it the classic Chablis."

"Yes, Your Excellency. And will you have *your* cheese, sir?"

"Most certainly: Parmesan. Or do you prefer some other sort?"

"It really makes no difference to me," said Levin, unable to suppress a smile.

The Tatar scuttled away, tails flying, and in five minutes was back with a platter of opened oysters in their

shells, and with a bottle swinging between his fingers.

Oblonsky crumpled his starched napkin, thrust it into his waistcoat and, resting his elbows comfortably on the arms of the chair, set to work on the oysters.

"Not bad," he said as he loosened the juicy molluscs from their shells with a silver fork and swallowed them one after another. "Not bad," he repeated, looking now at Levin, now at the Tatar, with moist and shining eyes.

Levin did not refuse to eat the oysters, although he would have preferred white bread and cheese. But he took pleasure in watching Oblonsky. Even the waiter, as he uncorked the bottle and poured out the sparkling wine into thin glasses, smiled with satisfaction and put up a hand to straighten his white tie.

"I'm afraid you don't like oysters much, do you?" said Oblonsky, draining his wine-glass. "Or have you got something on your mind? Is that it?"

He wanted Levin to be gay. But it was not so much that Levin did not feel gay as that he did not feel comfortable. His heart was full of something that made him feel unhappy and uncomfortable in this restaurant, among these private rooms where gentlemen were dining with ladies, in the midst of all this fuss and excitement. His finer feelings were offended by the atmosphere of bronzes, looking-glasses, gas lights and waiters. He was afraid of sullying the something that filled his heart to overflowing.

"Yes, I have something on my mind; but outside of that, I feel out of place here," he said. "You cannot imagine how outrageous it seems to me, a country man; as outrageous as the fingernails of that gentleman I saw in your office."

"Yes, I observed the interest you took in poor Grinevich's fingernails," laughed Oblonsky.

"It's too much for me," replied Levin. "Try to put yourself in my place, to see things from the point of view of a rustic. In the country we try to keep our hands in working shape, and so we cut the nails short and sometimes roll up our sleeves. Here people let their nails grow as long as possible and hook cuff-links the size of saucers into their sleeves so that they can do nothing whatever with their hands."

Oblonsky grinned good-naturedly:

"That only goes to show that he has no need of doing

rough work, he works with his head."

"Perhaps. But even so I find it outrageous, just as I find it outrageous that you and I should be trying to spend as much time as possible over our meal, and so we begin with oysters, while in the country we try to eat as quickly as possible and be about our work."

"Oh, yes indeed," put in Oblonsky. "But that is just the purpose of cultivation—to turn everything into pleasure."

"Well, if that is its purpose, I would rather be a barbarian."

"And so you are. All you Levins are barbarians."

Levin heaved a sigh. He thought of his brother Nikolai and the thought hurt and shamed him and he frowned; but Oblonsky changed the subject to one that instantly distracted his attention.

"Well, do you intend calling on our family—I mean the Scherbatskys—this evening?" he asked, his eyes sparkling meaningfully as he pushed away the rough empty oyster-shells and reached for the cheese.

"Indeed I do," replied Levin. "Even though I thought the princess was not anxious to invite me."

"What's that? Utter nonsense! It's just a way she has... Waiter! Bring us our soup! .. Just her manner, that of a *grande dame*," said Oblonsky. "I am going too, but first I must attend a rehearsal at Countess Bonina's. Tell me, pray, are you not really a barbarian? How else can you explain staying away from Moscow for so long? The Scherbatskys ask me about you endlessly, as if I were expected to know. The only thing I know is that you always do what nobody else does."

"Yes," said Levin slowly and with feeling. "You are right, I do the wildest things. But the wildest was my coming here, not my staying away. I have come—"

"Oh, what a lucky chap you are! " interposed Oblonsky peering into Levin's eyes.

"Why?"

" 'I know an eagle by the way it scales the skies; I know a lover by the love-light in his eyes,' " he declaimed. "Everything lies ahead of you."

"And does everything lie behind you?"

"Well, not exactly everything. But you have a future and I—a present with a great many ups and downs."

"To be more explicit?"

"Mostly down at the moment. But I don't want to talk about myself, and besides it would be hard to explain everything," said Oblonsky. "Well, what then has brought you to Moscow?.. Here, waiter, take our plates," he called to the Tatar.

"Have you not guessed?" replied Levin, fixing Oblonsky with eyes shining in their very depths.

"I have guessed, but I dare not speak. That in itself ought to tell you whether my guess is right or wrong," said Oblonsky, looking at Levin with the subtlest of smiles.

"What can you tell me?" said Levin in a quivering voice, aware that the muscles of his face were quivering too. "How do you regard it?"

Oblonsky emptied his glass of Chablis slowly, without taking his eyes off Levin.

"As for me," he came out with at last, "there is nothing I desire more. Nothing. It's the best thing that could happen."

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake? Are you sure you know what we are talking about?" said Levin, searching his companion's eyes. "Do you think such a thing is possible?"

"I do. Why should it not be possible?"

"You really do? Come, tell me exactly what you think. What if ... what if I should be rejected? And it seems highly probable..."

"Why should you think such a thing?" said Oblonsky, smiling at his friend's agitation.

"Well, I do at times. And that would be dreadful for both of us—for her as well as for me."

"Oh, no; she would find nothing dreadful in it. Every young girl is proud of being made an offer."

"Yes, every young girl—but not she."

Oblonsky smiled. He understood Levin's feelings, he knew that for him the young girls of the world were divided into two groups: one—all the girls but Kitty, all of them quite ordinary and with human frailties; the other—she alone, with no frailties whatever, far above and beyond all the rest of mankind.

"Oh, do try the sauce," he said, putting a hand on

Levin's arm as he was pushing the sauce-boat away.

Levin obediently helped himself to some sauce, but did not allow Oblonsky to go on eating.

"Wait, wait," he said. "This is a matter of life and death to me, you know. I have not spoken of it to anyone and I cannot speak of it to anyone but you. You and I are as different as can be—in our tastes, in our views, in everything; and yet I know that you understand me and are devoted to me, and that makes me so very fond of you. But for God's sake be frank with me."

"I am telling you exactly what I think," said Oblonsky, smiling. "But I will tell you even more: my wife is an extraordinary woman." Oblonsky sighed as he remembered his present relations with his wife and he paused for a moment before he went on. "She has the gift of divination; it is not only that she sees straight through a person, she can even foretell the future, especially as to marriages. For instance, she foretold that Shakhovskaya would marry Brenteln. Nobody would believe it, but that is how it turned out. And my wife is on your side."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean she is not only fond of you, she says Kitty is sure to marry you."

At these words Levin's face broke into a radiant smile, a smile on the verge of tears of rapture.

"Does she really say that?" cried Levin. "I have always said she was charming, your wife. But enough, enough of this!" he said, jumping up.

"Very well, but sit down."

Levin, however, was unable to sit down. With a firm step he twice walked the length of the little room, blinking back his tears, and only then resumed his seat.

"Can't you understand?" he said. "This is not love. I have been in love before but this is something different. It is not my own feelings, it is an outside force that has taken possession of me. I went away because I was certain this could never be, that it was too great a happiness to be experienced on this earth; I struggled with myself for a long time until in the end I realized this was something I could not live without, that it had to be decided—one way or another."

"Then why on earth did you run away?"

"But wait. There is so much to say! So much to ask! Listen, you cannot possibly imagine what you have done for me by telling me this. In my happiness I have become a beast, I have forgotten everything else; only today I found out that my brother Nikolai—he is here, did you know? And I have forgotten all about him. Now it seems to me that even he must be happy, and that is sheer madness. But there is one thing that is dreadful—you must know the feelings—you got married yourself. It is dreadful that we, already older men with a past—a past not of love but of sin—that we suddenly find ourselves about to be intimate with a pure innocent soul. That is revolting and cannot but make you feel unworthy."

"Oh, come, you have not sinned so often."

"Even so," said Levin. "Even so, 'With loathing do I read the record of my life, and shudder, and accuse, and bitterly lament...' Yes, that is how it is."

"Can't be helped. That is the way of the world," said Oblonsky.

"There is only one consolation, as in that prayer that has always appealed to me: 'Forgive me not according to my deserts but according to Thy mercy.' This is the only way she can forgive me."

11

Levin drained his glass and they sat in silence a little.

"There is one other thing I must tell you. Do you know Vronsky?" asked Oblonsky.

"No, I do not. Why do you ask?"

"Bring another bottle," said Oblonsky to the waiter, who was refilling their glasses and hovering near just when he was not wanted.

"Why should I know Vronsky?"

"Because he is your rival."

"Who is he?" asked Levin, whose expression of child-like rapture that had so amused Oblonsky now changed to one of anger and displeasure.

"Vronsky is a son of Count Kirill Ivanovich Vronsky and a fine specimen of Petersburg's gilded youth. I made

his acquaintance when I was serving in Tver and he came there to enroll recruits. He is horribly rich, handsome, well-connected and already an aide-de-camp; even so he is a decent, kind-hearted chap. But he is more than that. Now that I've had a chance to know him better, I've discovered he is highly cultivated as well and exceedingly clever. He is destined to go far."

Levin scowled and said nothing.

"Well, he put in an appearance here shortly after you went away and I believe has fallen head over heels in love with Kitty. You can well imagine that her mother—"

"Sorry, but I can imagine nothing at all," said Levin, looking dour. Just then he recalled his brother Nikolai and what a beast he was to have forgotten him.

"Come, come," said Oblonsky, smiling and putting a hand on his arm. "I have told you everything I know and I repeat that, if conjecturing is valid in such a delicate matter, I believe your chances are better."

Levin flung himself back in his chair. His face was white.

"But I would advise you to settle matters as soon as possible," went on Oblonsky as he refilled Levin's glass.

"No thanks, I'll have no more," said Levin, pushing away the glass. "I shall be drunk. Well, how are you getting on?" he asked in an obvious effort to change the subject.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to decide things at once. I don't advise you to speak this evening though," said Oblonsky. "Go tomorrow morning in the accepted manner and make your offer, and may God bless you."

"Did you not once say you would like to have some shooting at my place? Come this spring," said Levin.

From the bottom of his heart he regretted having discussed the matter with Oblonsky. His *special* feelings were offended by this talk about a Petersburg officer being his rival, and by Oblonsky's advice and suggestions.

Oblonsky smiled. He understood what was going on in Levin's soul.

"I will come one of these days," he said. "Ah, yes, my dear fellow, women are the axis round which everything revolves. My own affairs are in a bad way, very bad.

And all because of women. Give me your honest opinion now," he said as he took out a cigar with one hand and held his wine-glass in the other. "I want your advice."

"What about?"

"This is what. Let us say that you are married and love your wife but have become infatuated with another woman."

"Forgive me, but that is beyond my understanding, it is as if ... I can no more understand it than I could understand going out of here after eating a big meal and stealing a bun."

Oblonsky's eyes sparkled more than usual.

"And why should you not? Sometimes the smell of fresh buns in irresistible.

Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begier;
Aber doch wenn's nicht gelungen,
Hatt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir! "

Oblonsky smiled as he recited the verse and even Levin smiled.

"But to be serious," went on Oblonsky, "I must tell you that this other woman is a meek, charming, loving creature, poor and lonely, and she has sacrificed everything for me. Now that the leap has been taken am I to cast her off? Let's say that I do leave her so as to preserve the family, but am I not to pity her, take care of her, ease her lot?"

"That is not in my line. You know that for me there are only two sorts of women ... or rather, there are women and there are... I never have and never will find anything enchanting in fallen creatures; as for women like that painted French lady behind the bar—I find them loathsome, as I do all fallen women."

"The one in the Bible too?"

"Oh, stop it! Christ would never have pronounced those words had He known what misuse would have been made of them. They are the only rom th
people remember. What I say, h t wh
but what I feel. I have an avers wo
are afraid of spiders, I of them. I eve

spiders and do not know their true characters; well, neither do I know theirs."

"It is easy for you to talk; you are like that character from Dickens who always tossed unpleasant problems over his right shoulder. But denying facts does not do away with them. What is to be done?—tell me that; what is to be done? Your wife is growing old and you are still bursting with life and energy. Before you know it you find it impossible to love your wife with love, however you may respect her. Then suddenly love presents itself and you are lost ... lost," said Oblonsky in despair.

Levin gave a little snort.

"Yes, lost," reiterated Oblonsky. "What is to be done?"

"Don't steal buns."

Oblonsky laughed.

"Oh, you moralist! But try to picture these two women: one of them demands her rights, and her rights are to your love, which you cannot give her; the other sacrifices everything and demands nothing. What is a person to do? How to behave? A terrible tragedy."

"If you want my honest opinion, there is no tragedy here at all. And this is why: it seems to me that love—both kinds of love as Plato defines them in his *Symposium*, remember?—both kinds of love are a test of character; some people understand only one kind, some only the other; those who understand only non-platonic love have no right to speak of tragedy, that kind of love cannot cause tragedy: 'Thank you for your kindness, my dear, and fare you well.'—there's your whole tragedy for you; nor can there be any tragedy with platonic love, for that sort of love is pure and bright and therefore..."

At this point Levin recalled his own transgressions and the inner struggle they had cost him. Unexpectedly he added:

"But perhaps you are right after all. It is quite possible. I don't know, I simply don't know."

"You see?" said Oblonsky. "You are a single-minded, purposeful man. That is your virtue and that is your failing. You yourself are purposeful and you would have the whole of life made up of purposeful parts, but this is not the reality. You hold the civil service in contempt because you would have its activities correspond invariably

with a purpose, but this is not the reality. You would like the actions of every individual always to have a purpose, and love and family life always to go together. And this is not the reality. All the variety, all the charm, all the beauty of life consists in the play of light and shade."

Levin sighed and made no reply. He was too busy thinking of his own affairs to listen to Oblonsky.

Suddenly they both realized that although they were friends and were dining together and drinking together, which ought to have made them feel even closer, each was absorbed in his own concerns and cared nothing about the other's concerns. Many a time had Oblonsky experienced this growing alienation rather than affinity after dining with someone, and he knew what to do in such a circumstance.

"Waiter, the bill! " he called out and went into the big room where he met an aide-de-camp of his acquaintance and began discussing a certain actress and her patron with him. The conversation with the aide-de-camp immediately brought him relief and refreshment after his talk with Levin, who always forced him to make too great an intellectual and moral effort.

When the Tatar brought a bill that came to something over twenty-six rubles with the tip extra, Levin, who, as a country dweller, would ordinarily have been horrified by having his share amount to fourteen rubles, paid no attention to it this time, simply settled his bill and went home to dress for his call on the Scherbatskys, where his fate was to be decided.

12

Princess Kitty Scherbatskaya was eighteen years old. This was her first winter in society. Her popularity was greater than that enjoyed by her elder sisters in their time and greater than her mother had anticipated. Not only were most of the young men who attended Moscow balls in love with Kitty but two of them, Levin and Count Vronsky (the Count had put in an appearance soon after Levin left for the country), were serious aspirants for her hand that very first season.

Levin's attentions at the beginning of the winter, his frequent calls and obvious love for Kitty, gave rise to her parents' first serious discussion of Kitty's future and to disputes between them. The prince favoured Levin and said he could desire nothing better for Kitty. His wife, evading the issue as women are prone to do, said that Kitty was too young, that Levin had offered no evidence of the seriousness of his intentions, that Kitty was not attached to him, and other things; she did not, however, say the main thing, which was that she was awaiting a better match for her daughter, that she did not like and did not understand Levin. When Levin had gone away so unexpectedly she was delighted and said to her husband triumphantly: "See? I was right." When Vronsky appeared on the scene she was even more delighted and even more convinced that Kitty ought to make not simply a good match but a brilliant one.

There could be no comparison, as far as Kitty's mother was concerned, between Vronsky and Levin. She did not like Levin's odd and harsh judgements, his awkwardness in society, which, in her opinion, came from his pride, and his mad preference for life in the country, where he had dealings with cattle and peasants; furthermore, she was resentful that he should visit their home for all of a month and a half and, although obviously in love with their daughter, hesitate to propose, as though afraid he would be according them too great an honour by making their daughter an offer of marriage, and as if unaware that if he so persistently visited a home in which there was a marriageable daughter he was expected to declare his intentions. Suddenly, without any explanation, he went away. A good thing he is not attractive or Kitty might have fallen in love with him, thought the mother.

Vronsky satisfied all the mother's requirements. He was exceedingly rich and clever, of aristocratic birth, on the way to making a career for himself as an officer attached to the court, and a fascinating person in his own right. Nothing better could be desired.

Vronsky openly courted Kitty at the balls, chose her as his dancing partner and called at the house, all of which left no doubt as to his serious intentions. Notwithstanding this, Kitty's mother was in a state of excitement and

uncertainty all winter.

She herself had married thirty years before, the match having been arranged by her aunt. Her future husband, of whom she had been told in advance, paid them a visit so that she could see him and he could see her, after which her aunt found out what the impressions had been on both sides and communicated them to the respective parties; the impressions were good; accordingly, on an appointed day the expected proposal was made to the parents and accepted. Very simple and easy. At least, so it now seemed to the princess. But experience with her daughters taught her that this seemingly ordinary business of giving daughters away in marriage was not at all simple and easy. How many fears had she struggled with, how many thoughts had she pondered, how much money had she spent, how many conflicts with her husband had she engaged in before her two elder daughters, Dolly and Natalie, were safely married! Now, in arranging for her youngest, she was experiencing the same fears, the same doubts, and engaging in even more conflicts with her husband than when she had given the elder girls away. The old prince, like all fathers, was extremely punctilious in matters touching on his daughters' honour and reputation. He was unreasonably jealous of his daughters, especially of Kitty, his favourite, and was continually making scenes with his wife in which he accused her of compromising their daughter. The princess had experienced all this with her elder girls, but this time she felt that his punctiliousness had more foundation. She saw that social traditions were undergoing great changes, which only added to a mother's responsibilities. She saw that girls of Kitty's age were joining various societies, attending various courses, conducting themselves with unwonted freedom in the company of men and riding about the streets unescorted; many of them no longer curtsied, and, to crown it all, they were firmly convinced that the choosing of a husband was their business and not the business of their parents. "Today girls are not given in marriage as they used to be," was what these young girls and even older people were thinking and saying. Yet no one could tell the princess how they were given in marriage today. The French tradition—everything arranged by the parents—was condemned and rejected. The

English tradition—complete freedom of choice by the girls—was also rejected as being quite impossible in Russian society. The Russian tradition of match-making was considered monstrous and laughed at by everyone, including the princess. But nobody could say how girls ought to be matched and married. Everyone to whom the princess put the question said the same thing: "Gracious! It's high time we gave up those out-worn practices. It's the young people who are to get married, not their parents, and so they must be left to arrange things as they see fit." Very well for those to speak who had no daughters; the princess knew only too well that social intercourse might lead to her daughter's falling in love with someone who had no intention of getting married, or who lacked the qualifications of a good husband. Try as they would to convince the princess that in our day young people ought to decide their fate themselves, she could no more believe it than she could believe that in our day, or any other day, the best toy for a five-year-old child was a loaded pistol. This was why the princess was more worried about Kitty than about her elder daughters.

At present she feared that Vronsky might do no more than flirt with her daughter. She saw that her daughter was in love with him and consoled herself with the belief that he was an honest man and therefore would not trifle with her. At the same time she knew how easily a girl could be deceived as to a man's intentions in this age of free relations, and how little his conscience would trouble him. In the preceding week Kitty had told her mother of a conversation she had had with Vronsky during a mazurka. This conversation had somewhat reassured the princess; but she could not be altogether calm. Vronsky had told Kitty that he and his brother were so accustomed to submitting to their mother's will that they never made important decisions without first consulting her. "That is why I take it as a particular bit of good fortune that mother is coming here from Petersburg just now," he had said.

Kitty told this to her mother without attributing any particular importance to the words. But her mother took them differently. She knew that the old countess was expected any day, and she knew she would approve of her

son's choice, therefore she found it odd that the son should refrain from proposing for fear of offending his mother. She was, however, so anxious for this marriage to take place and, to an even greater extent, to be relieved of her anxiety, that she hoped for the best. Bitter as it was for the princess to see the misery of her elder daughter Dolly, who was contemplating leaving her husband, all other feelings were eclipsed by her anxiety over the fate of her youngest daughter. The arrival of Levin on this day had added to her anxiety. She feared that her daughter, whom she believed to have once entertained tender feelings for Levin, might reject Vronsky out of an exaggerated sense of honour, and that Levin's arrival would complicate and delay the progress of an affair so close to its consummation.

"Has he been here long?" asked the princess as to Levin when they got home.

"He came only today, *maman*."

"There is only one thing I wish to say," began the princess. The serious, animated expression of her face forewarned Kitty of what was coming.

"Mamma," she said, blushing and turning quickly to her, "please, please don't speak of it. I know everything."

She desired the same thing her mother desired, but she resented her mother's motives for desiring it.

"I only wanted to say that having raised the hopes of one person—"

"Please, mother darling, I beg you not to say anything. It's so frightening to speak of such things."

"I won't, I won't," said her mother, seeing tears in her daughter's eyes. "Only one thing, my love: will you promise not to keep anything from me? Will you?"

"I do promise, mamma, I do," replied Kitty, blushing again and looking directly into her mother's eyes. "But I have nothing to tell you now ... I ... I ... even if I wished I would not know what to say. I don't know..."

With eyes like that she could not possibly tell an untruth, thought the mother, smiling at her daughter's happiness and agitation. The mother smiled to think how enormous and meaningful the poor child must find that which was taking place within her heart.

13

Between dinner and the arrival of the guests, Kitty's feelings resembled those of a youth before a battle. Her heart pounded furiously and she could not concentrate her thoughts on anything.

She was aware that this evening, when those two would meet for the first time, was to decide her fate. She kept seeing them in her mind's eyes, now each separately, now both together. As she went over the past, the memory of her relations with Levin brought pleasure and tenderness. Recollections of her childhood and of Levin's friendship with her dead brother lent a peculiarly poetic shade to their relations. His love for her, of which she was certain, made her proud and happy. She found herself at ease when she thought of Levin. When she thought of Vronsky a certain awkwardness intruded itself even though he was suave and urbane in the highest degree; there seemed to be a falseness–not in him, he could not have been more natural and charming–but in herself, whereas with Levin she felt perfectly open and natural. Yet when she thought of a future with Vronsky, it presented itself as something joyous and brilliant; a future with Levin was veiled in uncertainty.

As she went upstairs to dress for the evening she glanced in the looking-glass and was happy to see that this was one of her good days, she was in complete command of all her forces and this was essential for what awaited her: she was aware of an outer quietude and a free grace of movement.

Hardly had she entered the drawing-room at half past seven when the footman announced "Konstantin Dmitrich Levin". The elder princess was still in her room and the prince had not yet put in an appearance. Just as I thought, said Kitty to herself, and all the blood rushed to her heart. She was startled by the reflection of her pale face in the looking-glass.

Now she knew for certain that he had come early so as to find her alone and make her an offer. And now for the first time she saw everything in an entirely different light. Now, and only now, did she realize that her decision did not concern herself alone, that it was not merely a matter of whom she loved and with whom she would be happy;

it also meant that now, at this very moment, she was going to hurt someone she loved. Hurt him cruelly. And why? Because he was so good, because he loved her, was in love with her. But it could not be helped, it must be done, it had to be done.

Merciful heavens, must I be the one to tell him? she thought. What shall I tell him? Can I bring myself to say I don't love him? But that is not true. What shall I tell him? That I love another? No, I cannot, I cannot, I shall go away.

She had already reached the door when she heard his steps. No, this is being faint-hearted. What am I afraid of? I have done nothing wrong. Come what may, I will tell him the truth. I cannot feel embarrassed with him. Here he is, she said to herself as he saw him coming towards her, strong and timid, his shining eyes fixed on her eyes. She returned his gaze as if begging for mercy as she gave him her hand.

"I have come at the wrong time, I fear: too early," he said, casting his eyes about the empty room. On seeing his hopes fulfilled by finding nobody there to prevent him from declaring himself, his face grew sombre.

"Oh, no," said Kitty and sat down at a little table.

"That was precisely what I wanted—to find you alone," he began, not sitting down and not looking at her for fear of losing courage.

"Mother will come presently. She is very tired after yesterday. Yesterday—"

She spoke without knowing what her lips were saying, still looking at him with gentle, beseeching eyes.

He looked at her. She blushed and was silent.

"I told you I did not know for how long I had come... that it all depended on you." She allowed her head to fall lower and lower, still not knowing how she would respond to what was coming.

"That it all depended on you," he repeated. "I wanted to say ... I wanted to say... That is what I came for ... to ask you ... to be my wife! " He had said it, not knowing what he said, but now that the worst was over he stopped and gazed at her.

Her breath came in little gasps and she did not raise her eyes. She was transported. Her heart overflowed with joy. Never had she expected a declaration of love to affect her

so deeply. This, howered, lasted but for a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She lifted clear, truthful eyes to his face and when she saw how desperately tense he looked she hastened to say:

"It cannot be ... forgive me..."

How close, how essential to his life she had been but a moment before! And how far away and alien to him she was now!

"It could not be otherwise," he said looking away. He bowed and was about to go out.

14

But just then the princess came in. Extreme fright was written on her face when she found them alone and looking so distressed. Levin bowed to her without speaking. Kitty, too, said nothing and still did not raise her eyes. Thank goodness she has rejected him, thought the mother, and her face broke into the smile with which she always met her guests on Thursdays. She took a seat and began questioning Levin about his life in the country. He sat down again and waited for the arrival of other guests so that he might escape unnoticed.

Five minutes later a friend of Kitty's came in, Countess Nordston, who had got married the winter before.

She was a sallow, nervous, sickly woman with brilliant black eyes. She was devoted to Kitty and her devotion was expressed, as the devotion of married women for unmarried girls is always expressed, in wanting her to marry in accordance with her own ideal of happiness, and therefore she wanted her to marry Vronsky. She had never liked Levin, whom she had often met at the beginning of winter in their home. Her favourite and invariable amusement when they met consisted in chaffing him.

"I adore having him look down upon me from lofty heights; either he breaks off an intellectual conversation because I am too stupid to understand it, or he condescends to me. Is that not just too delicious?—he condescends! I rejoice that he cannot endure me," she said of him.

She was right, Levin could not endure her; he despised her for the very things she considered her merits and was

proud of: her nervous sensitivity, her exquisite contempt for and indifference to all that was coarse and mundane.

A relationship had developed between Countess Nordston and Levin that is frequently to be met with in the fashionable world, when two people, outwardly preserving the appearance of friendship, despise each other to such an extent that they cannot take each other seriously or be offended by each other.

Countess Nordston instantly pounced upon Levin.

"Oh, Konstantin Dmitrich! So you have come back to our wicked Babylon! " she said, offering him a tiny yellow hand as she referred to his having called Moscow a Babylon at the beginning of winter. "Well, has our Babylon improved or have you become corrupted?" she added with a mocking glance at Kitty.

"I am flattered that you should have remembered my words, Countess," replied Levin, who had taken himself in hand by this time and assumed the tone of jocular hostility he always used with Countess Nordston. "They must have made a strong impression on you."

"Indeed they did! I jot down such things in a special notebook. Well, Kitty, were you skating again today?"

And she began talking to Kitty. Uncivil as it might seem for Levin to take his leave now, it was easier for him to appear uncivil than to remain all evening in the company of Kitty, who kept glancing at him from time to time and yet avoided his eyes. Just as he was about to get up, the princess, remarking his silence, addressed him:

"Do you intend staying in Moscow long? I believe you take an active interest in *zemstvo* administration and so cannot remain away for any length of time."

"No, Princess, I no longer take part in *zemstvo* administration," he said. "I have come for only a few days."

There is something odd in his behaviour, said Countess Nordston to herself, noting his grave and cheerless look. For some reason he is not expostulating in his usual way. But I will draw him out. I find it dreadful fun to make him ridiculous in front of Kitty and I will do it now.

"Konstantin Dmitrich," she said to him, "be so kind as to explain to me what can be the meaning of this—you seem to know everything: the peasants and their women on our Kaluga estate have drunk up all their means and

have nothing left with which to pay us rent. What is the meaning of it? You have always praised the peasants so highly."

At this point another lady entered the room and Levin got up.

"Sorry, Countess, but I know nothing about it and can say nothing," he replied, his eyes on a young officer who entered behind the lady.

That must be Vronsky, he thought. To confirm his guess he looked at Kitty. She had glanced at Vronsky and turned back to Levin, and from that one glance, so bright were her eyes, he knew she loved this man as surely as if she had told him in so many words. Ah, but what sort of man was he?

Now, whether he ought to or not, Levin could not go away; he had to find out what this man she loved was like.

There are people who, on meeting rivals who have been successful in any way, are blind to all that is good in them and see only the bad; there are others who, on the contrary, want nothing so much as to discover in their successful rivals the qualities that have made them successful, to see only the good in them, however painful it may be for themselves. Such a person was Levin. It cost him little effort to discover Vronsky's attractions. They instantly caught the eye. He was dark-haired, of middle height and sturdy build, with a handsome good-natured face expressing extraordinary composure and firmness. His face and form, from his closely-clipped black hair and freshly shaven chin to his loosely-fitting brand-new uniform, were in every detail simple yet elegant. Having allowed the lady to enter ahead of him, he went directly to the elder princess, then to Kitty.

As he approached her a particularly tender glow lighted his beautiful eyes; with a scarcely perceptible smile of happiness and modest triumph (or so it seemed to Levin), he bent over her diffidently, respectfully, offering her his broad but rather small hand.

When he had greeted everyone and spoken a few words, he sat down without once glancing at Levin, whose eyes had not left his face for a moment.

"Allow me to introduce you," said the elder princess, indicating Levin. "Konstantin Dmitrich Levin. Count Alexei Kirillovich Vronsky."

Vronsky got up and looked amiably at Levin as he shook his hand.

"I believe I was to have dined with you on one occasion this winter," he said with his frank engaging smile, "but you unexpectedly left for the country."

"Konstantin Dmitrich loathes and detests the town and townspeople," put in Countess Nordston.

"My words must have made a deep impression on you if you remember them so well," said Levin; then, recalling that he had just said the same thing, he blushed.

Vronsky turned his eyes from Levin to Countess Nordston and smiled.

"Do you live in the country all year round?" he asked. "Frightfully boring in winter, I should think."

"Not boring in the least if one is busy, and certainly not boring to be with oneself," replied Levin sharply.

"I am very fond of the country," said Vronsky, aware of Levin's tone and feigning to be unaware of it.

"But I hardly think you would be willing to spend all your days there," said Countess Nordston.

"I can't say, I have never tried it for any length of time," he went on. "But never have I been so homesick for the Russian village with its bast sandals and *muzhiks* as I was the winter I spent in Nice with my mother. Nice is a dull place, you know. But Naples and Sorrento, too, are enjoyable only for a short time. It is precisely there that one has poignant memories of Russia, and of the Russian countryside in particular. It is as though..."

He addressed Kitty and Levin as he spoke, turning his genial glance from one to the other and saying, apparently, the first thing that entered his head.

Observing that Countess Nordston wished to speak, he broke off in the middle of a sentence and gave her his attention.

The conversation went on without pause, so that the elder princess, who always kept two heavy weapons ready to be brought up if the conversati d (the advantages of an academic as oppose ercial educa tion, and universal military serv ed of usin them, nor had Countess Nordst tunity to chaff Levin.

Levin wished to enter into the could

not make himself do so; he kept saying to himself: Go away now, go now, but he did not go, it was as if he were waiting for something to happen.

The conversation turned to table-tapping and spirits, and Countess Nordston, who had taken up spiritualism, recounted the wonders she had witnessed.

"Oh, you must take me to these people, Countess, upon my word you must. I have never yet seen anything extraordinary, though I have searched for it everywhere," said Vronsky with a smile.

"Very well, it shall be next Saturday," replied Countess Nordston. "And you, Konstantin Dmitrich, do you believe in such things?" she asked Levin.

"Why do you ask me? You know what my answer will be."

"But I should like to hear your opinion."

"My opinion," said Levin, "is that those tapping tables only show that our so-called cultivated society is not a whit above the peasants. They believe in the evil eye and charms; we believe–"

"In other words, you do not believe in such things."

"I cannot believe in them, Countess."

"Not even if I tell you I have seen them with my own eyes?"

"Village women tell you they have seen the house-goblin with their own eyes."

"So you accuse me of fibbing," she said with a rueful little laugh.

"Oh, no, Masha: Konstantin Dmitrich only said he could not believe in them," said Kitty, blushing for Levin, and he understood this and it only aggravated his state and he would have made a sharp answer but Vronsky, with his usual open, cheerful smile, rushed to the rescue of a conversation that threatened to end disastrously.

"Do you not admit the possibility of such things?" he asked. "Why should you not? We admit the existence of electricity, which no one has seen; why should there not be a new force as yet unknown but which–"

"When electricity was discovered," interrupted Levin quickly, "it was only the phenomenon that was recognized, no one knew where it came from or what it could do, and it took ages before anyone discovered how to

harness this force. Spiritualists, on the contrary, begin with making tables tap out letters and spirits visit them, and only after that do they talk about some unknown force."

Vronsky listened attentively, as he always did, displaying much interest in what was being said.

"Yes, but spiritualists say: at present we do not know what this force is, but it exists and these are the circumstances in which it manifests itself; let scientists discover its properties. For my part, I do not see why there should not be some new force, inasmuch as—"

"Why, just because," interrupted Levin again, "when it comes to electricity, every time you rub a stick of resin with a piece of wool you get the same well-known result, whereas here you do not get the same result every time, which means it is not a natural phenomenon."

Probably sensing that the conversation was becoming too serious for the drawing-room, Vronsky did not pursue it but tried to change the subject by turning to the ladies with a bright smile.

"Let us put it to the test, Countess," he began. Levin, however, was not to be put off.

"It seems to me," he went on, "that the spiritualists' attempt to explain their wonders by attributing them to a new and unknown force is their very weakest point. They speak openly of a spiritual force, yet try to subject it to a material test."

Everyone was impatient for him to finish and he felt this.

"And it seems to me you would make an excellent medium," said Countess Nordston. "There is something so exalted in your nature."

Levin opened his mouth to reply but thought better of it and only reddened.

"Come, Countess, let us put the tables to the test," said Vronsky. "Have we your permission, Princess?"

Whereupon he got up and looked about for a suitable table.

Kitty left the table she was sitting at, and as she passed Levin their eyes met. She pitied him with all her heart, especially since she herself was the cause of his misery. *If you can forgive me, pray do!* her glance said. *I am so happy!*

I hate everybody, including you and myself, his glance replied, and he reached for his hat. But he was not destined to go away. Just when they were about to seat themselves at the table and Levin made ready to leave, the old prince came in and, after greeting the ladies, turned to Levin.

"Ah!" he exclaimed happily. "Have you been here long? I didn't know you had come. Delighted to see you."

He embraced him and was so engrossed in talking to him that he took no notice of Vronsky, who had got up and was quietly waiting for the prince to address him.

Kitty sensed that Levin found her father's attentions painful after what had happened. She also remarked the coldness with which her father finally returned Vronsky's bow and the amiable perplexity with which Vronsky looked at her father, trying to understand, and not understanding, how and for what reason anyone could feel enmity towards him. The colour rose to her cheeks.

"Do let us have Konstantin Dmitrich, Prince," said Countess Nordston. "We are about to make an experiment."

"Ah experiment? Table-tapping? Well, begging your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, I should say 'Who's got the button' was a much jollier game," said the old prince, glancing at Vronsky and surmising that he was the instigator. "At least there's some sense in 'Who's got the button'."

Vronsky turned his firm gaze on the prince wonderingly, then, smiling faintly, began talking to Countess Nordston about the ball that was to be held the following week.

"I trust you will attend it," he said to Kitty.

The moment the old prince turned away, Levin escaped unobtrusively, the last impression made upon him that evening being Kitty's radiant face as she answered Vronsky's question about the ball.

15

When the evening was over Kitty told her mother about her talk with Levin, and although she felt sorry for him, she was delighted to have received a *proposal*. She did

not doubt that she had done the right thing, yet she coul not fall asleep for a long time when she went to bed. On vision kept haunting her: Levin's face, his knitted brow and his gentle eyes looking out from under them drearily, unhappily, as he stood listening to her father and watching her and Vronsky. She felt so sorry for him that tears filled her eyes. But the next moment she turned her thoughts to the one she had chosen in his stead. Vividly she recalled his manly, resolute face, its noble serenity, the good-will towards all that emanated from its every feature; she reminded herself that she was loved by him whom she loved, and once more her heart was joyful and she snuggled into the pillow with a blissful smile. It's sad, very sad, but it can't be helped. I am not to blame, she said to herself, an inner voice, however, said something quite different. Whether she felt remorse for having roused Levin's affections or for having refused him, she did not know, but her happiness was marred by misgivings. God have mercy, God have mercy, God have mercy, she kept repeating to herself until she fell asleep.

Meanwhile downstairs, in the prince's little study, the parents were having one of those quarrels over their favourite daughter which took place so often now.

"What? This is what! " shouted the prince, waving his arms, then, flinging shut his squirrel-lined house-robe: "You have no pride, no dignity, you are disgracing and ruining your daughter with this absurd, detestable matchmaking! "

"But for the love of heaven, tell me what I have done! " cried the princess, almost in tears.

Pleased and happy after her talk with her daughter, she had come to say goodnight to the prince as usual, and while she had no intention of telling him of Levin' offer and Kitty's refusal, she hinted broadly that she
pected matters were comin ... with Vronsky
would be finally settled ... 's mother arri
No sooner had these wor ... than the pri
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Moscow will be talking of it and with good reason. If you must hold these evenings, invite everybody and not just suitors. Call together all the young *whippersnappers*" (that was what the prince called Moscow's young bloods), "hire a piano-player and let them trip it, and don't do as tonight—nothing but suitors and match-making! A foul, foul thing to watch! And you have got what you wanted! The poor girl is head over heels! And Levin is a thousand times the better man. That Petersburg fop! The likes of him are stamped out by machine, all alike and all worthless. Let him be a prince of the blood, my daughter has no need of him! "

"But what have I done?"

"Just that," cried the prince wrathfully.

"One thing is certain—if I were to listen to you," put in the princess, "we would never find a husband for our daughter. If that's how it is, we had better go and live in the country."

"And so we had."

"Do be reasonable. Have I fawned upon anyone? I have not fawned in the least. It is just that a young man, and a very fine young man, has fallen in love, and I fancy she, too—"

"You fancy! And what, pray, if she does indeed fall in love and he has as much thought of marrying her as I have? Oh, that I had never set eyes on him! 'La, spiritualism! La, Nice! La, going to ball! ' " The prince mimicked his wife by making a curtsy with every 'La'. "And what if we make Kitty miserable for life? She may really take it into her head—"

"But why should you think such a thing?"

"I don't think, I know. It's men who have eyes for such things, not women. I can see a man with serious intentions—Levin is such a one. And I can see your flitters, your mashers, who only want to amuse themselves."

"You do get the most absurd notions! "

"You will remember my words when it is too late, as with Dolly."

"Oh, very well, very well, we won't speak of it any more," put in the princess hurriedly, wincing at the mention of her unfortunate Dolly.

"Capital. Good night."

They made the sign of the cross above each other and exchanged kisses and parted for the night, each set in his own opinion.

At first the princess was firmly convinced that this evening had decided Kitty's fate and that there could be no doubt of Vronsky's intentions; but her husband's words had disconcerted her. On reaching her room, terrified by the uncertainty of the future, she, like Kitty, repeated to herself, God have mercy, God have mercy, God have mercy!

16

Vronsky had never known real family life. His mother had been a brilliant society woman in her youth; during her life with her husband, and especially after it, she had had many romantic affairs known to everyone in the world of fashion. He hardly remembered his father and had received his education in the Corps of Pages.

He finished school as a brilliant young officer and immediately fell into the way of life of rich Petersburg military men. Although he appeared in society from time to time, all his love affairs were conducted outside of society.

In Moscow, after the coarse and luxurious life he had been leading in St. Petersburg, he had his first experience of the joy of being on close terms with a sweet and innocent girl of his own class who was in love with him. It never occurred to him that there might be anything wrong in his relations with Kitty. He chose her to dance with at balls and he visited her home. He said to her the things that are usually said in society, all sorts of nonsense, but he unconsciously said them in a way that made her attach particular importance to them. Although he said nothing to her that could not have been said in front of everybody, he felt she was becoming more and more dependent upon him, and the stronger he felt this the pleasanter his sensations and the more tender his feelings for her. He did not know that there was a definite term for his behaviour towards Kitty, that he was philandering, soliciting a young girl's love with no intention of marry-

ing her, and that such philandering was one of the evil practices commonly engaged in by brilliant young men like himself. He imagined he was the first to discover this particular pleasure and he revelled in his discovery.

Had he heard the conversation between her parents that evening, had he been able to see things from the point of view of the family, had he known that Kitty would be deeply unhappy if he did not marry her, he would have been astonished and indeed would not have believed it. He did not believe there could be anything wrong in a relationship that brought him, and to an even greater extent her, such delight. Even less could he believe that he ought to marry her.

He had never looked upon marriage as a possibility. It was not only that he disliked family life, but from the viewpoint of the bachelor set in which he moved there was something hostile, uncongenial and, above all, ludicrous about a family man, especially a husband. And while Vronsky had no idea of what her parents were saying, he was aware as he left the Scherbatskys' that the mysterious spiritual bond between him and Kitty had been so strengthened that evening that something must be done about it. He had not, however, the faintest idea what could and ought to be done.

The beauty of it, he thought as he went home from the Scherbatskys', taking with him as usual a pleasant sense of pureness and freshness arising partly from his not having smoked all evening and partly from being touched in a new way by her love for him—the beauty of it is that not a word was spoken by me or by her, yet so perfectly do we understand the language of looks and intonation that she told me more clearly than ever before that she loves me. How sweet, how simple, and above all how trusting! I feel that I myself am better and purer for it. I feel that I have a heart beating in my breast and that there is a great deal of good in me. Oh, those dear loving eyes! And when she said, *oh, very much...*

Well, what? Well, nothing. I am happy and she is happy. And he turned to a consideration of how he should spend the rest of the evening.

He went over in his mind the places to which he might go. To the club?—a hand of bezique and a bottle of cham-

pagne with Ignatov? No, I shan't go here. The Chateau des Fleurs?—No, there I will meet Oblonsky—songs, the cancan. Bah! Sick of it. That is why I like going to the Scherbatskys'—I feel a better man. I shall go home. And he did go directly to Dussot's Hotel, ordered supper in his room, undressed, and almost before his head touched the pillow fell into his usual deep, tranquil sleep.

17

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the following day Vronsky left for the Petersburg Railway Station to meet his mother, and the first person he ran into on the big stairway was Oblonsky, who was expecting his sister by the same train.

"Ah, Your Excellency," cried Oblonsky. "Who are you meeting?"

"My mother," replied Vronsky, smiling as everyone did on meeting Oblonsky; he shook hands with him and they mounted the stairs together. "She is coming from St. Petersburg."

"I waited till two in the morning for you. Where did you go after leaving the Scherbatskys?"

"Home," said Vronsky. "I confess to being in such a happy frame of mind after the evening with the Scherbatskys that I had no desire to go anywhere else."

" *'I know an eagle by the way it scales the skies; I know a lover by the love-light in his eyes,'* " declaimed Oblonsky just as he had done to Levin so recently.

Vronsky smiled in a way that indicated he did not deny the insinuation, but he changed the subject.

"Who are you meeting?" he asked.

"A pretty lady," said Oblonsky.

"Well, now! "

"*Honni soit qui mal y pense!* My sister Anna."

"Ah, Karenin's wife?" asked Vronsky.

"I believe you know her."

"I dare say I do. Or no... Really, I don't remember," said Vronsky absent-mindedly, the name of Karenin vaguely associated in his mind with things dull and strait-laced.

"Oh, you must know Alexei Alexandrovich, my famous brother-in-law. The whole world knows him."

"I know him by sight and reputation, of course. I know he is clever, learned and supposed to be pious or something of the sort. But that, as you know, is ... er ... not in my line," said Vronsky in English.

"Oh, but he is an extraordinary person—a bit conservative, but really first-rate," said Oblonsky. "Really first-rate."

"All the better for him," said Vronsky, smiling. "Ah, so here you are," he said to a tall old man, his mother's footman, standing at the door. "Come here."

Besides being susceptible to the charm Oblonsky exercised on all people, Vronsky felt particularly attached to him now because he associated him with Kitty.

"Well, are we giving that supper for the prima donna on Sunday?" he asked, taking Oblonsky's arm and smiling.

"Without fail! I am collecting contributions. By the way, did you meet my friend Levin last evening?" asked Oblonsky.

"I did. But for some reason he left early."

"Excellent chap," said Oblonsky. "Didn't you think so?"

"I cannot say," replied Vronsky. "Why is it that all Muscovites—with the exception of him to whom I am speaking, of course—" he inserted jocularly, "—are so touchy? Always rearing up and getting angry, as if to let you know they are not to be trifled with."

"There's something in that, there is indeed," laughed Oblonsky good-humouredly.

"Will it arrive soon?" Vronsky asked a station attendant.

"Directly," the man replied.

The train's approach was attended by growing preparations, by the rushing about of porters, the appearance of gendarmes and station guards and the arrival of people meeting friends and relatives. Through the haze of frosty air workmen in sheepskins and soft felt boots could be seen stepping over the intersecting rails. A donkey-engine hooted on distant tracks and the shunting of heavy goods-vans could be heard.

"No," said Oblonsky, who was bursting to tell Vronsky of Levin's intentions as to Kitty. "No, you have a

wrong impression of my friend Levin. He is a nervous fellow and it is true he can be unpleasant at times, but at others he is splendid. He is extraordinarily honest and truthful and has a heart of gold. But last evening there were special circumstances," said Oblonsky with a significant smile, quite forgetting the sincere sympathy he had felt for Levin the day before, a sympathy he felt now, too, but this time for Vronsky. "Yes, last evening there was a reason why he might have been particularly happy or particularly unhappy."

Vronsky stopped walking and put the question point-blank.

"What was it? Do you mean to say he made your *belle sœur* an offer last night?"

"Possibly," said Oblonsky. "I rather thought he was going to yesterday. Yes, if he left early and was in a bad mood he must have done so. He has been in love with her so long; I feel very sorry for him."

"So that's how it is! .. I should say, however, that she could count on making a better match," said Vronsky, straightening up and beginning to walk again. "However, I don't know him," he added. "Hm, a very unpleasant position to be in. That is why most men prefer having to do with Fifis. Failure with them only means you haven't got enough money; with others your dignity is at stake. But here comes the train."

A locomotive had whistled in the distance. A few minutes later the station platform trembled as the engine pulled in, puffing out clouds of smoke that were pressed to earth by the frost, its piston-rod moving out and in slowly and regularly, the engine-driver leaning out of his cab all muffled up and covered with rime; the platform trembled more and more as the train slowed down; behind the tender came the luggage van with a squealing dog inside and then, as the train shuddered to a stand-still, the passenger carriages.

Down the carriage steps came a dashing conductor blowing his whistle, and he was followed by impatient passengers, one by one: an officer of the guards, stiffly erect and looking round sternly; a fidgety little tradesman with a bag, smiling cheerily; a peasant with a sack over his shoulder.

Vronsky stood beside Oblonsky watching the carriages and their passengers, all thought of his mother having been driven out of his mind; what he had heard respecting Kitty excited and pleased him. His chest swelled out and his eyes sparkled. He felt like a conqueror.

"Countess Vronskaya is in that carriage," said the dashing conductor, coming up to Vronsky.

The conductor's words roused him and made him think of his mother and the meeting with her that was about to take place. In his inmost heart he did not respect his mother and, without admitting it to himself, he did not love her even though, in accordance with his upbringing and the manners of the circle in which he moved, he could not conceive of showing her anything but respect and obedience, and the more respectful and obedient he was outwardly, the less he loved and respected her in his heart.

18

Vronsky followed the conductor into the carriage and, when they reached the door of the compartment, stood aside to make way for a lady coming out. With the insight of a man of fashion, Vronsky could see at a glance that the lady's appearance placed her in the highest ranks of society. He murmured an apology and was about to step inside when something prompted him to look at her again, not because she was very beautiful and not because of the elegance and modest grace evident in her entire figure, but because of the extraordinary tenderness and delicacy in the expression of her sweet face as she passed closely by him. When he turned she, too, turned her head. Her grey luminous eyes, darkened by thick lashes, lingered a moment on his face with friendly attentiveness, as if she recognized him, then swept the crowd as if in search of someone. In this brief glance Vronsky had time to notice a suppressed vivacity that played over her face and fluttered between her brilliant eyes and the scarcely perceptible smile curving her red lips. It was as though her whole being were brimming over with something that showed itself against her will in her smile and in the light

of her eyes. She would deliberately put out this light, but in spite of her it would shine in her scarcely perceptible smile.

Vronsky entered the compartment. His mother, a thin elderly lady with black eyes and ringlets framing her face, narrowed her eyes on her son and smiled slightly with her thin lips. She rose from her seat, handed her reticule to her maid and gave him her thin hand. When her son bent over it she lifted his head and kissed his forehead.

"Did you get my telegram? Are you well? That's a mercy."

"Had you a nice journey?" asked her son, sitting down beside her and involuntarily listening to a woman's voice on the other side of the door. He knew the voice belonged to the lady he had encountered on entering.

"And yet I cannot agree with you," this lady was saying.

"Yours is the Petersburg view, Madame."

"Not the Petersburg but the feminine view," she replied.

"At any rate, allow me to kiss your hand."

"Goodbye, Ivan Petrovich. See if my brother is out there and if he is, send him to me," said the lady from the doorway as she re-entered the compartment.

"Have you found your brother?" asked Vronsky's mother.

Vronsky realized now that the lady was Madame Karenina.

"Your brother is here," he said, getting up. "Forgive me for not recognizing you at once, but our acquaintance was so slight." He gave a little bow. "I dare say you do not remember me."

"Oh, but I would have recognized you because I believe your mother and I have spoken about nobody else the whole journey," she said, permitting the vivacity seeking an outlet to come forth in her smile. "Where could my brother be?"

"Go and call him, Alexei," said the elderly countess.

Vronsky went out on to the platform.

"Oblonsky! Here! " he called.

But Madame Karenina did not wait for her brother to come; as soon as she caught sight of him she left the car-

riage with a light determined step. When her brother reached her Vronsky was struck by the grace and resolution with which she threw her left arm round his neck, swiftly pulled his head down and gave him a sound kiss. Vronsky could not tear his eyes away and smiled without knowing why. Suddenly recollecting that his mother was waiting for him, he went back into the carriage.

"Charming, is she not?" asked the countess, referring to Madame Karenina. "Her husband put her in here with me and I am very glad. We talked all the time. And you, they say ... *vous filez le parfait amour. Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux.*"

"I do not know what you have in mind, *maman*," said her son stiffly. "Come, we had better be going."

Madame Karenina came back to the carriage to take leave of the countess.

"Well, Countess, your son has met you and my brother has met me," she said gaily. "And a good thing, for all my tales are told and I would have nothing more to say."

"Oh," said the countess, taking her hand, "I could travel to the ends of the earth with you and never find it dull. You are one of those delightful women with whom it is as pleasant to be silent as to talk. But pray do not worry about your little boy; it would be quite wrong never to separate from him."

Madame Karenina was standing motionless, very erect, her eyes smiling.

"Anna Arkadievna," the countess explained to her son, "has a little boy eight years old, if I am not mistaken, and she has never been separated from him before and keeps torturing herself for leaving him."

"Yes, the countess and I have been talking endlessly, she about her son and I about mine," said Madame Karenina and again her face was lighted by a smile, a tender smile meant for him.

"You must have found it very tiresome," he said, catching in flight the ball of coquetry she had tossed him. But she appeared unwilling to continue the conversation in this tone and turned to the elderly countess.

"Thank you so much. The time simply flew yesterday. Goodbye, Countess."

"Goodbye, my dear," replied the countess. "Let me k

"What? ... What? ... Where? ... Threw himself? ... Ran over him? ..." were the words that were borne to their ears.

Oblonsky with his sister on his arm, both of them with frightened faces, came back and stood at the carriage entrance to avoid the crowd.

The ladies went back into the carriage and the two men followed the crowd to find out the details of the accident.

A watchman, drunk or perhaps so swathed in wrappings against the bitter cold that he did not hear a train backing up, was run over.

Before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back with this information the ladies heard it from the butler.

Both the men had seen the mutilated body. Oblonsky seemed to be deeply affected. He frowned and apparently was on the verge of tears.

"How dreadful! Oh, Anna, if you had seen him! How very dreadful! " he kept saying.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was grave but perfectly serene.

"Oh, if you had seen him, Countess! " went on Oblonsky. "And his wife was there ... terrible to see her ... flung herself on the body. They say he was the only support for a big family. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Couldn't we do something for them?" asked Madame Karenina in an agitated whisper.

Vronsky glanced at her and instantly left the carriage.

"I shall be back directly, *maman*," he said, turning round in the doorway.

When he came back a few minutes later he found Oblonsky talking to the countess about a new prima donna while she kept turning anxious glances to the door, waiting for her son.

"Shall we go?" said Vronsky on entering.

They all went out together, Vronsky in front with his mother, Madame Karenina behind with her brother. As they were leaving the station the station-master overtook Vronsky.

"You gave my assistant two hundred rubles. Be so kind as to specify to whom it is to be given."

"To the widow," said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know why you should ask."

your pretty face. I must tell you frankly, as old people may do, that I have quite fallen in love with you."

Trite as the phrase was, Madame Karenina evidently believed it and was glad. She coloured, bent down to present her face to the countess's lips, straightened again and with that same smile fluttering between eyes and lips held out her hand to Vronsky. He pressed the little hand that was offered him and was pleased, as with something out of the ordinary, to feel the energy with which she grasped his hand and the firmness and boldness with which she pressed it. Then she walked off with a quick step that gave singular buoyancy to her rather full figure.

"Very charming," said the countess.

Her son was of the same opinion. The smile still lingering on his lips, he followed her with his eyes until her graceful form was out of sight. From the window he saw her join her brother, put her arm in his and with great animation begin telling him something that obviously had nothing to do with Vronsky, and he found this disappointing.

"Well, *maman*, are you quite well?" he asked, turning back to his mother.

"Very well, everything is splendid. Alexander was very kind and Marie has greatly improved. Indeed she has become very attractive."

Once more she began talking about the things nearest her heart, the christening of her grandson, for which she had gone to St. Petersburg, and the favour shown her elder son by the Tsar.

"Here is Lavrenti," said Vronsky, looking out of the window. "Now we can go if you like."

The old butler who had accompanied the countess on her journey entered the carriage to announce that everything was ready. She got up to go.

"Come, there are not many people now," said Vronsky.

The maid took one of the bags and the lapdog, the footman and a porter picked up the other things. Vronsky gave his mother his arm, but just as they were about to leave the carriage some people with frightened faces ran The station-master in his cap of extraordinary col past too. Something must have happened. The peop had just got out of the train were now running rear of it.

"What? ... What? ... Where? ... Threw himself? ... Ran over him? ..." were the words that were borne to their ears.

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A watchman, drunk or perhaps so swathed in wrappings against the bitter cold that he did not hear a train backing up, was run over.

Before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back with this information the ladies heard it from the butler.

Both the men had seen the mutilated body. Oblonsky seemed to be deeply affected. He frowned and apparently was on the verge of tears.

"How dreadful! Oh, Anna, if you had seen him! How very dreadful! " he kept saying.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was grave but perfectly serene.

"Oh, if you had seen him, Countess! " went on Oblonsky. "And his wife was there ... terrible to see her ... flung herself on the body. They say he was the only support for a big family. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Couldn't we do something for them?" asked Madame Karenina in an agitated whisper.

Vronsky glanced at her and instantly left the carriage.

"I shall be back directly, *maman*," he said, turning round in the doorway.

When he came back a few minutes later he found Oblonsky talking to the countess about a new prima donna while she kept turning anxious glances to the door, waiting for her son.

"Shall we go?" said Vronsky on entering.

They all went out together, Vronsky in front with his mother, Madame Karenina behind with her brother. As they were leaving the station the station-master overtook Vronsky.

"You gave my assistant two hundred rubles. Be so kind as to specify to whom it is to be given."

"To the widow," said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know why you should ask."

ready resembled his father, hearing him read his French lesson. As he read, the child twisted a loose button of his jacket and tried to pull it off. Several times his mother pushed his hand away but the chubby fingers kept stealing back to the button. At last she tore it off impatiently and put it in her pocket.

"Stop fidgeting, Grisha," she said, picking up her work again, a coverlet she had been knitting ever so long and resorted to whenever she was upset; now she knitted nervously, flicking her finger and counting the stitches. On the previous day she had sent word to her husband that the coming of his sister was no concern of hers, but all the same she had prepared everything and was anxiously awaiting her.

Dolly was overwhelmed by her trouble and completely absorbed in it. Even so she remembered that Anna, her sister-in-law, was a *grande dame*, the wife of an eminent public figure in St. Petersburg. That is why she did not do what she had threatened her husband she would do; that is, she did not forget that her sister-in-law was coming.

After all, Anna is not to blame, thought Dolly. I know nothing but good of her and she has always been kind and loving to me.

On the other hand, Dolly's impressions as a guest of the Karenins in St. Petersburg led her to disapprove of their home; there was something false about their family life.

But why should I not receive her? Only let her not think of trying to console me, thought Dolly. All these consolations and exhortations and Christian forgiveness—I have gone over them a thousand times and they won't do.

Dolly had spent the last few days alone with her children. She did not wish to talk about her misery but with such misery in her heart she could not talk about anything else. She knew that in one way or another she would tell Anna everything, and one moment she was glad of the opportunity to put out her troubles, the next she was angry to think she would have to tell her, his sister, of her humiliation and listen to trite expressions of comfort and advice.

"You gave it?" called out Oblonsky from behind, adding, with a little squeeze of his sister's arm: "Very decent, very decent. Fine chap, eh? Well, goodbye, Countess."

He and his sister stopped and looked about for her maid.

When they reached the street the Vronsky carriage had already departed. The people coming out of the station were still talking about the accident.

"There's an awful death for you! " said a gentleman passing by. "They say he was cut in two."

"I disagree; a very easy death. Instantaneous," observed another.

"Why don't they take the proper precautions?" exlaimed a third.

When Madame Karenina got into the carriage Oblonsky saw that her lips were quivering and she could hardly restrain her tears.

"What is it, Anna?" he asked her when they had driven a little way.

"It's a bad omen," she said.

"Piffle!" said her brother. "The only thing of importance is that you have come. You cannot imagine how I count on you."

"Have you known Vronsky long?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. You know we hope he will marry Kitty."

"Oh," said Anna softly. "Come, now, let's talk about you," she said with a little toss of her head as if making a physical effort to free herself of something unwanted, something that bothered her. "Yes, let's talk about your affairs. I got your letter and here I am."

"All my hopes rest in you," said Oblonsky.

"Tell me everything."

And he began the story.

When they reached the house Oblonsky helped his sister out of the carriage, heaved a sigh, pressed her hand, and set out for his office.

19

When Anna entered the small drawing-room she found Dolly sitting with a pudgy fair-haired little boy who al-

ready resembled his father, hearing him read his French lesson. As he read, the child twisted a loose button of his jacket and tried to pull it off. Several times his mother pushed his hand away but the chubby fingers kept stealing back to the button. At last she tore it off impatiently and put it in her pocket.

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Dolly kept glancing at the clock, expecting her guest every minute, and, as so often happens, she missed the exact minute because she did not hear the doorbell.

A rustle of skirts and a light step in the doorway made her look up, her harassed face expressing surprise rather than pleasure. She got up and embraced her sister-in-law.

"What? Here already?" she asked, kissing her.

"How glad I am to see you, Dolly! "

"I am glad too," said Dolly, smiling weakly as she tried to guess from Anna's face whether she knew. Most likely she does, she thought, noticing Anna's look of sympathy. "Here, come along, I will show you to your room," she said, anxious to put off the moment of confidences.

"Is this Grisha? Goodness, how he has grown! " said Anna. She kissed the child without taking her eyes off Dolly, then checked her movements and blushed, "No, allow me to remain here."

She took off her scarf and hat, and when a lock of her curly black hair got caught in the hat she shook her head to free it.

"You fairly radiate health and happiness," said Dolly almost enviously.

"Me?.. Oh, yes," said Anna. "Goodness gracious! – Tanya? The same age as my Sergei! " she said to a little girl who came running in. She took her in her arms and kissed her. "An adorable child, adorable! Show them all to me."

She named each of them and remembered not only their names but the months and years of their births and the character of each and the sicknesses they had suffered and Dolly could not but appreciate this.

"Very well, let's go to them," she said. "But Vasya's asleep, what a pity! "

When they had visited the children they sat down alone in the drawing-room for coffee. Anna took hold of the tray, then pushed it aside.

"Dolly," she said, "he has told me."

Dolly looked at Anna coldly. She was waiting for sentimental words of sympathy, but Anna did not pronounce them.

"Dolly, darling," she said, "I have no intention of de-

fending him or of consoling you; that is impossible. But I am sorry, dear, sorry with all my heart that you should suffer so."

Tears gathered behind the thick lashes of her brilliant eyes. She took a seat closer to her sister-in-law and held her hand in her own strong little one. Dolly did not shrink from her but her face retained its coldness. She said:

"You cannot comfort me. All is lost after what has happened; all is gone."

As soon as she said this her face softened. Anna picked up Dolly's thin dry hand and kissed it.

"But what is to be done, Dolly?" she asked. "What is to be done? What are the best measures to take in such a dreadful situation? That is what we must think of."

"Everything is over, and that is all," said Dolly. "And the worst thing is—think of it! —I cannot leave him: the children. I am bound hand and foot. But I cannot go on living with him, the very sight of him is a torment."

"Dolly, darling, he has told me, but I want to hear it from you; tell me everything."

Dolly looked at her inquiringly.

Anna's face reflected sincere love and sympathy.

"Very well," she said suddenly. "But let me begin from the beginning. You know what I was when I got married. Thanks to *maman's* upbringing I was not only ignorant, I was silly. I knew nothing. It is generally believed, I know, that husbands tell their wives everything as to their previous lives, but Steve—" she corrected herself: "—but Stepan Arkadievich told me nothing. You can hardly believe it but I actually thought up to now that I was the only woman he had been intimate with. That is how I lived for eight years. Try to believe that I not only had no suspicion of his infidelity, I considered such a thing impossible, and now try to imagine what it meant to me, with my conceptions, to suddenly discover all this horror, all this filth... Try to understand me. To believe utterly in your happiness and suddenly..." said Dolly, suppressing her sobs, "to have this letter fall into my hands ... a letter to his mistress, my children's governess! Oh, it is too awful! " She hastily drew out her handkerchief and covered her face with it. "I can understand an infat-

uation," she went on after a pause, "but to deliberately, cunningly deceive me ... and with whom?.. To go on being my husband and have her at the same time! Oh, it is too awful! You cannot understand such a thing."

"Oh, yes, I do understand. I understand, Dolly darling, I really do," said Anna, squeezing her hand.

"And do you think *he* understands the full horror of my situation?" went on Dolly. "Nothing of the sort. He is happy and content."

"Oh, no! " interrupted Anna quickly. "He is in a sad way. He is overcome with remorse."

"Is he capable of remorse?" asked Dolly, scanning her sister-in-law's face intently.

"Yes, I know him. I cannot look at him without pity. We both know him. He is kind, but proud, and now he is so humbled! The thing that touched me most..." (and here Anna guessed what would touch Dolly most) "... was that he is tormented by two things: his shame because of the children, and his having caused you, whom he loves—yes, yes, whom he loves beyond anything on earth," she put in hastily to counter Dolly's protest, "... having caused you pain, having simply crushed you. He keeps saying, 'No, no, she can never forgive me! ' "

Dolly gazed thoughtfully past her sister-in-law as she listened to her words.

"Yes, I understand that his position is awful; it is worse for the guilty than for the innocent," she said. "That is, if he understands that his guilt is the cause of all the suffering. But how can I forgive him, how can I be his wife again after her? It will be unbearable to go on living with him, just because ... I love my former love for him."

Sobs cut off her words.

But every time she felt her heart softening she began, as by some compulsion, to speak of her grievances again.

"She is young! She is pretty! " she said. "But surely you know, Anna, who has taken my youth and beauty away from me. He and his children. I did everything I could for him and in doing so I sacrificed everything. And now, of course, he prefers this fresh, vulgar young thing. I suppose they talked about me to each other, or, even worse, kept quiet about me—do you understand?" Once more fires of hatred flared up in her eyes. "And after this

he will try to tell me... And do you expect me to believe him? Never. No, everything is over, everything that was my comfort, my reward for my labours, my sufferings... Would you believe it? I was just giving Grisha a lesson—I used to love doing it, now it is hateful. Why am I working, making all this effort? Why should I have had children? The awful thing is that I have experienced a complete change of heart, what was once love and tenderness for him has become spite, yes, spite. I could kill him and—"

"Dearest Dolly, I understand, but do not torture yourself. You are so injured, so overwrought that you see many things in the wrong light."

Dolly became more calm and for some minutes they did not speak.

"What is to be done? Think about it, Anna, and help me. I have gone over and over it and see no way out."

Anna could think of nothing either, but her heart responded to every word, every change of expression on her sister-in-law's face.

"There is only one thing I can say," she began. "I am his sister and I know his nature, his tendency to forget everything, *everything*," here she waved her hand in front of her forehead; "his tendency to give himself up completely to his latest infatuation, and to repent it just as completely. He cannot believe, cannot understand, how he could have done what he has done."

"Oh, no; he understands, he understood! " interrupted Dolly. "But I ... you forget *me*. Does this make it any easier for me?"

"Wait. When he spoke to me I must confess I did not realize the dreadfulness of your situation. I only saw him, and that the family was breaking up; I felt sorry for him; but now that I have spoken to you I see it differently—as a woman. I see your suffering and I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you! But, Dolly darling, even though I fully understand your suffering, there is one thing I do not know: I do not know ... I do not know how much love for him is left in your heart. Only you know that—whether there is enough for you to forgive him. If there is, do forgive him! "

"No," began Dolly, but Anna stopped her by [illegible] hand again.

"I know the world better than you do," she said. "I know how people like Steve look on such things. You say he talked to *her* about you. He never did. Such men can be unfaithful, but their homes and wives—they are sacred. They hold these other women in contempt and don't allow them to injure the family. They draw an inviolable boundary line between their families and them. I don't understand, but that is how it is."

"Yes, but he has kissed her—"

"Listen, Dolly dear. I saw Steve when he was in love with you. I remember the time when he came to me and wept when he spoke of you, so lofty and poetic was his feeling for you, and I know that the longer he has lived with you the loftier his conception of you has become. We used to laugh at him because he would add to everything he said, 'Dolly is a marvellous woman! ' You have always been a kind of divinity for him and you still are; his present infatuation is not of the heart—"

"And if this infatuation is repeated?"

"I am convinced it will not be."

"Yes, but would you forgive him?"

"I don't know, I cannot judge... Yes, I can," said Anna as she considered the matter; then, after putting herself in the situation and weighing everything carefully: "I would, I would. I would forgive him. It would never be the same, but I would forgive him, and forgive him as if it had never happened, as if it positively never had happened."

"That goes without saying," put in Dolly quickly, as if Anna were giving voice to what she had often thought. "Otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If I forgive him, it just be completely. Oh, completely. Well, come along, I will show you to your room," she said, getting up, and as they went Dolly embraced her. "Dearest, how glad I am you have come! I feel better already. Ever so much better."

20

Anna spent the day at home, that is, at the Oblonskys', and refused to see any visitors even though some of her

friends, hearing of her arrival, called on that very day. She spent the morning with Dolly and the children and she sent a note to her brother asking him to be sure to dine at home. "Come home, God is merciful," she wrote.

Oblonsky did dine at home. The coversation was of a general character and his wife called him Steve when she spoke to him, a name she had eschewed of late. There was still a certain estrangement between husband and wife, but no longer was there talk of parting and Oblonsky perceived possibilities of an explanation and reconciliation.

Immediately after dinner Kitty called. She was acquainted with Anna, but only slightly, and on the way to her sister's she was intimidated by the thought of how this fashionable Petersburg lady whom everybody praised would receive her. But Anna liked her, she could see that at once. Apparently Anna was taken by her youth and beauty, and as for Kitty, before she knew it she was not only completely under her influence but had fallen in love with her as young girls sometimes do fall in love with older married women. Anna did not look like a lady of fashion or the mother of an eight-year-old son; she looked more like a twenty-year-old girl, so fresh was she, so lithe in her movements, so full of a vivacity that broke through in her smile or in her eyes, except for moments when her eyes assumed a grave, even sorrowful look that amazed and attracted Kitty. Kitty perceived that Anna was completely without affectation and hid nothing, and that she knew another, a higher world of complex and poetic interests inaccessible to Kitty.

After dinner, when Dolly had retired to her room, Anna quickly got up and went to her brother, who was having his cigar.

"Steve," she said, winking at him roguishly, making the sign of the cross over him and showing him to the door with her eyes. "Go, and may God help you."

He immediately grasped her meaning, threw down his cigar and went out.

When he was gone she returned to the sofa where she had been sitting with the children. Either because they saw that their mother loved this aunt, or because they themselves were aware of her special charm, the two

eldest ones, with the younger ones following their lead as is the way of children, had attached themselves to Anna before dinner and refused to leave her side. It became a kind a game to see who could sit nearest to her, fondle her, hold her little hand, kiss it, play with her rings or touch the frills of her frock.

"Come, let's sit as we were before," said Anna as she took her old place.

Again Grisha pushed his head under her arm and rested it on her bosom, his face radiating pride and happiness.

"When is the ball to be held?" she asked, turning to Kitty.

"Next week, and it's to be a wonderful ball. One of those that is always fun."

"Are there balls that are always fun?" asked Anna in gentle raillery.

"Strangely enough, there are. At the Bobrischevs' they are always fun, and at the Nikitins' too, but at the Mezhkovs' they are always dull. Have you not noticed it?"

"No, my dear, balls are never fun for me any more," said Anna, and Kitty caught in her eyes a glimpse of that special world that was closed to her. "For me there are only balls that are less dull and tedius than others."

"How could a ball be dull for *you*?"

"Why shold *I* not find a ball dull?" asked Anna.

Kitty could see that Anna knew what answer would follow.

"Because you would be the queen of any ball."

Anna was capable of blushing, and now she blushed as she said:

"First of all, I am never that; secondly, even if I were, what difference would it make?"

"Are you going to this ball?" asked Kitty.

"I'm afraid I must go. Here, take it," she said to Tanya, who was pulling a loose-fitting ring off a thin tapering finger.

"I'm very glad you are going. I want to see you there very much."

"Well, if I must go I shall at least find comfort in the thought that you are pleased. Grisha, stop pulling my hair, it is falling down as it is," she said, putting back a lock

Grisha had been playing with.

"I see you at the ball in lavender. "

"Why in lavender?" asked Anna with a smile. "Now run along, children, run along. Do you hear? Miss Hull is calling you for tea," she said, tearing them away and chasing them off to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to go. You are expecting great things from this ball and you want everybody to be there and be a part of it."

"Yes; how did you know?"

"Oh, what a happy age yours is! " went on Anna. "I remember that blue mist like those that rise in the Swiss mountains, a mist that envelops everything at the blissful age when childhood is drawing to a close and the path leading out of that enormous circle, so gay and carefree, grows narrower and narrower, and it is joyous as well as frightening to step into the vistas beyond, however bright and beautiful they appear to be. Who has not gone through it?"

Kitty smiled without speaking. How did she go through it? How I should like to know her love story, thought Kitty, recalling the unromantic appearance of Anna's husband, Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin.

"I know something," said Anna mysteriously. "Steve told me. Let me congratulate you; I like him very much, I met Vronsky at the railway station."

"Oh, was he there?" asked Kitty, colouring. "What did Steve tell you?"

"Oh, he gave everything away. I should welcome such a thing. Yesterday I travelled with Vronsky's mother," she went on, "and she talked about nothing but him, her favourite son; I know how partial mothers are, but—"

"What did his mother tell you?"

"Oh, lots of things! I know he is her favourite, but there can be no doubt of his chivalry. She told me, for instance, that he wanted to give all his means to his brother, and that when he was still a child he did something remarkable—rescued a woman from drowning, was it? In a word—a hero! " said Anna, smiling and recalling the two hundred rubles he had given away at the station.

But she did not mention those two hundred rubles.

Somehow she did not like to remember them. She felt there was something about the money that concerned herself, something that had no right to be at all.

"She pressed me to go and see her," went on Anna. "I shall be only too glad to do so, I intend going tomorrow. Oh, but thank goodness Steve is spending so much time in Dolly's room," she added, changing the subject and getting up, and Kitty fancied that something had displeased her.

"No, me first! " "No, me! " shouted the children, who had finished their tea and now came racing back to Aunt Anna.

"All of you together! " said Anna, and she ran laughing to meet them and embraced them and threw them down, a whole heap of squirming children squealing in ecstasy.

21

Dolly came out of her room for the grownups' tea but Oblonsky was not with her. It seems he had left his wife's room by another door.

"I fear you will be cold upstairs," said Dolly to Anna. "I want to change your room to a downstairs one. You will be nearer to me there, too."

"Oh, don't trouble about me," said Anna, searching Dolly's face to see if a reconciliation had taken place.

"And it will be lighter," said her sister-in-law.

"I assure you I sleep as sound as a log always and everywhere."

"What's all this about?" Oblonsky asked his wife as he came out of his study.

From his tone both Kitty and Anna were sure the reconciliation had taken place.

"I want to move Anna downstairs but the curtains must be re-hung. Nobody knows how to do it, I must do it myself," Dolly said to him.

They may not have made it up after all, thought Anna, hearing Dolly's cold impassive tone.

"Oh, come, Dolly, don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill," said her husband. "I will see to it if you like."

Yes, they seem to have made it up, thought Anna.

"Oh, I know how you will see to it," retorted Dolly. "You will give Matvei orders that cannot possibly be carried out and you yourself will go away and he will make a mess of it." The usual sardonic smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly's mouth as she said it.

Complete reconciliation, absolutely complete, thought Anna. Thank God! And, rejoicing that she had been the instrument of achieving this, she went over and kissed Dolly.

"Nothing of the kind, why should you have such a bad opinion of Matvei and me?" said Oblonsky to his wife with the faintest of smiles.

The whole evening Dolly maintained her sardonic tone with her husband, and Oblonsky was pleased and gay, yet not too gay lest it appear that he, who had just been forgiven, had forgotten his guilt.

At half past nine the particularly pleasant and cheerful family conversation at the Oblonskys' tea table was interrupted by what was apparently the most ordinary circumstance, but this ordinary circumstance for some reason seemed odd to everyone. They were talking about their common acquaintances in Petersburg when Anna suddenly got up.

"I have a picture of her in my album," she said. "And I will show you my Sergei too," she added with a mother's proud smile.

As the hour approached ten, at which time she usually said goodnight to her son and often put him to bed herself before going to a ball, she felt with special poignance the distance separating them, and no matter what the conversation turned to her thoughts came back to her curly-headed Sergei. She longed to look at his picture and talk about him. Taking advantage of the first opportunity, she got up and went with her light firm step to fetch the album. The stairs to her room gave upon the landing of the big warm main staircase.

Just as she was leaving the drawing-room the doorbell rang in the entrance hall.

"Who could it be?" asked Dolly.

"Too soon to be coming for me and too late for anyone else," observed Kitty.

"No doubt they've brought me some papers," said Oblonsky, and as Anna passed the main staircase a servant came running up to announce a visitor, the visitor himself waiting beside a lamp in the hall below. She glanced down and instantly recognized Vronsky, and a strange feeling of pleasure mingled with dread fluttered in her heart. He was standing in his coat and taking something out of his pocket. When she was half-way up the stairs he lifted his eyes and saw her, and an expression of shame and dismay passed over his face. With a slight nod she went on and the next moment Oblonsky's loud voice was heard inviting him to come up and Vronsky's calm, quiet voice was refusing the invitation.

When Anna came back with the album he was gone and Oblonsky was saying he had just dropped in to find out about the dinner they were giving the next day for a famous personage who was visiting Moscow.

"He positively refused to come up. What a strange chap he is! " added Oblonsky.

Kitty blushed. She was sure she alone understood why he had come and why he had not joined them. He went first to our house, she thought, and finding that I was not at home thought I might be here, but he did not come in because he feared it was too late and besides, Anna is here.

Glances were exchanged but nothing was said and everybody turned to Anna's album.

There was nothing exceptional or odd in a man's calling on a friend at half past nine to find out about a proposed dinner-party and not accepting an invitation to come in, yet everybody found it odd. Nobody, however, found it as odd and unpleasant as Anna did.

22

The ball had just begun when Kitty and her mother stepped upon the brightly lit staircase flanked by flowers and footmen in powder and red coats. From the rooms came a steady murmur of movement, as from a bee-hive, and while they paused between trees on the landing to give final touches to hair and gowns, from the ball-room came the hesitant but distinct sounds of the violins in the

orchestra beginning the first waltz. An old man in civilian dress, who had just patted the grey strands at his temples in front of another looking-glass, and who smelled strongly of scent, collided with them on the stairs, then stood aside, evidently to admire Kitty, with whom he was not acquainted. A beardless youth, one of those society youths whom old prince Scherbatsky called whippersnappers, wearing a very low-cut waistcoat, straightened his white tie as he ran up the stairs, bowed to them in passing, then came back to invite Kitty to dance a quadrille with him. Since her first quadrille was Vronsky's, she gave this young man her second. An officer standing in the doorway buttoning his glove stepped aside to let them enter and stroked his moustache as he looked admiringly at this rosy Kitty.

Although her gown, her hairdress and all the preparations for this ball had cost Kitty great effort and imagination, she now entered the ball-room in her elaborate tulle dress worn over a pink lining with an ease and freedom suggesting that all these rosettes and laces and other details had not cost her or the members of her household a moment's consideration; indeed she might have been born in this tulle and these laces and with this high hairdress crowned by a rose with two leaves.

When, just before entering the ball-room, her mother wanted to untwist the edge of her sash, Kitty gently pushed her hand away. She felt that everything was naturally right and as it should be and wanted no improving.

This was one of Kitty's lucky days. Her bodice was not too tight, the lace bertha did not slip off her shoulders, the rosettes did not sag or come loose, the pink slippers with high curved heels did not pinch but rather caressed her feet. The heavy chignon of fair hair clung to her little head as if it were her own. The three buttons of her long gloves all fastened without coming undone and the gloves themselves encased her arm smoothly, without wrinkling and distorting its form. Most tenderly did the black velvet ribbon of her locket embrace her throat. The ribbon was ravishing, and when Kitty examined her neck in the looking-glass at home she sensed that the ribbon was just right. Everything else might be questioned, but the ribbon was ravishing. Even here at the ball Kitty could not help smiling as she looked at it in the glass. She felt the

marble coolness of her bare arms and shoulders, and she loved this feeling. Her eyes shone and her red lips smiled from the consciousness of how pretty she was. Hardly had she stepped into the ball-room and gone over to the group of colourfully be-ribboned, be-laced, be-tulled ladies awaiting invitations to dance (Kitty never remained long among them) when she was invited to waltz, and by Egorushka Korsunsky no less, a tall, handsome married man who was the first cavalier of the ball, the highest in rank in the ball-hierarchy, the leader of balls, the master-of-ball-ceremonies. He had just left Countess Banina with whom he had danced the first half of the waltz, and, as he swept the field—that is, the floor on to which a few couples had ventured—with a supervisory eye, he caught sight of Kitty coming in and hurried over to her with that relaxed amble permitted only to masters-of-ball-ceremonies; without so much as a by-your-leave, he held out his arm to encircle her slender waist. She glanced about for someone to whom she might give her fan and the hostess, smiling, took it.

"How good of you to come in good time," he said, slipping an arm round her waist. "I heartily dislike this manner of coming late! "

She crooked her left arm and laid it on his shoulder and her little feet in their pink slippers moved swiftly, lightly and in time to the music, over the slippery parquet floor.

"It is sheer relaxation to waltz with you," he said after the first slow gliding steps. "Such airiness, such *précision!*" he said, which was just what he said to almost all his partners.

She smiled at his praise and went on looking about the room over his shoulder. She was not one for whom balls are such a new experience that all faces merge in one enchanted impression; nor was she one who had attended balls so often that she knew and was bored by everybody; she was someone in between: she was excited, yet calm enough to observe her surroundings. She saw a group of the very cream of society in the left-hand corner of the room. There she discovered the beautiful Lydie, wife of Korsunsky, in shocking décolleté, and there was the hostess, and there was Krivin with his shining bald pate, who always attached himself to the cream of society. To that corner were directed the eyes of youths who dared not

approach it; there she found Oblonsky, then the lovely head and figure of Anna in a black velvet dress. And he was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening she had refused Levin's offer. Kitty's sharp eyes instantly recognized him and even observed that he was watching her.

"Shall we have another one? Are you not tired?" asked Korsunsky, puffing slightly.

"No, thank you."

"Where shall I take you?"

"I believe Madame Karenina is over there. Take me to her."

"Just as you say."

And Korsunsky waltzed towards the group in the left-hand corner of the hall, slowing his steps gradually and repeating as he went: "Pardon, mesdames, pardon, pardon, mesdames." He steered her through this maze of lace, tulle and ribbon without catching on to so much as a feather and in the end gave her such a whirl that her slim legs in open-work hose were exposed and her train went flying out and wound itself round Krivin's knees. Korsunsky bowed, straightened his shirt-front and offered his arm to take her to Madame Karenina. The flushed Kitty pulled her train off Krivin's knees and, still a little giddy, looked about for Anna. Anna was not in lavender as Kitty had wished, but in black—in a black low-cut velvet gown revealing her full shoulders and bosom that might have been carved of old ivory, and her rounded arms ending in the smallest of hands. The gown was trimmed with Venetian lace. In her black hair, which was entirely her own, with no additions, rested a little circlet of pansies, and another such circlet nestled in a rosette of lace attached to her black sash. Her hairdress was inconspicuous. Conspicuous were the unruly wisps of curly hair that kept coming loose decoratively at her temples and in the nape of her neck. A string of pearls was clasped about her exquisite throat.

Kitty had been seeing Anna every day and was in love with her and fancied lavender would be most becoming to her. But now, seeing her in black, she realized she had not appreciated all her loveliness. Now she saw her as another person. Now she knew that Anna could not wear

and that her charm lay in her always rising above the clothes she wore; her clothes were never noticeable. Not even this black gown with its fine lace was noticeable; it was merely a frame; she herself—simple, unaffected, exquisite, and at the same time gay and vivacious—was the only thing to be seen.

She stood there exceedingly erect, as always, and when Kitty came up she was talking to the host, her head slightly inclined towards him.

"No, I am not throwing stones," she replied to some remark he had made. "But I don't understand it," she went on with a shrug of her shoulders. The next moment she turned to Kitty with a tender smile of sponsorship. After running a woman's appraising eye over the girl's gown, she gave a nod, almost imperceptible but quickly caught by Kitty, approving her gown and her beauty. "You even came into the room dancing," Anna said to her.

"I can always rely upon her to help me," said Korsunsky, bowing to Anna whom he had not seen before. "The little princess always makes a ball gay and delightful. May I have this waltz, Anna Arkadievna?" he asked with another bow.

"Are you acquainted?" asked the host.

"My wife and I are acquainted with everybody. We are like white wolves, everybody knows us," replied Korsunsky. "This waltz, Anna Arkadievna?"

"I never dance if I can help it," she said.

"Tonight you cannot help it," replied Korsunsky. Just then Vronsky came up.

"Come, then, if I must dance tonight," she said, ignoring Vronsky's bow and putting her hand quickly on Korsunsky's shoulder.

Why should she be displeased with him? wondered Kitty, aware that Anna had intentionally ignored Vronsky's bow. Vronsky approached Kitty, reminding her of their first quadrille and saying he was sorry he had not had the pleasure of seeing her all these days. As Kitty listened to him she watched Anna waltz with admiration. She waited for Vronsky to invite her to waltz but he did not invite her and she looked at him in surprise. He reddened and hastily invited her, but as soon as his arm encircled her slender waist and they took the first step, the music

quivering, flaring lights in her eyes and the smile of happiness and excitement unconsciously playing over her lips, and the lightness, sureness and graceful precision of her movements.

Who could it be? she asked herself. One or all? Ignoring the poor young man, her partner, who had lost the thread of conversation and could not pick it up again, responding only outwardly to Korsunsky's jocular shouts throwing them now into a *grand rond*, now into a *chaîne*, Kitty watched Vronsky and Anna with sinking heart. No, it's not the admiration of the crowd that has gone to her head, it's the adulation of a single one. But who is that one? Could it be he? she said to herself. Every time Vronsky spoke to her, Anna's eyes shone joyously and a happy smile curved her red lips. She seemed to be making an effort not to manifest signs of her joy but they appeared of their own accord. And what about him? Kitty looked at him and was appalled. She now saw in him what she had seen so clearly mirrored in Anna's face. What had become of his firm, calm manner and the carefree expression of his face? All gone; now he slightly lowered his head every time he spoke to her as if longing to drop on his knees before her, and his glance expressed nothing but apprehension and submission. I have no wish to do you wrong, his every look seemed to say: but I wish to save myself and do not know how. Never before had she seen such a look on his face.

They spoke of mutual acquaintances and carried on the most trivial conversation, but Kitty felt that every word they uttered was deciding her fate as well as their own. And oddly enough, although they really only said how droll Ivan Ivanovich was when he tried to speak French, and that Eletskaya could have made a better match, these words had special meaning for them, and they were aware of this just as Kitty was. And now the ball and everyone attending it became wrapped in haze for Kitty. It was only the stern school of decorum in which she had been brought up that supported her and made her do what was required of her, which was to dance, answer questions, talk and even smile. But just before the mazurka began, when the chairs were being moved and a few couples wandered from the small into the big room, Kitty experienced a

moment of terror and despair. She had refused five invitations and now was not dancing the mazurka. There was not the slightest hope that anyone would ask her: she was so popular no one could possibly suppose she was not engaged. She ought to tell her mother she was not feeling well and go home, but she had not the courage to do it. She was utterly wretched.

She found a secluded corner in the small drawing-room and sank into an armchair. Her diaphanous gown rose in a cloud about her slender form; one bare, thin, girlish arm fell listlessly among the pink folds; in her other hand she held a fan with which she cooled her overheated face with short quick movements. Though she looked like a butterfly that has just settled in the grass and will open its rainbow wings any moment and flutter away, her heart was loaded with a mighty burden of despair.

Perhaps I am mistaken, perhaps nothing of the sort has taken place, she thought.

And again she went over in her mind all she had seen.

"What is this, Kitty?" said Countess Nordston, who had come to her noiselessly over the carpet. "How am I to understand this?"

Kitty's lower lip quivered. She got up quickly.

"Kitty, are you not dancing the mazurka?"

"No," said Kitty in a voice trembling with tears.

"I heard him invite her to dance the mazurka," said Countess Nordston, knowing that Kitty would understand who "he" and "she" were. "She said, 'Are you not dancing it with Kitty?' "

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied Kitty.

No one but she herself understood her situation. No one but she knew that the other day before she had rejected the offer of a man whom she perhaps loved and had done it because she placed her hopes in another.

Countess Nordston found Korsunsky, with whom she was to have danced the mazurka, and had him invite Kitty.

Kitty and her partner were to dance as the first couple. Fortunately there was no necessity of her talking because Korsunsky was constantly running hither and thither giving orders to his forces in the field. Anna and Vronsky were sitting almost opposite her. Her sharp eyes saw them at a distance, then saw them close at hand when she

couples came together in the dance, and the more she saw of them the more convinced she was that calamity had come to her. She saw that they were alone in this populated room. And on Vronsky's face, always so firm and independent, she saw an unwonted look of bewilderment and submission, like the look of an intelligent dog guilty of some misdemeanor.

When Anna smiled, he smiled. When she became pensive, he was grave. Some supernatural force drew Kitty's eyes to Anna's face. She was charming in her simple black gown; charming were her full arms with the bracelets on them, charming her strong throat encircled by the string of pearls, charming the ringlets of her disordered hair, charming the light and graceful movements of her little hands and feet, charming that lovely vivacious face. At the same time there was something dread and cruel in her charm.

Kitty admired her even more than before and suffered increasingly. Kitty felt crushed, and her face showed it. When Vronsky saw her on coming together in the mazurka he did not recognize her at once, so greatly had she changed.

"A splendid ball," he said, so as to say something.

"Yes," she replied.

In the middle of the mazurka, as they were executing a complicated figure Korsunsky had invented, Anna took her place in the centre of the circle, chose two gentlemen and beckoned Kitty and another lady to her. Kitty looked frightened as she drew near. Anna looked at her with drooping eyelids and pressed her hand with a smile. When Kitty answered her smile with a look of surprise and despair, Anna turned away and began talking gayly to the other lady.

Yes, there is something strange, demoniac and fascinating in her, Kitty said to herself.

Anna did not wish to remain for supper but the host urged her to do so.

"Oh, come, Anna Arkadievna," said Korsunsky, tucking her bare arm under his own, "I have a wonderful new idea for a cotillion. *Un bijou!* "

And he gently drew her along with him. Their host smiled his approval.

"No, I cannot stay," said Anna with a smile, and Korsunsky and their host knew from the resolute tone of the reply that she would not stay.

"As it is I have danced more in Moscow at this one ball than I have danced all winter in Petersburg," said Anna, glancing at Vronsky who was standing beside her. "I must rest before my journey."

"Must you really go tomorrow?" asked Vronsky.

"Yes, that is my intention," Anna replied as if surprised by the boldness of his question; but her smile and the light flaring irrepressibly in her eyes as she said it seared him like fire.

Anna left the ball without waiting for supper.

24

Yes, there's something unpleasant, even repulsive in me, thought Levin as he left the Scherbatskys' and set out on foot to see his brother. I don't suit other people. Too proud, they say. No, I'm not proud. If I were proud I would never have put myself in such a position. And in his mind's eye he saw Vronsky, happy, kind-hearted, clever and serene, who had never, Levin supposed, been in such an execrable position as the one Levin found himself in that evening. Of course he is the one she would choose. And so she should, and I have nobody and nothing to complain of. I myself am to blame. What right had I to think she might want to join her life with mine? Who am I? What am I? A worthless creature nobody has any use for. At this point he remembered his brother Nikolai and was relieved to let his mind dwell on him. Is he not right in asserting that everything in this world is hateful and disgusting? Levin asked himself. I am not at all sure we have been fair in judging Nikolai. Oh, of course, from Prokofi's point of view, who saw him in a torn coat, dead drunk, he is to be despised. But I know another Nikolai. I know his true nature and I also know how like him I am. And instead of going to him I went out to dinner and then came here.

Levin went over to a street lamp and read his brother's address, which was in his pocketbook, and called a cab.

Throughout the long journey to his brother's he vividly recalled all the events of Nikolai's life that were familiar to him. He remembered that while his brother was in the university and for a year afterwards he lived like a monk despite the ridicule of his companions, strictly observing religious fasts and rituals, attending services and abstaining from all carnal pleasures, especially women; and then suddenly he had thrown all this over and sought the lowest possible company and indulged in the most unrestrained debauchery. He recalled the little village boy Nikolai had taken to bring up and whom, in an access of temper, he had thrashed so unmercifully that proceedings were begun against him for injuries inflicted. He recalled the sharper to whom he had lost money at cards and to whom he had given a promissory note and against whom he had then filed a complaint, asserting that he had been cheated (this was the money Sergei Ivanovich had paid). He recalled the night his brother had spent in jail for disorderly conduct. He recalled the shameful law-suit he had brought against Sergei Ivanovich for not giving him what he claimed as his rightful portion of their mother's estate. The last thing he recalled was his being taken to court for beating a village elder when he served in the Western Lands. All of this was unspeakably revolting, but it did not seem as revolting to Levin as it must have seemed to those who did not know Nikolai, did not know his life story, did not know his true nature.

Levin remembered that when Nikolai was in his pious period of monkhood, fasting and church services, when he was seeking in religion a means of keeping his passionate nature under control, nobody had supported him; on the contrary everybody including himself had laughed at him. They had teased him, calling him Noah and The Monk; and now that he had broken loose nobody helped him; instead they turned away in horror and disgust.

Levin felt that, despite the ugliness of his way of life, his brother Nikolai in his soul, in the innermost recesses of his soul, was no more wrong than those who condemned him. He was not to blame for having been born with ungovernable passions and a restless mind. He had always wanted to be good. I will tell him everything, make him tell me everything and show him that I love him and therefore under-

stand him, Levin resolved as, at nearly eleven o'clock, he drew up at the hotel where his brother was staying.

"Upstairs, rooms twelve and thirteen," the doorman said in reply to Levin's inquiry.

"Is he in?"

"I believe so."

The door of room twelve was ajar and in the light streaming through the opening curled the thick smoke of bad weak tobacco; Levin heard an unfamiliar voice, but presently he knew his brother was there—he heard him cough.

When he reached the door the unfamiliar voice was saying:

"Everything depends on the good sense and conscientiousness with which the business is carried on."

Konstantin Levin glanced into the room and saw that the speaker was a young man with a great mass of hair, wearing an old-fashioned Russian coat. A young pockmarked woman in a sleeveless, collarless woollen dress was sitting on the sofa. Nikolai was not to be seen. A pang went through Levin at the thought that his brother should be associating with such strange people. Nobody had heard Levin come. As he took off his overshoes he listened to what the young man in the Russian coat was saying. He was talking about an enterprise of some sort.

"To hell with them, the privileged classes," said his brother, coughing. "Masha! Have some supper brought to us: pass out the wine, if there's any left, or else have them send up some more."

The woman got up and came to the door and saw Levin.

"A gentleman's come, Nikolai Dmitrich," she said.

"Who do you want?" Nikolai called out ill-naturedly.

"It's me," replied Levin, entering the strip of light coming from the room.

"Who's me?" said Nikolai, more ill-naturedly than before. He could be heard getting up quickly, stumbling over something, and the next moment Levin saw his brother standing in front of him in the doorway, an enormous, scrawny, round-shouldered man with great frightened eyes; familiar as the sight was, Levin was shocked to see how ill and distracted he looked.

He was even thinner than he had been three years be-

fore when Levin had last seen him. He had on a short jacket. His hands with their big knuckles had never looked so huge. His hair had thinned, the same straight moustache hung down over his lips, the same eyes stared oddly and innocently at the newcomer.

"Ah, Konstantin," he exclaimed on recognizing his brother, and pleasure shone in his eyes. But the next moment he glanced at the other young man and made the convulsive gesture Levin knew so well, stretching out his neck and jerking his head round as if his collar were too tight; instantly the expression of his emaciated face changed, became distracted, cruel, and full of suffering.

"I wrote to you and Sergei Ivanovich saying I wanted to have nothing more to do with you. What is it? What do you want?"

He was not at all what Levin had fancied him to be. In thinking of him, Levin had forgotten the worst, the most difficult aspects of his character, the things that made communication with him almost impossible. Now as he looked into his face and especially as he saw that convulsive jerk of his head he remembered them all.

"I haven't come because I want anything of you," said Levin humbly. "I've just come to see you."

Nikolai seemed softened by his brother's humility. His lips twitched.

"Well, if that's how it is..." he said. "Come in, sit down. Want some supper? Masha, order three suppers. No, wait. Do you know who he is?" he said to his brother, indicating the young man in the Russian coat. "He is Kritsky, with whom I was friendly back in the old days in Kiev. A fine chap. It goes without saying the police are after him because he's not a scoundrel."

He looked round at everyone in the room in the way he had. Seeing that the woman standing at the door made a movement as if she were about to go he cried out: "Wait, I told you! " Then, with that ineptness and awkwardness in conversation Levin knew so well, and with another glance round, he began telling his brother the story of Kritsky: that he had been expelled from the university for organizing a society for aiding poor students and teaching in a school held on Sundays; that then he had become a village school-master and had been dismissed, and after

that he had been taken to court for something or other.
"Are you from Kiev University?" Levin asked Kritsky to fill in an awkward pause.
"Yes, I was," said the scowling Kritsky.
"And that woman," put in Nikolai, pointing at her, "is Masha, my life's companion. I took her out of a certain establishment" (he jerked his head as he said it) "but I love her and respect her and I must ask anyone who wants to be my friend to love and respect her too," he added, frowning and raising his voice. "It is just the same as if we were married, just the same. Well, now you know who you are dealing with. If you consider it beneath you—rain or snow, out you go."
Once more his eyes ran inquiringly over all the faces.
"I don't understand why I should consider it beneath me."
"Then tell them, Masha, to bring supper for three. And vodka and wine... No, wait... No, don't wait... Go."

25

"See?" went on Nikolai, wrinkling his brow and twitching all over with the effort. He seemed not to know what to say and how to behave. "There, you see that?" He pointed to a corner of the room where some iron rods lay tied together. "See that? That's the beginning of a new undertaking. A manufacturing association."
Levin hardly heard him. As he gazed into his sickly consumptive face he felt more and more sorry for him and could not make himself listen to what he was saying about this new undertaking. He understood that the association was only a straw his brother was snatching at to save him from despising himself.
Nikolai went on talking:
"You know that capital is crushing the workers. Our workers and peasants carry the whole burden of labour on their shoulders and yet are placed in such a position that no matter how they try they cannot rise above their animal-like existence. All the profits of their labour—with which they could improve their circumstances, enjoy some leisure and, as a result, get an education—all the gains

are taken away from them by the capitalists. Our society is such that the harder the labourers work, the richer the merchants and landowners become and the labourers themselves will never be anything but beasts of burden. This order has got to be changed," he concluded, turning an inquiring look on his brother.

"Yes, of course," replied Levin as he studied the flush that had appeared on his brother's prominent cheekbones.

"That's why we have formed this association of ironsmiths where everything we produce and all the money we make and, most important, all the tools of production, are owned in common."

"Were is this association of yours to function?" asked Levin.

"In the village of Vozdrem in Kazan Gubernia."

"Why in a village? A village has its own work to do, it seems to me. Why set up an ironsmiths' association in a village?"

"This is why, because the peasants are as much slaves today as they ever were, and you and your precious brother are against any attempt to get them out of their slavery," said Nikolai Levin, irritated by his brother's objection.

Levin heaved a sigh and cast his eyes about the dingy room. The sigh appeared to irritate Nikolai the more.

"I know your and Sergei Ivanovich's aristocratic views. I know that he expends all the power of his mind on justifying existing evils."

"Why should you be so concerned about Sergei Ivanich?" said Levin with a smile.

"Why? This is why! " Nikolai Levin shouted suddenly at the mention of Sergei Ivanovich's name. "This is why!.. But what's the use? The same old thing... What did you come here for? You hold all these things in contempt and right you are, so go away and the devil with you! Go away! " he shouted, getting up. "Go away! Go away! "

"I do not hold them in contempt at all," said Levin meekly. "I am not even contradicting you."

Just then Masha came back. Nikolai looked at her angrily. She quickly went over and whispered something to him.

"I'm not well, I've become irritable," said Nikolai, growing more calm and breathing heavily. "And then you had to talk to me about Sergei Ivanovich and that article of his. What lies, what rubbish, what self-deceit! How can a man who doesn't know what justice is write about it? Have you read the article?" he asked Kritsky, sitting down again and pushing aside the half staffed cigarettes to clear a space on the table.

"No, I haven't," said Kritsky glumly, evidently not wishing to enter the conversation.

"Why haven't you?" asked Nikolai, expending his irritation on Kritsky now.

"Because I don't wish to waste time on it."

"Excuse me, but how do you know you would be wasting time? The article is too deep for many people—over their heads—but not for me. I can see through his ideas and I know what's wrong with them."

No one said anything. Kritsky got up slowly and picked up his hat.

"You don't want any supper? Well, goodbye. Tomorrow bring that smith with you."

As soon as he had gone Nikolai Levin smiled and winked.

"He's in a bad way too," he said. "I can see..."

He was interrupted by Kritsky's calling him from the hall.

"What do you want now?" Nikolai said as he went out to him. Left alone with Masha, Levin spoke to her.

"Have you known my brother long?" he asked.

"Over a year. He's very poorly. Drinks too much," she said.

"Drinks? What does he drink?"

"Vodka, and it's bad for him."

"Does he really drink so much?" asked Levin in a low voice.

"Yes," she said, looking timidly towards the doorway in which Nikolai had just reappeared.

"What were you talking about?" he asked, frowning and turning frightened eyes from one to the other. "What about?"

"Nothing," replied Levin uneasily.

"Don't tell me if you don't want to. But you can have

"I might come if I was sure I wouldn't find Sergei Ivanich there."

"You wouldn't. I live entirely alone."

"I know, but say what you like, you've got to choose between him and me," he said, looking humbly into his brother's eyes.

Levin was touched by his humility.

"If you want me to give my opinion in this matter, I must tell you that I take neither side in your quarrel with Sergei Ivanovich. Neither of you are right. You are wrong more in an outer way, he in an inner way."

"Aha! So you've understood that? You've understood?" cried Nikolai happily.

"But personally, if you wish to know, I set a higher price on my friendship with you, because..."

"Because ... why? Why?"

Levin could not say it was because Nikolai was unfortunate and had more need of his friendship. But Nikolai divined that that was what he meant to say, and he frowned and reached for the vodka again.

"Enough, Nikolai Dmitrich! " said Masha, stretching a plump bare arm towards the decanter.

"Stop! Don't interfere! I'll smack you! " he shouted.

Masha gave a meek kindly smile, which Nikolai returned, and took hold of the decanter.

"Perhaps you think she doesn't understand?" said Nikolai. "She understands better than any of us do. There's something very sweet and good in her, don't you think so?"

"Were you never in Moscow before?" Levin asked her for the sake of saying something.

"Don't be stiff and formal with her. It frightens her. Nobody has ever been stiff and formal with her but the rural magistrate at her trial when she once made an attempt to escape from the bawdyhouse." Suddenly he cried out: "My God, what idiotic things are being done! All these new institutions, these rural magistrates, *zemstvo* councils! Could anything be more monstrous?"

And he began describing his conflicts with these new institutions.

As Levin listened he found himself bridling at his brother's denial of the usefulness of all public institutions,

nothing to talk to her about. She's a jade and you're a gentleman," he said, jerking his head.

Presently he began again in a loud voice:

"I can see you've taken everything in and disapprove. You look with commiseration on your erring brother."

"Nikolai Dmitrich, Nikolai Dmitrich," whispered Masha, going over to him.

"Oh, very well, very well... What about supper? Ah, here it is," he said, seeing the waiter entering with a tray. "Here, put it here," he said ill-temperedly, promptly seizing the vodka, pouring himself out a glassful and swallowing it greedily. "Have a drink?" he said to his brother, already in a better mood. "Enough of Sergei Ivanovich. After all, I'm glad to see you. When all is said and done, we're not strangers to each other. Come, have a drink. Tell me what you're doing," he went on, greedily chewing a piece of bread and pouring himself out another glassful of vodka: "What's your life like?"

"I still live alone in the country and look after the estate," replied Levin, horrified to see the greed with which his brother drank and ate although he feigned not to notice it.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I haven't had the opportunity," replied Levin blushing.

"How's that? As for me—I'm done for. I've ruined my life. But I have said and still say that if I had been given my rightful share then, when I was in need of it, my whole life would have been different."

Levin hastened to change the subject.

"Do you know that your Vanushka is working for me as a clerk in the counting-house in Pokrovskoye?"

Nikolai jerked his head and fell into a revery.

"Tell me what's going on in Pokrovskoye. Is the house still standing, and the birches, and our schoolroom? And could Phillip the gardener still be alive? How well I remember the summer-house and our seat in it. See that you change nothing in the house; get married soon and make everything as it used to be. Then I will come and see you—that is, if I like your wife."

"Come and see me now," said Levin. "How well we'd get on together! "

"I might come if I was sure I wouldn't find Sergei Ivanich there."

"You wouldn't. I live entirely alone."

"I know, but say what you like, you've got to choose between him and me," he said, looking humbly into his brother's eyes.

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As Levin listened he found himself bridling at his brother's denial of the usefulness of all public institutions,

even though he shared this opinion with him and had often expressed it.

"We'll find out all about it in the other world," he threw off jokingly.

"In the other world? Oh, I have no love of the other world! None whatever," Nikolai said, fixing his brother with wild, distracted eyes. "One might suppose it was a good thing to leave all this muddle and beastliness, your own and other people's, but I'm afraid of death, horribly afraid." He shuddered. "Here, drink something. Would you like some champagne? Or let's go somewhere. Let's go and hear the Gypsies sing! I've come to love the gypsies and Russian songs."

His tongue was growing thick and he skipped disconnectedly from one subject to another. With Masha's help, Levin talked him out of going anywhere and put him to bed thoroughly drunk.

Masha promised to write to Levin in case of emergency and to persuade Nikolai to go and live with him.

26

In the morning Levin left Moscow and by evening he was at home. In the railway carriage he talked to fellow-passengers about politics, about new railways and such things, and again, as in Moscow, he was distressed by the confusion of his thoughts, dissatisfaction with himself and a sense of having wronged someone; but when he got out at his station and recognized his one-eyed coachman Ignat with his coat collar turned up, when he saw his carpeted sleigh in the faint light coming from the station windows and his horses with tied-up tails and harness adorned with rings and tassels, when Ignat told him all the village news as his luggage was put in the sleigh, saying that the contractor had come and that Pava had calved—then he felt that little by little his confusion of mind was clearing up and his sense of guilt and dissatisfaction with himself were passing away. He began to feel this as soon as he set eyes on Ignat and the horses, but when he put on the sheepskin that had been brought for him, wrapped himself in it and got into the sleigh

and rode off, thinking of all the things waiting for him to do on the estate, watching the pedigreed side-horse of Don breed, once a saddle-horse, now old but still lively, he had a completely new understanding of what had happened to him. He felt that he was himself and did not wish to be any other. He only wished to be better than he had been. First of all he resolved that from then on he would stop hoping for any extraordinary happiness such as marriage was to have brought him, and consequently he would stop despising his present life. Secondly, he would never again allow himself those indulgences in bestiality, the remembrance of which had caused him such torture when he was contemplating making an offer of marriage. Then, recalling his brother Nikolai, he promised himself he would never again forget him or lose track of him but would keep in constant touch with him so that he could be of help when help was needed. And that would be soon, he feared. And then his brother's talk of communism, which he had treated so lightly at the time, now demanded his serious attention. He considered any revision of the economic system nonsense, but he had always felt the injustice of his own wealth as contrasted with the poverty of the simple folk and he now determined that, although he had always worked hard and had never lived luxuriously, he would now work harder than ever and allow himself fewer luxuries than ever so that he could feel he was doing right. It seemed so easy to improve himself in all these ways that he spent the journey in pleasant musings and by the time they reached his house at a little after eight in the evening he was filled with the most buoyant hopes for a new and better life.

From the window of the room occupied by his old nurse Agafia Mikhailovna, now his housekeeper, light fell on the snow in front of the entrance. She had not gone to bed. Kuzma, whom she had waked up, ran out on the porch barefoot and still half asleep. The setter bitch Laska nearly upset Kuzma as she dashed out too and whimpered and rubbed against Levin's knees and stood up on her hind legs and longed to put her forepaws on his chest but dared not do it.

"Back sooner than we expected, sir," said Agafia Mikhailovna.

"I was homesick, Agafia Mikhailovna. It's nice to go visiting but it's nicer to come home," he replied as he went to his study.

The candle that was brought gradually lighted up the room. Familiar details took form: the elk antlers, the bookshelves, the front of the big stove with its damper that had long wanted mending, his father's sofa, a big writing-table with an open book on it and a broken ashtray and a notebook whose pages were covered with his own handwriting. The sight of these things gave rise to a moment's doubt as to whether he would be able to build the new life he had resolved on in the sleigh. All of these appurtenances of the old life seized hold of him, as it were, and said, "No, you will not get away from us, you will not become different but will go on being what you have always been, a man assailed by doubts, forever dissatisfied with yourself, forever trying to reform and forever failing, forever waiting for a happiness that never comes and cannot possibly come to you."

But that was only what his things said, another voice deep within him said he must not surrender to the past and that it was in his power to make of himself whatever he wished to make. Listening to this other voice, he went to a corner of the room where two dumb-bells were standing and began doing gymnastics with them in the hope that this would raise his spirits. From the other side of the door came a creak of steps. He hastily put down the dumb-bells.

His steward came in and said everything was going well, thank the Lord, but the buckwheat had been scorched in the new drying-machine. Levin was annoyed to hear this. He himself had built and partly designed this dryer. His steward had always opposed it and now, with suppressed triumph, he announced that it had scorched the buckwheat. Levin was firmly convinced that the buckwheat could have been scorched only if the steward had ignored the instructions he had given him a hundred times. He was annoyed and reprimanded the man.

But there was other and happier news. Pava had calved, and Pava was his best and most precious cow, one he had purchased at a cattle show.

"Bring me my sheepskin, Kuzma. And have a lantern

brought," he said to the steward. "I will go and have a look at her."

The shed for his best cows was just behind the house. He reached it by crossing the yard, passing the snowdrifts where the lilacs grew. When he pulled open the door, now frozen fast, the warm fumes of manure rose to his nostrils and the cows stirred in the fresh straw, surprised by the unaccustomed light of the lantern. He caught a glimpse of the broad black-spotted flank of a Dutch cow. The bull Berkut, with a ring in his nose, thought of getting up but changed his mind and only snorted once or twice when the men went past. Beautiful russet Pava, huge as a hippopotamus, stood with her back to them, cutting off sight of her calf, whom she was sniffing.

Levin entered the stall, examined Pava and set the brown-spotted calf on its long shaky legs. Pava was frightened and was about to moo in protest, but when Levin moved the calf towards her as reassurance she heaved a deep sigh and began licking her offspring with a rough tongue. The calf, searching for a nipple, pushed its nose into its mother's belly and whirled its tail round and round.

"Give us some light, Fyodor, bring the lantern here," said Levin as he examined the calf. "Like its mother, but the colour of its father. Capital. Long and broad. A beauty, eh, Vassili Fyodorovich?" he said to the steward, his joy in the calf completely compensating for his annoyance over the buckwheat.

"Why shouldn't it be a beauty? Let's see ... yes, it was the very day after you left that Semyon the contractor came. You'll have to give him instructions, Konstantin Dmitrich," said the steward. "As to the drying-machine, I've already reported on that."

This was enough to plunge Levin into all the cares arising from the managing of his estate, which was big and complicated. From the cowshed he went to the counting-house where he talked with his steward and Semyon the contractor, and only then did he return to the house and go directly upstairs to the drawing-room.

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27

It was a big old house, and although Levin lived in it alone he heated and made use of all the rooms. He knew this was foolish, even wrong, and certainly it was contrary to his new resolutions, but this house was an entire world to him. It was the world in which his mother and father had lived and died. They had lived the sort of life he considered ideal, and he had hoped to revive it with his own wife and his own family.

Levin scarcely remembered his mother. His conception of her was a sacred memory, and in his fancy he saw his future wife as another example of that beautiful and sacred ideal of womanhood his mother was to him.

He could not conceive of love for a woman without marriage, indeed he thought first of the family and only then of the woman who was to give him this family. Consequently his conception of marriage in no way resembled that of most of his acquaintances, for whom marriage was just another one of the social functions; for Levin it was the main thing in life and the one on which all his happiness depended. And now he had to abandon all thought of it.

But when he entered the small drawing-room where he always had tea and sat down in his arm-chair with a book and Agafia Mikhailovna brought him tea and with her usual "And I'll sit down too by your leave, sir!" took her place at the window, he felt that, odd as it might seem, he had not parted with his dreams at all and that he could not go on living without them. They would certainly be realized—with her or with another. He read, and he meditated on what he read, and he interrupted his meditations from time to time to listen to Agafia Mikhailovna, who chattered without cease; at the same time disconnected visions of his household and of his future family rose in his imagination. He was aware that in the depths of his soul something was taking root, adjusting and gathering strength.

He heard Agafia Mikhailovna say that Prokhor, the godless creature, had become dead drunk on the money Levin had given him to buy a horse and had beat his wife nigh to death; he listened and read his book and pursued the train of thought evoked by his reading. The

book was Tyndall's *Treatise on Heat*. He remembered having criticized Tyndall for being too confident of the adroitness of his experiments and for lacking a philosophical outlook. Suddenly a joyful thought swam to the surface of his mind: In two years I will have two Dutch cows in my herd and Pava will perhaps still be alive, and those twelve heifers sired by Berkut, and those three beauties ... oh, splendid!

He went back to his book.

Very well, granted that electricity and heat are the same thing, but can one quantity be substituted for the other in an equation meant to solve a problem? Certainly not. Then what of it? The correlation of all the forces of nature is perceived instinctively... I'm particularly glad Pava's daughter will be a spotted brown cow, and the whole herd coming from these three. Capital! My wife and I will take our guests out to meet the herd. My wife will say, "Konstantin and I nursed that calf like a baby," and one of the guests will say, "How can you be interested in such things?" and she will say, "Anything that interests him interests me." But who will she be? This brought the recollection of what had occurred in Moscow. Well, what's to be done? It wasn't my fault. But now everything must take a new turn. Foolish to say life won't let it, the past won't let it. I must struggle to be better, far better...

He became lost in thought. Old Laska who, bursting with the joy of having her master back, had run outdoors to bark, now came in wagging her tail and bringing with her the smell of fresh air; she sidled over to him, pushed her muzzle under his hand and whimpered plaintively, begging to be fondled.

"All but talks," said Agafia Mikhailovna. "And nought but a dog, mind you. She sees her master's come back in low spirits."

"Low spirits?"

"Think you I am blind, sir? High time I understood the gentlefolk--been living with them since I was a toddler. Don't fret, sir. The only thing as matters is to keep well and have a clean conscience."

Levin studied her intently, marvelling that she could have read his mind so well.

"Shall I fetch you another cup of tea?" she asked. Taking his cup, she went out.

Laska was still pushing her muzzle under his hand. He stroked her and she instantly curled up at his feet, resting her head on a hind paw. To show that all was now well, she opened her jaws slightly, smacked her moist lips, folded them more comfortably round her old teeth, and subsided into a state of blissful peace. Levin was particularly attentive to this last attitude.

That's what I shall do, too, he said to himself. I, too. No fretting. All is well.

28

Early in the morning after the ball, Anna sent her husband a telegram saying she was leaving Moscow that very day.

"Yes, I must go, I must," she said to her sister-in-law, explaining her sudden change of mind in a tone suggesting she had just remembered duties too numerous to count. "Yes, it is better that I go today."

Oblonsky did not dine at home but promised to see his sister off at seven o'clock.

Kitty did not come either; she sent a note saying she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English governess. Whether because of fickleness or of a natural sensitiveness that told them Anna was not at all like the aunt they had loved so dearly the previous day and was no longer interested in them—whatever the reason, the children dropped the game they had been playing with her and their love for her and they did not care in the least that she was going away. Anna spent the entire morning getting ready for her departure. She wrote notes to her Moscow acquaintances, listed her expenses and packed her bags. Dolly could see she was not tranquil, was in that state of anxious flurry with which she herself was so familiar, a state that does not come without cause and usually screens dissatisfaction with one's self. After dinner Anna went to her room to dress and Dolly followed her.

"How strange you are today!" Dolly said to her.

"Am I? You think so? I'm not strange, I'm horrid. I am sometimes. I keep wanting to cry. Very silly, but it will pass," Anna said quickly and bowed her flushed face over a tiny bag in which she kept her nightcap and batiste handkerchiefs. Her eyes were particularly brilliant and were continually filmed by tears. "I didn't want to leave Petersburg and now I don't want to leave Moscow."

"But you came and did a good deed," said Dolly, watching her closely.

Anna turned wet eyes to her.

"Don't say that, Dolly, I did nothing and could not have done anything. I often marvel that people should conspire to spoil me so. What did I do and what could I have done? It was just that you found enough love in your heart to forgive him."

"God only knows how it would have ended if you hadn't come. How lucky you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "Your heart is so good and pure."

"Everybody has a skeleton in his closet, as the English say."

"What skeleton could you have? Everything is crystal clear with you."

"And yet I have one," said Anna suddenly, and after all those tears it was surprising to see her lips curve in an artful, mocking smile.

"At least your skeleton is amusing and not woeful," said Dolly with a smile.

"No, it is woeful. Do you know why I am leaving today instead of tomorrow? This is a confession that has been weighing on my heart; I want to make it to you," said Anna, throwing herself back in the chair resolutely and looking directly into Dolly's eyes.

Dolly, to her astonishment, saw that Anna was blushing to the ears, to the adorable black ringlets in her neck.

"Do you know why Kitty did not come for dinner?" Anna went on. "She is jealous of me. I spoiled ... I am responsible for last night's ball bringing her misery instead of joy. But it wasn't my fault—really, really it wasn't—or just the least little bit," she said, drawing out the "least" thinly.

"Oh, how like Steve you said that!" laughed Dolly.

"No, no, I am not like Steve!" she said with a frown. "I am telling you this because I could not suspect myself for an instant."

But at the very moment of pronouncing the words she knew they were untrue; not only did she suspect herself, but the very thought of Vronsky made her heart flutter and it was just to avoid meeting him again that she was going away sooner than she had intended.

"Yes, Steve told me you danced the mazurka with him and that he–"

"You can't imagine how absurd the whole thing is. I went as a matchmaker, and this is what has come of it! Perhaps against my will I..."

She reddened and stopped.

"Oh, men immediately sense it," said Dolly.

"But I should be in despair if I thought there was anything serious on his part," interrupted Anna. "I am sure it will all be forgotten and Kitty will stop hating me."

"To tell you the truth, Anna, I am not very keen for Kitty to make this marriage. All the more so if Vronsky was capable of falling in love with you in one day."

"Good heavens, that would be too ridiculous!" said Anna, and once more her face was suffused by a deep blush of satisfaction at hearing her own thoughts expressed in words. "And so I am going away after making an enemy of Kitty, whom I like so much. How really delightful she is! But you will patch things up, won't you, Dolly? You will?"

Dolly could scarcely suppress a smile. She loved Anna but she was pleased to see that she too had her weaknesses.

"An enemy? That is impossible."

"I do so want all of you to love me as I love you; and now I love you more than ever," she said with tears in her eyes. "Oh dear, how foolishly I am behaving!"

She passed her handkerchief over her face and began to dress.

Oblonsky came when it was already time to leave, his face red and beaming, his breath redolent of wine and cigars.

Anna's emotion was communicated to Dolly, who whispered as she embraced her for the last time:

"Remember this, Anna: I shall never forget what you have done for me. And remember that I love you and will always love you as my very best friend!"

"I'm sure I don't know why you should," said Anna, trying to hide her tears as she kissed her.

"You understood me and you understand everything. Goodbye, my darling!"

29

Well, everything's over, thank God, was the first thought that came to Anna when she said goodbye for the last time to her brother, who stood blocking the entrance to the carriage until the third warning bell. She sat down on the soft seat beside her maid Annushka and looked round in the half-light of the sleeping-carriage. Thank God I shall see Sergei and Alexei Alexandrovich tomorrow and my life will go on as usual, in the good old way.

With the same unease she had felt all day, she began preparing herself for the journey, taking satisfaction in doing it carefully: with her deft little hands she unclasped and reclasped a red bag and took out a small cushion, which she put on her knees, and when she had neatly wrapped up her feet she settled back comfortably. An ailing woman was preparing to go to sleep. Two other women spoke to Anna and a fat old lady complained of the heating as she tucked in her legs. Anna exchanged a few words with the women, but when she discovered their conversation was of little interest to her she asked Annushka to fetch a lamp, fastened it to the arm of her chair and took a paper-knife and an English novel out of her bag. At first she could not read. She was distracted by the general bustle and the people passing by; then, when the train set out, by the sound of its wheels, to which she could not help listening; then by the snow which blew against the window on the left and clung to the pane; then by the conductor, who walked past all bundled up and plastered with snow on one side; then by the talk as to what a fierce blizzard was raging outside. The same thing went on and on: the same shaking and click-

ing of wheels, the same snow at the window, the same swift changes from hot to cold and back to hot, the same flickering of the same faces in the half-light, the same voices, until at last Anna began reading and understanding what she read. Annushka dozed off, holding the red bag on her knees with broad hands in gloves, one of them with a rent in it. As Anna read she felt a distaste for reading, that is, for contemplating the reflection of other people's lives. She wanted too urgently to live herself. If she read that the heroine of a novel was taking care of someone who was ill, she herself wanted to move with noiseless step about the patient's room; if she read that a member of parliament was making a speech, she herself wanted to make the speech; if she read that Lady Mary was riding to hounds, vexing her sister-in-law and amazing everyone else by her daring, she wanted to do the same. But there was nothing for her to do and so with her little hands she played with the smooth paper-knife and forced herself to go on reading.

The hero of the novel was about to achieve the English ideal of happiness—a baronetcy and an estate—and Anna was longing to visit his estate with him when suddenly she felt that he must feel ashamed and that she herself was ashamed for the same reason. But why should he feel ashamed? Why do I feel ashamed? she asked herself with indignant surprise. She put down the book and threw herself back in the chair, clutching the paper-knife in both hands. There was nothing to be ashamed of. She went over in her mind all her Moscow recollections. All of them were good, all were pleasant. She recalled the ball, she recalled Vronsky and the humble adoration written on his face, she recalled her relations with him. There was nothing to be ashamed of. And yet at just this point in her recollections her sense of shame increased, as if on thinking of Vronsky an inner voice said to her: "Warm, very warm, hot." What of it? she said to herself determinedly, shifting her position in the chair. What does it mean? Surely I am not afraid to look things squarely in the face. And what do I see? Is it possible that my relations with that officer, a mere boy, are, or could be, anything more than my relations with any other acquaintance? She dismissed the idea with a contemptuous

smile and again picked up her book, but this time she could not understand what she read. She drew the paper-knife over the window-pane, pressed its smooth cold blade to her cheek and almost laughed out loud from a wave of joy that for no apparent reason suddenly engulfed her.

She felt that her nerves were being screwed tighter and tighter like fiddle strings. She felt that her eyes were opening wider and wider, that her fingers and toes were twitching nervously, that something within her was restricting her breath and that all the sights and sounds in the heaving half-light were extraordinarily vivid.

She was continually subject to moments of doubt as to whether the train was moving forward or backward or whether it was moving at all, and whether this was Annushka beside her or an entire stranger. What is that hanging there, my fur coat or an animal? she asked herself. And why am I here? Is it me or somebody else? She was afraid to give herself up to this state of unreality, yet she felt herself being drawn down and down and knew she could either succumb or resist. To save herself she sat bolt upright, threw the rug off her knees and pulled the cape off her warm dress. For a moment she was restored and recognized the thin man who entered in a long overcoat with a button missing as the stove-man, saw him study the thermometer, saw the wind and snow come rushing through the door when he opened it; then everything became confused again... The man with the long waist began nibbling at something on the wall, the old lady stretched her legs until they extended the entire length of the carriage and turned into a black cloud that enveloped everything; then came a hideous screeching and hammering as if someone were being torn to pieces; then she was blinded by a red light and then everything was blotted out as by a wall. Anna felt herself sinking, but was happy rather than frightened. The voice of a man bundled in clothes and plastered with snow shouted something into her very ear. She stood up and her mind cleared. She understood they had come to a station and the man was the conductor. She asked Annushka to give her the cape she had thrown off and her shawl. She put them on and went towards the door.

"Are you going out, ma'am?" asked Annushka.

"Yes, I want a breath of fresh air. It's so hot in here." She opened the foor. The wind and snow rushed at her and tried to snatch the door out of her hands. She enjoyed the tussle. She won it, opened the door and went out. It was as if the wind had been lying in wait for her, it shrieked gloatingly and would have picked her up and carried her away if she had not held on tightly to the cold iron railing of the steps: lifting her skirts, she stepped down on to the platform and walked to the end of the carriage. Up on the steps the force of the wind had been terrific but here it was cut off by the carriages. With delight she filled her lungs with the fresh cold air as she stood beside the carriage gazing down the platform at the lighted station.

30

Fiercely the storm raged, screaming between the wheels and assaulting the lamp-posts round the corner of the station. The carriages, the posts, the people, everything in sight was plastered with snow on one side and the snow kept coming down harder and harder. There were momentary lulls, but each lull was followed by an attack of such fury that it seemed impossible to stand up against it. Meanwhile people were running about, exchanging jocular remarks, creaking over the boards of the platform and continually opening and shutting the big station doors. A huddled human shadow glided over her feet and she heard the sound of a hammer on iron wheels. "Give me that telegram!" came an angry voice out of the stormy darkness on the other side of the carriage. "Here, if you please! No. 28!" shouted another voice, and muffled figures covered with snow ran past. Two men with cigarettes glowing in their mouths passed her by. Once more she filled her starved lungs with a deep breath of fresh air and had just taken her hands out of her muff to grasp the railing of the carriage steps and go back inside when a man in a military greatcoat came so close to her that he blotted out the flickering light of the lamp. She looked at him and instantly recognized Vronsky. With one hand lifted to his cap he bowed and asked if there were not something she needed, if he could

serve her in any way. She looked at him without speaking for some time and despite his being in shadow she could see, or fancied she could see, the expression of his face and eyes. It was again the expression of humble adoration that had affected her so on the previous day. More than once in these last few days she had told herself, as she did now, that Vronsky was just another one of those hundreds of identical young men she was always meeting, and that she could not allow herself to give him a second thought; yet now, in this first moment of their encounter, she was overcome by a feeling of joyous pride. She had no need to ask why he was here. She knew as certainly as if he had told her that he was here to be where she was.

"I did not know you were coming too. Why are you making the trip?" she asked him, dropping the hand that had grasped the railing. Irrepressible joy and excitement shone in her face.

"Why?" he repeated, looking directly into her eyes. "You know that I am coming so as to be where you are," he said. "I could not do anything else."

Just then the wind, as if breaking through a barrier, sent the snow flying off the roofs of the carriages and rattled a loose sheet of metal, while from up ahead the hoarse voice of the engine let out a cheerless, mournful wail. She found this terrible storm more magnificent than ever. He had said what her heart desired and her mind feared. She made no answer, but he read in her face the struggle going on within her.

"Forgive me if you object to what I have said," he apologized humbly.

He spoke courteously but with such firmness and determination that she could not answer immediately.

"It is wrong to say such a thing and I beg you, if you are a good man, to forget what you have said, just as I shall forget it," she said at last.

"I can never forget a single word you have spoken or a single movement you have made."

"Enough, enough!" she cried, vainly trying to give a stern expression to her face, which he was studying avidly. Taking hold of the cold railing, she climbed the steps and went quickly into the passage. In this little passage she stopped and reviewed in her mind all that had taken

place. Without recalling what had been said, neither his words nor her own, she felt instinctively that this brief conversation had brought them frightfully close; and this made her happy and afraid. She stood there a few seconds before she went into her compartment and resumed her place. The strain she had been under all day now came back and increased and reached such a pitch that she feared something within her must surely snap. She did not sleep all night. But the strain and the fancies that filled her mind were not gloomy or unpleasant; on the contrary, they were joyful, stinging, stimulating. Towards morning she dozed off in her chair and when she woke up everything was white and bright and cheerful and the train was drawing near St. Petersburg. Instantly she was absorbed in thoughts of her home, her husband, her son, the cares of the coming day and those that were to follow.

In St. Petersburg, when the train stopped and she stepped out of the carriage, the first face that caught her eye was her husband's. Good gracious! What has happened to his ears? she thought as she took in his staid, distinguished figure and especially his ears, whose shape impressed her for the first time, the tips of them appearing to support the brim of his round hat. On seeing her he came forward, fixing his lips in his usual supercilious smile and looking straight at her with big tired eyes. An unpleasant feeling gripped her heart when she saw those steady, tired eyes, as if she had expected him to look different. But most of all she felt dissatisfaction with herself when she met him. It was an old familiar feeling, like a consciousness of playing false; she always had it when with her husband, but formerly she had disregarded it; now she was only too sharply and painfully aware of it.

"Well, as you see, your loving husband—as loving as on his wedding day—is consumed with desire to see you," he said in his slow thin voice and in the tone he almost always used with her, a tone mocking those who say such things in earnest.

"Is Sergei well?" she asked.

"Is that all the reward I receive for my fervour?" he asked. "Oh, yes, he's well, he's well."

31

Vronsky did not even try to sleep that night. He sat in his armchair, now staring straight in front of him, now glancing up at the people coming and going; and if formerly he had surprised and irritated strangers by his attitude of unassailable composure, now he seemed more haughty and complacent than ever. He looked at people as if they were things. A nervous young man sitting opposite, a clerk in the district court, came to hate him for this look. The young man asked him for a light and tried to open a conversation with him and even poked him to demonstrate that he, the young man, was a person rather than a thing, but Vronsky went on looking at him in the same way he looked at the lamp, and the young man's face began to twitch and he found himself losing self-control under the pressure of this obdurate refusal to recognize him as a human being.

Vronsky saw nothing and no one. He felt like a prince, not because he believed he had made an impression on Anna—he did not believe that yet—but because the impression she had made on him brought him happiness and fed his pride.

What would come of it he did not know and did not worry over. He was aware that all his powers, hitherto ungoverned and dissipated, were now gathered together and directed with terrific energy towards one blissful goal. And this made him happy. He only knew he had told her the truth: he had taken this trip to be where she was, and all the joy of his life and its sole meaning lay in seeing and hearing her. And when he had got out of the train at Bologoye to drink seltzer water and had seen Anna, the first thing he had told her was inevitably the thing his mind had been dwelling on; and he was glad he had told her and that now she knew it and would think of it too. He did not sleep all night. When he was back in his carriage he kept going over in his mind everything she had said and all the situations in which he had seen her, and his fancy conjured up visions of a possible future that almost made his heart stop beating.

Despite his sleepless night, he felt as fresh and full of vitality as after a cold bath when he got out of the

in St. Petersburg. He remained standing beside his carriage waiting for her to appear. I shall see her again, he said to himself, smiling unconsciously. I shall see her face, her walk, perhaps she will say something, will turn her head, glance at me, even smile. But before he caught sight of her he caught sight of her husband, whom the station-master was deferentially guiding through the crowd. Ah, yes! Her husband! Only now, for the first time, did Vronsky fully realize that her husband was a person bound to her. He knew she had a husband but he had not believed in his existence and he fully believed in it only when he saw him, saw his head, his shoulders, his legs in black trousers, and when he saw this husband calmly take her arm as one to whom it belonged.

On seeing Karenin with his fresh Petersburg complexion, staid and self-confident of bearing, slightly stooped, wearing a round hat, he believed in his existence and felt the chagrin of one who, longing for a drink and reaching a spring at last, discovers that a dog or a sheep or a pig has been there before him and muddied the water. Particularly objectionable did he find Karenin's walk, the twisting of his hips at every step and his blunt feet. He considered that he alone had the unquestionable right to love her. She, however, was just the same; and just the same did the sight of her affect him, reviving him physically, exciting him and filling his heart with joy. He ordered his German valet, who came running up from a second-class carriage, to take the bags and go home; he himself went to her. He witnessed the encounter of husband and wife and remarked with a lover's keenness of perception the slight self-consciousness with which she spoke to her husband. No, she does not love him and could not possibly love him, he said to himself.

As he was approaching Anna from behind he noted with joy that she felt his presence and turned round and, seeing it was he, turned back to her husband.

"Did you spend a pleasant night?" Vronsky asked, making a single bow to her and her husband and allowing Karenin to accept the bow as addressed to him and to recognize him or not, just as he pleased.

"A very pleasant one, thank you," she replied.

She looked tired and her face did not show that play

of vivacity that usually broke forth in her smile or her eyes; but for one brief instant something flashed in her eyes when they met his and even though the flash was instantly extinguished, that instant brought him happiness. She glanced inquiringly at her husband to know whether he was acquainted with Vronsky or not. Karenin looked at Vronsky with displeasure, trying to remember who he was. In this instant Vronsky's composure and self-assurance clashed with Karenin's cold self-assurance like steel on stone.

"Count Vronsky," said Anna.

"Ah, I believe we are acquainted," said Karenin coolly, holding out a hand. "Went off with the mother, came back with the son," he said with precise articulation, as if each word were a ruble he was proffering as a gift. "Returning from leave, are you?" he said and, without waiting for an answer, asked his wife in his usual mocking tone: "Were many tears shed in Moscow when you left?"

By addressing his wife he gave Vronsky to understand that he wished to be left alone, and he emphasized this by turning to him and touching his hat; but Vronsky spoke to Anna:

"I hope to have the honour of calling on you," he said.

Karenin looked at him with his tired eyes.

"We shall be very glad," he murmured coldly. "We are at home on Mondays." Then, completely dismissing Vronsky, he said to his wife, "How fortunate that I happened to have a half-hour free to meet you and prove my devotion." He resumed his playful tone for this little speech.

"You make such a point of your devotion it is hard for me to appreciate it," she replied in the same playful tone, involuntarily listening to Vronsky's steps behind them. What difference does it make to me? she thought and began questioning her husband about Sergei, about how he had spent his time without her.

"Oh, very well indeed! Mariette says he was a very good boy and—I'm afraid this will disappoint you—he did not miss you much, not as much as your husband did. Again let me say *merci*, my dear, for presenting me with

could read, she even taught the other children to read.

"Am I worse?" asked Sergei.

"For me you are the best in the world."

"I know that," said Sergei, smiling.

Anna had not finished her coffee before Countess Lydia Ivanovna was announced. Countess Lydia Ivanovna was a tall stout woman with an unhealthy sallow complexion and beautiful pensive black eyes. Anna was fond of her, but today she saw her as for the first time, with all her imperfections.

"Well, my dear, did you take them the olive branch?" asked Countess Lydia Ivanovna on entering the room.

"Yes, all that is over, but it was not so serious as we thought," replied Anna. "My *belle-sœur* is inclined to be too hasty."

Countess Lydia Ivanovna, who was interested in everything that did not concern her, had the habit of not listening even to things that were of interest to her. Now she interrupted Anna to say:

"Yes, the world is full of sorrow and evil. I am very much put out today."

"Why, what has happened?" asked Anna, struggling to suppress a smile.

"I begin to tire of taking up the cudgels in the name of truth and sometimes I feel like simply giving up. The cause of *The Sisters*" (this was a philanthropic, religious and patriotic cause) "began beautifully, but nothing can possibly be accomplished with those fine gentlemen," said the countess with an air of ironic resignation to fate. "They took up the idea and distorted it, and their opinions are so petty and insignificant! Only two or three people, your husband among them, understand the enormous importance of this undertaking, the others only run it down. Yesterday I got a letter from Pravdin."

Pravdin was a well-known pan-Slavist living abroad; the countess went on to tell what was in the letter.

After that she recounted all the scheming and intriguing being used against the cause of uniting the churches, then she hurried away because on that same day she had to attend a meeting of a certain society as well as of the Slavonic Committee.

All of this went on before, why did I not notice it before? Anna asked herself. Perhaps she was particularly out of sorts today. But really it is absurd: she calls herself a Christian, a doer of good, and yet she is always angry and everybody is her enemy, all enemies in Christ and in self-righteousness.

When Countess Lydia Ivanovna had left, a friend of Anna's, wife of a Department Director, called and told her all the news of the town. She went away at three o'clock promising to come back for dinner. Karenin was at the Ministry. Finding herself alone, Anna spent the time before dinner with her son while he dined (he took his meals apart from his parents), then in putting her things in order and in reading and answering the notes and letters that had accumulated on her writing-table.

The stress and the unaccountable shame she had felt in the train had entirely disappeared. Back in the familiar circumstances of her life she again felt strong and irreproachable.

It was with surprise that she recalled her state of mind on the previous day. What happened? Nothing. Vronsky said a foolish thing, which I nipped in the bud; I answered him as I ought to have done. There is no need of telling my husband, and indeed it would be wrong to do so. To speak of it would be to accord it an importance it does not deserve. She remembered having told her husband about a declaration of love made to her in St. Petersburg by a young man who served under her husband; Karenin had replied that any woman in society was apt to have such declarations made to her, but that he had no doubt of her being able to show the necessary tact and would never demean her or himself by being jealous. And so there is no reason to tell him. And indeed there is nothing to tell, thank God, she said to herself.

33

Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin came home from the Ministry at four o'clock but, as was often the case, he had no time to go to her. Instead he went to his study

where some people were waiting for him with petitions and where he signed some papers sent him by the office superintendent.

The guests at dinner (the Karenins always had at least three dinner guests) were: an elderly lady who was Karenin's cousin, the Department Director and his wife, and a young man who had been recommended for a situation in Karenin's department. Anna entered the drawing-room to entertain her guests. At exactly five o'clock, before the bronze Peter-the-Great clock had sounded the last stroke, Karenin came into the room in evening dress with a white tie and two stars in his lapel, for he had a formal engagement immediately after dinner. Every minute in Karenin's life was assigned to some particular business. He held to a rigid schedule so as to accomplish all the tasks each day presented to him. "Without haste and without waste," was his motto. He entered the drawing-room, bowed to everyone and quickly sat down, smiling at his wife.

"Well, my solitude has come to an end. You would not believe how uncomfortable it is (he stressed the word *uncomfortable*) to dine alone."

At dinner he spoke to his wife about Moscow affairs and asked about Oblonsky with a supercilious smile, but the talk was mostly general, concerning Petersburg departmental affairs and society. After dinner he spent half an hour with his guests before, again pressing his wife's hand with a smile, he went off to the council meeting.

That evening Anna did not go to Betsy Tverskaya's, although on hearing of her arrival Betsy had invited her; nor did she go to the theatre where she had a box for that evening's performance. The main reason she did not go was because the gown she had hoped to wear was not ready. She was greatly annoyed when she inspected her wardrobe after her guests had left. Anna had the knack of dressing without too great expense, and before leaving for Moscow had given the dressmaker three gowns to be made over. They were to have been remodelled in such a way as to be unrecognizable and to have been ready three days before her return. It turned out that two of them were not ready at all and the third was not done as Anna wished. The dressmaker came and tried to ex-

plain, insisting that this way was better, but Anna only lost her temper and then was ashamed. In order to calm her nerves she went to the nursery and spent the entire evening with her son; she put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him and tucked the blanket in. She was glad she had not gone anywhere and had spent such a pleasant evening at home. She felt calm and at ease and saw with the greatest clarity that everything to which she had attributed such importance in the train was only another of those trifling incidents of society life, and that she had no reason to feel ashamed before others or in her own mind. So she sat down at the fireplace with an English novel and waited for her husband.

At exactly half past nine his ring was heard and presently he entered the room.

"At last you've come!" she said, holding out her hand.

He kissed her hand and sat down beside her.

"I can see your trip was successful," he said to her.

"Oh, quite," she said, and began telling him everything from the very beginning: her journey in the company of Vronsky's mother, their arrival and the accident at the railway station. She told him how at first she had felt sorry for her brother, then for Dolly.

"I do not admit the possibility of forgiving such a man, even if he is your brother," said Karenin severely.

Anna smiled. She knew he had said it to show that no considerations of kinship could prevent him from expressing his honest opinion. She was aware of this trait in him and admired it.

"I am glad everything has turned out well and you have come back," he went on. "Well, what are they saying in Moscow about the new measure I was able to put through the council?"

Anna had heard nothing of the measure and felt a twinge of conscience for having forgotten anything of such importance to him.

"Here, on the contrary, it has excited a great deal of comment," he said with a self-satisfied smile.

Anna sensed that he wanted to tell her something concerning this matter that pleased him, [illegible] asked questions that led him round to it. Wi[illegible] self-satisfied smile he described the [illegible]

the measure was passed.

"I was very much pleased, very much indeed. It just goes to show that at last we are beginning to adopt a firm and sensible attitude in this matter."

When he had finished a second cup of tea and cream and a slice of bread, he got up and went to his study.

"And did you not go anywhere? You must have spent a dull evening," he said.

"Not at all!" she replied, getting up and going with him through the hall to his study. "What are you reading now?" she asked.

"At present I am reading Duc de Lille, *Poésie des enfers*," he replied. "A remarkable book."

Anna smiled as one smiles at the foibles of a loved one; taking his arm, she went with him to the door of his study. She knew he had formed the habit, now become a necessity, of reading in the evening. She knew that, even though most of his time was taken up by his official activities, he considered it his duty to keep up with all notable events in the intellectual sphere. She also knew that his real interest lay in politics, philosophy and theology, that by his very nature he found art alien, yet despite this, or rather as a consequence of it, he let nothing slip past him that made a stir in this field and considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in politics, philosophy and theology he kept questioning and searching, but in matters of art and poetry and especially of music, of which he had not the faintest understanding, he held absolute and unshakeable opinions. He delighted in speaking of Shakespeare, Raphael and Beethoven, and of the significance of the new schools of poetry and music, which were for him all classified in the most rigid order.

"Well, I shall leave you to your pursuits," she said when they reached his study, where his valet had prepared for his coming by putting a shade on the candle and a carafe of water beside his arm-chair. "I shall go and write letters to Moscow."

He pressed her hand and kissed it.

He is, after all, a good man—just and kind and eminent in his field, Anna said to herself when she got to her room, as if defending him against someone who had said

it was impossible to love him. But why do his ears stick out so oddly? Could it be because of his haircut?

At exactly twelve o'clock, while Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, she heard his even tread in house-slippers and the next moment he reached her side, washed and combed and with a book under his arm.

"High time, high time," he said with a special sort of smile, and went into the bedroom.

What right had he look at him in that way? thought Anna, remembering how Vronsky had looked at Karenin.

When she had undressed she went into the bedroom, but not only did her face lack vivacity which in Moscow had brimmed over into her eyes and her smile, but all the fire in her seemed to have been quenched, or to have shrunk away to some remote corner.

34

On leaving St. Petersburg, Vronsky had left his big apartment on Morskaya Street to his friend and favourite companion Petritsky.

Petritsky was a young lieutenant, of no particular distinction, not only impecunious but deeply in debt; by evening he was always drunk and often found himself in the guardhouse for various droll or unsavoury escapades, but he was well liked by his comrades and superior officers.

When Vronsky drew up in front of his house at about noon, having just come from the railway station, he recognized a familiar hired carriage standing in front of it. And on ringing the bell he heard men laughing and a woman chattering and Petritsky calling out: "Don't let any rogues in!" Not allowing the servant to announce him, Vronsky walked into the front room. Baroness Shilton, Petritsky's lady friend, her mauve taffeta gown and rosy face gleaming brightly, was sitting at a round table making coffee and chirping away with her Parisian accent like a canary bird. On one side of her sat Petritsky in a top coat, on the other Kamerovsky in full uniform,

evidently just come from duty.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried Petritsky, jumping up. "Our host himself! Baroness, pour him out coffee from the new pot. Well, this is a surprise! I trust you're pleased with the ornament added to your study," he said, indicating the baroness. "Are you acquainted?"

"Yes indeed," said Vronsky, smiling happily as he pressed the baroness's little hand. "She and I are old friends."

"You've just got back from a journey," said the baroness, "so I shall be off. I shall go home this very minute if I am in the way."

"Your home is wherever you happen to be, baroness," said Vronsky. "Greetings, Kamerovsky," he added, taking Kamerovsky's hand coldly.

"You don't know how to make such pretty speeches," said the baroness to Petritsky.

"Oh, don't I just? After dinner you'll find me quite as good."

"After dinner doesn't count! Well, then, I shall give you your coffee, go and wash and change," said the baroness, sitting down again and painstakingly twisting the screw in the new coffee-pot. "Give me some more coffee, Pierre," she said to Petritsky, whom she called Pierre because his last name sounded like Peter. She made no effort to hide her relations with him. "I must add some."

"You'll spoil it."

"I shall do no such thing! Well, where is your wife?" the baroness said unexpectedly, interrupting Vronsky's conversation with his friend. "We married you while you were away. Have you brought your wife with you?"

"No, baroness. I was born a gypsy and will die a gypsy."

"*All the better! Give me your hand.*"

As she held Vronsky's hand the baroness launched upon an account, sprinkled with jests, of her latest plans as to how she was to live, and she asked his advice.

"He still refuses to give me a divorce." (*He* was her husband.) "What in the world am I to do? I want to begin proceedings. Do you advise it? Kamerovsky, keep your eye on the coffee—ah, it's boiled over! Can't you see I am engaged. Yes, I am thinking of beginning proceedings because I certainly don't want to give up my estate.

Can you imagine anything so stupid?—he alleges I have been unfaithful to him," she said with disdain, "and for that reason he wishes to appropriate the proceeds from my estate."

Vronsky listened with pleasure to the cheerful chatter of this pretty young lady, he sympathized with her and gave her advice half-seriously in the tone he usually adopted with such women. In his Petersburg world all people fell into two sorts. One, the lower sort, consisted of people who were foolish, commonplace, and above everything else ludicrous; they believed that one husband ought to live with one wife to whom he was properly married, that young girls ought to be chaste, married women ought to be virtuous, men ought to be manly, continent, and resolute, that they ought to educate their children, earn their daily bread, pay their debts, and all kinds of similar rot. This sort was old-fashioned and ludicrous. There was another sort of genuine people, to whom his set belonged; these were, above all, handsome, elegant, gay, courageous and great-hearted; they abandoned themselves to their passions without blushing and laughed at everything else.

Only in the first moments of his return did Vronsky, still under the impression of the entirely different world of Moscow, feel something like shock; very soon he slipped back into his former gay and delightful world with the ease of thrusting his feet into a pair of old shoes.

The coffee was never made, it only boiled over, splashed everybody, stained the expensive carpet and the baroness's gown and accomplished just what was wanted: gave cause for noise and laughter.

"And now, farewell, or you will never wash yourself and I shall be responsible for your committing the greatest crime any respectable person can commit: being unclean. So you recommend holding a knife at his throat?"

"Unquestionably, and in such a way that your hand touches his lips. He will kiss your hand and everything will turn out beautifully," replied Vronsky.

"Well, then, until this evening—at the French Theatre!" —and she was gone in a rustle of silk.

Kamerovsky got up too; Vronsky held out his hand without waiting for him to go and then went into the

bathroom. While he washed Petritsky told him briefly how his situation had changed in Vronsky's absence. He had not a copper to his name. His father declared he would not give him anything and would not pay his debts. His tailor threatened to sue him and so did other creditors. The regiment commander announced that if an end were not put to his escapades he would have to resign. He was sick of the baroness, especially since she was always pressing money on him; but there was a certain creature —he would show her to Vronsky—a darling, a perfect marvel, in the severe oriental style, "of the tribe of Rebecca, don't you know". He and Berkoshev had quarrelled the night before and Berkoshev had spoken of sending seconds, but of course nothing would come of it. On the whole, everything was tip-top and very jolly. Without allowing his friend to probe for details, Petritsky went on to give him all the news of general interest. As he listened to these familiar stories in the familiar atmosphere of the rooms he had been living in for three years, Vronsky experienced the pleasant sensation of again being part of the old carefree Petersburg life.

"Oh, come, it couldn't be!" he cried, taking his foot off the pedal of the wash-basin where he had been rinsing his sturdy red neck. "It couldn't be!" he cried on hearing that Lora had left Fertinhoff and was living with Mileyev. "And he's as stupid and contented as ever? And what about Buzulukov?"

"Oh, there's a story for you! Superb!" cried Petritsky. "You know Buzulukov's passion for balls, he never missed a single court ball. Well, he went to one of these grand balls in a new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very nice—lighter. And there he was standing... Oh, oh, just listen to this!"

"I'm listening," replied Vronsky as he rubbed himself with a Turkish towel.

"Along comes the Grand Duchess with one of the ambassadors and don't they have to be talking about the new helmets. The Grand Duchess wants to show the ambassador one. Suddenly she catches sight of our dear friend standing there..." (Petritsky struck a pose showing him standing there holding his helmet) "...and the Grand Duchess asks him to give her the helmet. No

response. What's the trouble? People wink at him, nod at him, frown. Give it to her! No response. Just stands there stiff as a rod. Fancy that? Then that ... what's his name? ... tries to take the helmet away from him. He don't give it up. The chap wrenches it out of his hands and gives it to the Grand Duchess. 'See? This is new.' She turns the helmet upside down and—Oh, God! Out falls a pear, some bon-bons, two pounds of chocolates! All filched by our dear friend!"

Vronsky doubled up with laughter. And for some time thereafter, even in the middle of a conversation, the recollection would send him into peals of laughter displaying his even white teeth.

When he had heard all the news Vronsky, with the aid of his valet, changed into his uniform and reported to headquarters. From headquarters he intended calling on his brother, Betsy and a few others so as to begin appearing in circles where he would meet Madame Karenina. As always in St. Petersburg, he left the house without expecting to return until late at night.

Part Two

1

At the end of winter a doctors' consultation was held in the Scherbatsky's home to determine the exact state of Kitty's health and what measures should be taken to restore her declining strength. She was ill, and with the coming of spring she became worse. The family physician prescribed cod liver oil, then iron, then lapis, but since neither the first nor the second nor the third did any good, and since he advised them to take her for a cure, a celebrated doctor was consulted. The celebrated doctor, a handsome man still in his prime, asked to be allowed to examine the girl. He appeared to take pleasure in insisting that a young girl's modesty was an atavism, reverting back to the days of barbarism, and that nothing could be more natural than for a man still in his prime to feel a naked young girl all over. He found this natural because he did it every day of his life, and did it without feeling or thinking anything reprehensible, or so it seemed to him, and that is why he considered a young girl's modesty not only an atavism but even a personal insult.

The family had to submit because even though all doctors were taught in the same school from the same books and were learned in the same science, and even though some people said the celebrated doctor was a bad doctor, for some reason it was accepted by the princess's family and their circle that the celebrated doctor alone was in possession of certain knowledge and that he alone could save Kitty. Now, after carefully feeling and

the appearance of a cavity. We can, however, have suspicions. And in the present case there are symptoms: poor appetite, nervous excitement and so forth. Our problem is: since we suspect the presence of tuberculosis, what can we do to increase nourishment?"

"Yes, but you know that some moral emotional cause is always at the root," the family physician allowed himself to put in with a subtle knowing smile.

"Oh, yes, that goes without saying," replied the celebrated doctor, glancing at his watch again. "I beg your pardon, but has the Yauza bridge been opened or must we still go the long way round?" he asked. "Ah, it has. Good, then I can get there in twenty minutes. As we were saying, this is how matters stand: nourishment must be increased and her nerves must be treated. The two are connected, we must work on both fronts."

"And what about taking her abroad?" asked the family physician.

"I am against trips abroad. Allow me to point out that if tuberculosis really has set in, a thing which we have no way of knowing, a trip abroad can do her no good. We must find a means of increasing her nourishment without doing her injury."

And the celebrated doctor expounded his plan of treating her with Soden water, whose chief recommendation seemed to be that it could do her no harm.

The family physician listened attentively and with profound respect.

"But in favour of the trip abroad," he said, "I would mention the beneficial effect of a change of surroundings and the removal of circumstances evoking painful memories. Besides, her mother wishes to go."

"Oh! In that case, let them go, only those German charlatans are sure to do her harm. They must listen to us. Well, then, let them go."

Once more he glanced at his watch.

"Ah, high time," and he went to the door.

The celebrated doctor informed the princess that he must see his patient again (a sense of propriety prompted this).

"What? Another examination?" exclaimed the mother in horror.

thumping his patient, who was dazed and nearly prostrated with embarrassment, and after assiduously washing his hands, he was standing in the drawing-room talking to the prince. The prince frowned and kept clearing his throat as he listened to the doctor. Having had much experience of life and being neither foolish nor sickly, he did not believe in medicine and in his heart of hearts was angered by this whole comedy, especially since he was practically the only one who fully understood the cause of Kitty's illness. A windbag, he said to himself, as he listened to the celebrated doctor jabbering about the symptoms of his daughter's illness. The doctor, for his part, could hardly conceal the contempt he felt for this old nobleman and with difficulty stooped to his low level of understanding. He knew there was no point in talking to the old man, that the mother was the one who decided things in this house. It was before her he intended casting his pearls.

Just then the princess entered the drawing-room accompanied by the family physician. The prince withdrew, trying not to let them see how absurd he found this farce. The princess was upset and did not know what to do. She felt she was to blame for Kitty's illness.

"Ah, doctor, decide our fate," said the princess. "Tell me everything." She wanted to say "Is there any hope?" but her lips quivered and she could not make herself utter the question. "What is it, doctor?"

"Just a second, princess, I wish to speak to my colleague and then I will have the honour of giving you my opinion".

"Shall I leave you alone?"

"Just as you wish."

The princess drew a sigh and went out.

When the doctors were alone, the family physician began modestly giving his opinion, which was that the initial stages of consumption could be detected, but ... etc., etc. The celebrated doctor listened to him perfunctorily and in the middle of his speech glanced at his big gold watch.

"That's all very well," he said.

The family physician stopped deferentially.

"As you know, we have no means of determining the initial stages of tuberculosis; nothing is definite until

the appearance of a cavity. We can, however, have suspicions. And in the present case there are symptoms: poor appetite, nervous excitement and so forth. Our problem is: since we suspect the presence of tuberculosis, what can we do to increase nourishment?"

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"What? Another examination?" exclaimed the mother in horror.

"Oh, no; I merely want to confirm a few details, princess."

"Very well."

And the mother, accompanied by the doctor, went to Kitty in the drawing-room. Kitty was standing in the middle of the room, thin and red-cheeked, her eyes still flashing from the indignity to which she had just been subjected. When the doctor entered she blushed and her eyes filled with tears. She found all this business of her illness and its treatment to be preposterous. She found the treatment as foolish as an attempt to put together the pieces of a broken vase. Her heart was broken. Did they think they could mend it with pills and powders? But she did not wish to hurt her mother, especially since her mother considered herself to blame.

"Be so good as to sit down, princess," said the celebrated doctor.

He smiled and sat down opposite her and took her pulse and again asked her tiresome questions. She answered them until suddenly she was so provoked that she stood up.

"Excuse me, doctor, but there is no point in this. You have asked me the same thing three times."

The celebrated doctor did not take offence.

"Morbid irritability," he said to her mother when Kitty had left the room. "But I have finished."

And to the princess, as to a woman of exceptional intelligence, he offered a scientific definition of her daughter's state and ended by giving instructions as to how to take this water, which there was no need of taking. When asked whether they ought to go abroad or not, he reflected deeply, as if solving an abstruse problem. At last the answer came to him: they were to go abroad but were not to listen to any of those foreign charlatans; they were to listen only to him.

When the doctors had left it was as if some joyful event had taken place. The mother returned to her daughter in high spirits and Kitty behaved as if she too were in high spirits. Often, indeed almost always now, she had to pretend.

"I really am perfectly well, maman. But if you wish to go abroad, let us go," she said, and in an effort to show that she was interested in the proposed journey she began talking about preparations for it.

2

Soon after the doctors left, Dolly called. She knew there was to be a consultation that day and though she had recently been confined (she had given birth to a daughter at the end of winter), and though she had many cares and anxieties at home, she left her infant and an ailing little girl to come and find out Kitty's fate.

"Well?" she said, entering the drawing-room without taking off her hat. "You are all very cheerful. Everything is well?"

They tried to tell her what the doctor had said but, long and eloquent as his speeches had been, it was impossible to say what he had said. The only thing of interest was that the decision had been made to go abroad.

Dolly gave an involuntary sigh. Her sister, her best friend, was going away. Her own life was far from cheerful. Her relations with Oblonsky after the reconciliation had become humiliating. Anna had brought them together again but only temporarily; once more their conjugal agreement had snapped, and in the same spot. Nothing definite had occurred but Oblonsky was hardly ever home, there was almost no money, and Dolly was constantly tortured by suspicions of his unfaithfulness, which she kept driving out of her mind for fear of a new attack of jealousy such as she had suffered so recently. But such an attack, once lived through, could never be repeated; even a discovery of his unfaithfulness could not affect her again as it had done that first time. Now such a discovery could only put an end to her conjugal habits, and she allowed herself to be deceived, feeling contempt for him and even more for herself for her weakness. She was harassed above all by the cares of a large family: either she had trouble nursing the baby, or the nurse gave notice, or, as now, one of the children was ill.

"How are things with you?" asked her mother.

"Oh, *maman*, you have enough troubles of your own. Lilly has come down with something and I fear it is scarlet fever. I have only come to find out the news and shall be shut up in the house for good if, God forbid, it is scarlet fever."

When the doctors went away the old prince came

out of his study and after offering Dolly his cheek and exchanging a few words with her, said to his wife:

"So it's decided you're to go? And what do you intend doing with me?"

"I think you had better remain here, Alexandre," said his wife.

"Just as you say."

"*Maman*, why shouldn't papa go with us?" asked Kitty. "It will be pleasanter for him and for us too."

The old prince got up and stroked Kitty's hair. She lifted her face and forced herself to smile at him. She always thought he understood her better than anyone else in the family, even though he spoke little to her. As the youngest, she was his favourite and she felt that his love for her made him more perceptive. Now as her eyes found his kindly blue ones fastened so intently on her, she was sure he saw directly through her and understood all the bad things going on within her breast. Blushing, she reached towards him, expecting him to kiss her, but he only pulled her hair playfully and said:

"Oh, these silly chignons! I can't reach my own daughter, only stroke the hair of a cadaver. Well, Dolly," he said, turning to his elder daughter, "what's that trump of yours doing now?"

"Nothing, papa," said Dolly, aware that he was referring to her husband. "He's always out, I hardly see him," she could not help adding with a wry smile.

"Hasn't he gone to the country to sell the timber yet?"

"No, he just talks of going."

"Talks of going, does he?" said the prince. "Perhaps I had better go? Oh, very well," he said, catching his wife's eye. "But this is what I have to say to you, Kitty," he added to his younger daughter, "one of these days you are going to wake up and say to yourself: I am perfectly well and cheerful and am going out with papa for one of our early morning walks in the cold. Well?"

One might think that nothing could have been more innocent than her father's words, but on hearing them Kitty was as distressed and confounded as a thief caught in the act. He knows everything and understands everything

and is saying in so many words that, shameful as it is, I must live down the shame, she said to herself. She could not find the courage to answer him. As she was trying to muster it she broke into tears and ran out of the room.

"That's what comes of your levity," the princess flung at her husband. "You are always..." and off she was on one of her diatribes.

For some time the prince listened to her in silence, but his face grew darker and darker.

"She is so miserable, the poor dear, so miserable, and you can't even see what pain every reference to the cause of her suffering inflicts. Heavens! How could we have made such a mistake?" From her change of tone Dolly and the prince realized she was speaking of Vronsky. "I don't know why there are no laws against such vicious creatures!"

"I ought to stop my ears," observed the prince glumly, getting up and making for the door, on the threshold of which he turned to say: "There are laws, my good woman, and if it has come to this, let me say that the person to blame for all this is you—you and nobody but you! There are and always have been laws against such rogues. Yes indeed, and if it weren't for what should never have been—well, old as I am I would challenge him to a duel, the shameless cur! And now go ahead and cure her, have all these quacks coming to the house!"

It looked as if the prince had a great many other things to say, but as soon as the princess caught the tone of his voice she instantly softened and repented, as she always did when matters became serious.

"Alexandre, Alexandre," she murmured, going towards him, weeping.

The prince stopped as soon as she began to weep. He went to meet her.

"Come, come, I know it's hard for you too. What's to be done? The harm is not as great as it seems. God is merciful ... thank you, dear," he said, hardly knowing what he was saying, adding the last words in response to a wet kiss he felt on his hand. Then he went out.

As soon as Kitty had left in tears, Dolly's maternal instinct and family training told her a woman's !..'

was needed here and she made ready to offer it. She took off her hat and, morally rolling up her sleeves, prepared for action. While her mother was attacking her father she made whatever effort to restrain her that filial piety permitted. When her father flared up she was silent; she felt shame for her mother and tenderness for her father, seeing how quickly his natural generosity returned to him; but when he left the room she undertook the main task of the moment: that of going to Kitty and comforting her.

"There is something I've been intending to say to you for some time, *maman*. Do you know that Levin meant to propose to Kitty the last time he was here? He told Steve."

"Indeed? Then I don't understand—"

"Do you suppose Kitty rejected him? Did she say anything to you?"

"No, she said nothing to me as to the one or the other. She is too proud. But I know it is all because of that—"

"Just think, if she rejected Levin ... I know she would never have rejected him if it had not been for that other ... and to be deceived so terribly!"

The princess dared not admit how much guilt for her daughter's misery fell to her account, and so she was angry.

"I don't understand anything any more. Everybody wants to have their own way nowadays, they don't confide in their mothers and that is what—"

"*Maman*, I am going to her."

"Go if you wish. Have I forbidden it?" said her mother pettishly.

3

On entering Kitty's little room, so pretty and pink with its little *vieux saxe* shepherdesses, as pink and gay and youthful as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly recalled how they had decorated the room together the previous year, and with what love and joy they had done it. Her heart sank on seeing Kitty sitting in a low chair near the door staring at a corner of the carpet. Kitty

looked up at her sister with no change in the cold, somewhat stern expression of her face.

"I am leaving now and will be shut up at home and you will not be able to come and see me," said Dolly as she sat down beside her. "I want to speak to you."

"Of what?" asked Kitty, lifting her head in fright.

"Of what but your trouble?"

"I have no trouble."

"Oh, come, Kitty. Do you suppose I know nothing? I know everything. And believe me, it is all such a trifle. All of us have been through it."

Kitty said nothing, but her face looked forbidding.

"He is not worth your suffering on his account," said Dolly, going straight to the point.

"Because he rejected me?" said Kitty in a shaking voice. "Don't say it! Please don't say it!"

"Who has said it? Nobody ever said such a thing. I am certain that he loved you and still loves you, but—"

"Oh, nothing is so dreadful as these consolations!" cried Kitty, suddenly angry. She turned round in her chair, reddened, and began working her fingers, squeezing a little buckle first in one hand, then in the other. Dolly was familiar with her sister's habit of seizing something in her fingers when she was angry; and she knew that in her anger Kitty was capable of forgetting herself and saying things that were unpleasant and ought not to be said; Dolly wanted to soothe her, but it was too late.

"What is it? What do you want to impress on me? What?" said Kitty quickly. "That I was in love with a man who would have nothing to do with me, and that I am dying of love for him? And this from a sister who thinks that ... that ... that she is showing me sympathy!.. I don't want your sympathy and your pretence!"

"You are not being fair, Kitty."

"Why are you torturing me?"

"On the contrary... I see how upset you are..."

But Kitty was too excited to listen to her.

"There is no reason for pitying and comforting me. I am too proud ever to allow myself to love a man who does not love me."

"I did not say you were not. But there is one thing ... tell me the truth," urged Dolly, taking her hand. "Did

Levin speak to you?"

The mention of Levin seemed to deprive Kitty of her last means of self-control. She jumped up, flung the buckle on the floor and said, waving her hands frantically:

"What has Levin got to do with it? Why in the world should you want to torture me so? I said and say again, that I am proud and will never, *never* allow myself to do what you have done: return to a man who has been untrue to me, who has loved another woman. I don't understand such a thing, simply *don't* understand it! You can do it but I never could."

She glanced at her sister, and when Dolly said nothing, and simply sat there with her head bent sorrowfully, Kitty did not flounce out of the room as she had intended doing but sat down again near the door, covered her face with her handkerchief and dropped her head.

Some two minutes passed in silence. Dolly was thinking of herself. The humiliation she was always conscious of became particularly painful when her sister reminded her of it. She did not expect such heartlessness from Kitty and she was angry with her. But suddenly she heard a rustle of skirts and the sound of suppressed sobbing and somebody's arms rose to encircle her neck. Kitty was on her knees before her.

"Dearest Dolly, I'm so dreadfully unhappy," she whispered apologetically.

And she buried her sweet face, drenched in tears, in Dolly's skirts.

It was as if tears were the essential lubricant without which the machine of mutual contact between the sisters could not run. When they had had their cry they did not talk about the thing that was uppermost on their minds, but even when they spoke of secondary matters they understood each other. Kitty understood that the words she had said in heat about the unfaithfulness of Dolly's husband and Dolly's own humiliation had wounded her sister to the quick, but that she had forgiven her. Dolly, for her part, had learned all that she wanted to know; she was convinced now that her suppositions had been correct, that Kitty's grief, her incurable grief, sprang from Levin's having made her an offer which she had rejected, and Vronsky's having deceived her, and that she was now ready

to love Levin and hate Vronsky. Not a word of this did Kitty say; she spoke only of her present state of mind.

"I am not grieving," she said when she was more calm, "but can you believe that everything has become coarse, hateful, repulsive to me, I myself above all? You cannot possibly imagine what horrid thoughts occur to me."

"What horrid thoughts could occur to you?" asked Dolly with a smile.

"The most coarse and horrid imaginable; I cannot even tell them to you. And they spring not from boredom or misery but from something far worse. It's as if everything good in me had vanished, leaving only the most beastly. How can I explain it?" she said, seeing the perplexity in her sister's eyes. "Papa spoke to me just now ... and it seemed to me he was thinking about nothing but that I must get married. When mamma escorts me to a ball I fancy she is only doing it to marry me off and get rid or me. I know this is not true but I cannot drive such thoughts away. I cannot bear the sight of what they call eligible young men. It seems to me they are all taking my measure. It used to be sheer delight for me to go off in an evening frock, I loved myself all dressed up, now I feel self-conscious and ashamed. Or take anything else ... the doctor ... or..."

Kitty paused; she was about to say that ever since this change had come over her she had found Steve unbearable and could not set eyes on him without the most crude and ugly thoughts rising in her mind.

"Yes, I see everything in the most coarse and beastly light," she went on. "That is my illness. Perhaps it will pass."

"Don't think about..."

"I can't help it. I only feel happy with the children, at your house."

"What a pity you cannot come to us now."

"Oh, I shall come. I've had scarlet fever, I shall ask mother for her consent."

Kitty insisted on having her own way and went to live with her sister and spent all the scarlet fever time, which did indeed come to Dolly's house, taking care of the children. The two sisters pulled all six of them through it safely, but Kitty's health did not improve and in Lent the Scherbatskys went abroad.

4

Actually there is only one upper circle in St. Petersburg's world of fashion: its members all know one another, even call on one another. But this great circle has its divisions. Anna Arkadievna Karenina had friends and close ties in three of these smaller circles. One was the circle of her husband's colleagues and subordinates who, in the most varied and nice ways were either joined or alienated by their social status. Anna could now hardly recall the feeling amounting almost to reverence with which she had regarded the members of this circle at first. Now she knew all of them as well as people know one another in a village; she knew each one's habits and weaknesses, knew where the shoe pinched each of them, knew the attitude of each to the others and to the centre of centres; knew who clung to whom, and how, and when, and who agreed and disagreed with whom; but this circle of masculine governmental interests could not really interest her despite Countess Lydia Ivanovna's efforts, and so she avoided it.

Another circle to which Anna was attached was the one which had enabled Karenin to make his career. Countess Lydia Ivanovna was the central figure of this circle. It consisted of old, ugly, pious, benevolent women and of clever, learned, and ambitious men. One of the clever people belonging to this circle had called it "the conscience of St. Petersburg society". Karenin valued this circle highly and Anna, who could get on with everyone, found friends here too when she first began her life in St. Petersburg. But on returning from her visit to Moscow she found this circle insufferable. In her opinion all of them, including herself, were insincere, and she felt so bored and uncomfortable in their company that she avoided calling on Countess Lydia Ivanovna whenever possible.

The third circle with which she was connected represented the world of fashion proper, a world of balls, dinners, sumptuous clothes, a world which held on to the court with one hand to keep from slipping into the demimonde, which this circle imagined they despised, but whose tastes were not only similar but identical. She was connected with this circle through Princess Betsy Tverskaya, the wife of her cousin, who had an annual income of one

hundred and twenty thousand and who became devoted to Anna the moment she appeared in society, patronized her and drew her into her circle, laughing at Countess Lydia Ivanovna's set.

"When I am old and ugly I will be like them," said Betsy, "but it is too soon for a pretty young woman like you to enter that old ladies' home."

At first Anna avoided Princess Betsy's world because it required money beyond her means, and also because she found the first circle more congenial. But everything changed when she came back from Moscow. She now avoided her moralistic friends and sought the world of fashion. There she met Vronsky and every meeting with him brought her joyful excitement. She met him most often at Betsy's, whose maiden name had been Vronskaya; she was his cousin. Vronsky made a point of going wherever he might meet Anna and telling her of his love whenever the opportunity presented itself. She did not encourage him, but in his presence she felt that same exuberance of spirit she had experienced in the train the first time she met him. She herself was aware that the very sight of him made her eyes shine with joy and her lips curve in a smile, and she was powerless to suppress this expression of joy.

At first Anna sincerely believed she was displeased with him for allowing himself to pursue her; but soon after her return from Moscow, when she went to a gathering where she had expected to find him and discovered he was not there, the disappointment she experienced told her plainly that she had been deceiving herself, that his pursual of her was not only agreeable but the only thing she desired.

* * *

The famous prima donna was making her second appearance and all the fashionable world was at the theatre. From where he was sitting in the first row Vronsky caught sight of his cousin in her box and went to her without waiting for the intermission.

"Why did you not dine with us?" Betsy asked him. "I marvel at a lover's clairvoyance," she added, smiling

and lowering her voice so that only he could hear. "*She was not there.* But come after the opera."

Vronsky shot her a questioning look. She lowered her head. He thanked her with a smile and sat down beside her.

"How well I remember your former cynicism!" went on Princess Betsy, who took the keenest pleasure in following the course of his passion. "What has become of it now? You are caught, my boy!"

"I want nothing so much as to be caught," replied Vronsky with his serene good-natured smile. "The only complaint I can make is that I am not properly caught, if the truth be told. I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope can you possibly entertain?" said Betsy, accepting this as an insult to her friend. "*Entendons nous...*" But her eyes sparkled in a way that indicated she understood very well, and in precisely the same way he did, what hope he could entertain.

"None whatever," smiled Vronsky, baring an even row of white teeth. "May I?" he said, taking the opera glasses out of her hand and focusing them over her bare shoulder on the opposite row of boxes. "I fear I may make myself ridiculous."

He knew very well that in the eyes of Betsy and of all the members of the fashionable world he ran no risk of appearing ridiculous. He knew very well that in the eyes of these people the role of a lover who was turned down by a young girl or an unattached lady could indeed be ridiculous; but the role of a man pursuing a married woman and staking his life on drawing her into adultery—such a role was too great, too magnificent ever to be considered ridiculous, and therefore he lowered the opera glasses and looked at his cousin with a proud and cheerful smile playing underneath his moustache.

"But why did you not come to dinner?" she asked, looking at him in admiration.

"Oh, I must tell you about that. I was busy, and with what do you suppose? I'll wager a hundred, a thousand rubles, that you'll never guess. I was reconciling a husband with a man who insulted his wife! I was, truly."

"And did you reconcile them?"

"Almost."

"I *must hear the story,*" *she said, getting up.* "Come back in the next intermission."

"Can't. I'm going to the French Theatre."

"Leaving Nilsson?" asked Betsy in horror, although she could not have distinguished Nilsson from a chorus-girl.

"Can't be helped. I have an appointment there connected with this business of peacemaking."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, remembering having heard somebody say something of the sort at some time or other. "Well then, sit down and tell me now. What happened?"

And she resumed her seat.

5

"It may be a bit rough, but it's so amusing I must tell you," said Vronsky, glancing at her with laughing eyes. "I will not mention any names."

"*All the better; I will guess them.*"

"Then listen: two jolly fellows are riding along—"

"Officers of your regiment, of course."

"I do not say they are officers. Just two fellows who have just lunched—"

"In other words, have been drinking."

"Perhaps. They are on their way to dine with a friend —in high spirits, you can be sure. And suddenly they see a pretty young lady overtake them in a cab. She looks back at them and nods and laughs, or at least they fancy she does. Naturally they start out after her. Gallop at top speed. To their astonishment the pretty thing stops in front of the very house which is their own destination. She runs up to the top floor. They catch a glimpse of red lips beneath a short veil and adorable little feet—nothing else."

"You tell it with such zest I think you must have been one of those two."

"Allow me to remind you of what you have just been saying, my dear. Well, then, the gentlemen go to their friend's who is giving a farewell dinner. This time they certainly do drink, and perhaps a bit too much, as is the custom at farewell dinners. At dinner they ask who lives on the top floor of the house. Nobody knows. But when

they ask their host's valet if any— er—*mam'zelles* happen to live upstairs, he replies that quite a few do. After dinner the young chaps go into their host's study and write a letter to the unknown lady—an impassioned piece, a declaration of love—and they take it upstairs themselves so as to explain anything that may be doubtful."

"Why must you tell me such a disgusting story? Well?"

"They ring. A maid opens the door, they give her the letter and assure her they are both dying of love, are in fact likely to drop there on the door-step. The bewildered maid carries on the negotiations. Suddenly a gentleman, red as a lobster and with side-whiskers like sausages, puts in an appearance, tells them nobody lives there but he and his wife, and drives them away."

"How do you know his side-whiskers were like sausages, as you say?"

"Ah, listen further. Today I went to make the peace."

"And did you make it?"

"Here's the crowning moment. It turns out the happy couple are a Titulary Counsellor and his wife. The Titulary Counsellor made an official complaint and I was appointed mediator. And what a mediator! I assure you Talleyrand couldn't hold a candle to me!"

"Was it so difficult?"

"Just you listen. We apologized in due form: 'We are distraught, we humbly beg your pardon for the unfortunate misunderstanding.' The Titulary Counsellor with the sausage-like side-whiskers melts, but he must give voice to his feelings, and as soon as he gives voice he loses his temper and says nasty things and again I must draw on all my diplomatic resources. 'I agree that their behaviour was deplorable, but I beg you to take into consideration their youth, the misconception they were under; besides, they had just dined. You understand what that means. They deeply repent it and implore your forgiveness.' Once more the Titulary Counsellor softens. 'I agree with you, Count, and I am willing to forgive them—but that my wife ... my wife ... a virtuous woman, should have to suffer the advances, the rudeness and insults of those whelps, those blackguards...' And those very whelps, mind you, are standing there beside me and I have to bring about a recon-

ciliation! Again I call diplomacy to my aid and again as soon as I seem to be winding up the business successfully the Titulary Counsellor loses his temper and turns redder, up go the sausages and again I must employ all the subtleties of high diplomacy."

"Oh, I must tell you this!" laughed Betsy, turning to a lady who had just entered her box. "I never heard anything so funny! Well, *bonne chance*," she added, offering Vronsky a finger of the hand holding her fan and at the same time contracting her shoulders to let down the bodice of her gown that had worked itself up, so as to be quite naked when she advanced towards the footlights where everyone would see her in the glare of the gas.

Vronsky rode off to the French Theatre to see his regiment commander (who never missed a performance of the French Theatre) and report to him on the peacemaking that had been occupying and amusing him for the past three days. One of the culprits was Petritsky, of whom he was genuinely fond, and the other was Prince Kedrov, a good chap and an excellent comrade, who had only recently joined the regiment. The most important thing, however, was that the regiment's interests were at stake.

Both of these young men were in Vronsky's squadron. Titulary Counsellor Venden had called on the regiment commander and complained to him of his officers for insulting his wife. According to Venden, his young wife (he had been married only six months) had been to church with her mother and, suddenly feeling unwell owing to her being in the family way, she could not remain to the end of the service and had gone home, taking the first cab she encountered, which was driven by a reckless fellow. It was then the officers gave her chase. She was frightened, felt even more unwell as she ran up the stairs to her flat. Venden, when he came home from the office, heard the ring of the doorbell and strange voices; on opening the door he saw two drunken officers holding out a letter and sent them packing. Now he asked that they be severely punished.

"Say what you will," said the regiment commander to Vronsky, whom he had summoned to his office, "Petritsky is becoming impossible. Not a week passes but he gets into some scrape or other. The Titulary Counsellor won't

let this pass, he'll go higher."

Vronsky could see that the matter was vexatious, that it could not be settled by a duel and that no stone must be left unturned to pacify the Titulary Counsellor and hush things up. The regiment commander had chosen Vronsky as mediator because he knew him to be clever and of noble birth and above all to cherish the honour of the regiment. After discussing the matter they decided that Petritsky and Kedrov were to go with Vronsky to see the Titulary Counsellor and offer their apologies. Both the regiment commander and Vronsky knew that Vronsky's name and rank would do much to soften the outraged husband. These two influences did indeed carry weight, yet the result of their efforts remained dubious for the reasons Vronsky explained when he told the story.

In the French Theatre, Vronsky drew the regiment commander aside in the foyer and told him of his success and lack of success. After due consideration the regiment commander resolved not to punish anybody; for his own delectation he asked Vronsky for the details of the interview and could not for long restrain his laughter when Vronsky told him how the conciliated Titulary Counsellor would lose his temper every time he recalled the scene and how he, Vronsky, when peace seemed about to be made, slipped away as quickly as possible, pushing Petritsky ahead of him.

"A nasty incident but deucedly funny. Fancy Kedrov duelling with that gentleman! Got mad as a hornet, you say?" asked the commander, breaking out laughing again. "But what do you think of Claire tonight?"—referring to the new French actress. "A marvel, is she not? Never the same, even if you see her every night. Only the French can do that."

6

Princess Betsy left the theatre before the last act was over. Hardly had she entered her boudoir, sprinkled powder over her long pale face, dusted it off, rearranged her coiffeur and ordered tea in the big drawing-room, when one by one the carriages began arriving at her huge

house in Bolshaya Morskaya. The guests descended in front of the spacious entrance and a stout doorman, who spent his mornings reading the newspaper behind the glass doors for the edification of passers-by, opened the enormous door without a sound and stood aside to let the guests pass in.

At almost one and the same time the hostess with her refreshed face and coiffeur entered through one door and the guests through another of the big drawing-room with its dark walls, thick carpets and brightly lighted table on which a white cloth, a silver samovar and delicate china glowed in candle-light.

The hostess sat down at the samovar and removed her gloves. The guests, drawing up chairs with the assistance of unobtrusive footmen, arranged themselves in two groups, one at the samovar near the hostess, the other at the far end of the drawing-room round an ambassador's wife, a handsome woman in a black velvet gown and with striking black eyebrows. The conversation of both these circles, as is always so at first, wavered as if seeking a theme to settle upon, and was constantly interrupted by the arrival of new guests, greetings and offers of tea.

"Her acting is exceptional; anyone can see she is a pupil of Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the group near the ambassador's wife. "Did you observe how she fainted?"

"Oh, please do not let us talk of Nilsson! There is positively nothing new to be said," came from a fat, red-faced, fair-haired lady without eyebrows, without a chignon and in an old silk dress. She was Princess Myakaya, notorious for her rude outspokenness, for which she had been dubbed the *enfant terrible*. Princess Myakaya was sitting between the two groups, from which vantage point she listened to both and joined in the conversation now of one, now of the other. "Three people have made that same remark about Kaulbach today—really, it is too much! What they find so clever in it is more than I can say!"

Her words put an end to the subject and a new one had to be found.

"Do tell us something that is amusing without being malicious," said the ambassador's wife, a past-master of that sort of tasteful palaver the English call "small talk"; this was addressed to the diplomatist, who was also at

a loss what to say.

"That, I've been told, is very difficult; only the malicious is amusing," he began with a smile. "But I shall try. Only supply me with a theme. Everything depends on the theme. Once a proper theme is given, it is easy to embroider on it. It often occurs to me that the famous wits of the last century would find it hard to be clever these days. We are sick of cleverness—"

"Everything clever has been said," interrupted the ambassador's wife with a laugh.

This was a charming beginning, but just because it was charming it soon petered out. To last it had to be bad—belong to that tried and unfailing category: scandal.

"Do you not find that there is something Louis XV-ish about Tushkevich?" he said, indicating with his eyes a handsome fair-haired young man standing at the table.

"Oh, yes indeed. He suits this drawing-room perfectly, which is why he is here so often."

This conversation persisted because it insinuated something not to be mentioned outright in this drawing-room, namely, the relations between Tushkevich and Princess Betsy, their hostess.

Meanwhile conversation near the samovar, which had likewise been wavering among three inevitable themes: the latest news, the theatre, and criticism of one's neighbours, was now properly launched by settling on the last of these themes: scandal.

"Have you heard that Madame Maltischeva—the mother, mind, not the daughter—is having a costume made for herself the colour of *diable rose*?"

"Not really! Oh, that is too precious!"

"I marvel that a woman of her understanding—she cannot be called stupid—does not see how ridiculous she makes herself!"

Each had something to offer in condemnation and mockery of poor Madame Maltischeva, and the talk crackled on as merrily as a newly lighted fire.

Princess Betsy's husband, a good-natured fat man and an ardent collector of engravings, dropped into the drawing-room to see his wife's guests before going to his club. He approached Princess Myakaya noiselessly over the thick carpet.

"How did you like Nilsson?" he asked her.

"Dear me, you mustn't creep up on a person like that! What a fright you gave me!" she said. "I beg you not to speak of the opera to me, you understand nothing about music. I prefer stooping to your level and talking about majolica and engravings. Well, what is the latest treasure you have acquired at the rogues' market?"

"Would you like me to show it to you? But you don't understand such things."

"Show it to me. I've been learning from those—what's their name?—those bankers. They have some excellent engravings. They showed them to us."

"What, you were at the Shützburgs'?" asked the hostess from behind the samovar.

"We were, *ma chère*. They invited me and my husband to dine with them, and I was told that the sauce at that dinner cost a thousand rubles," said Princess Myakaya in a loud voice, aware that all were listening to her. "And very bad sauce it was—greenish, somehow. On their return visit I served an eighty-five kopek sauce that pleased everyone exceedingly. I am in no position to serve thousand-ruble sauces."

"Nobody like her!" murmured the hostess.

"Extraordinary!" observed someone else.

The effect produced by Princess Myakaya's remarks was always the same, and the secret of the effect lay in her saying simply, if not always relevantly, things that made sense. In the society in which she moved such remarks called forth the same response as would the sharpest witticisms. Princess Myakaya did not understand why they should call forth this response, she only knew they did do so and she took advantage of it.

Since everyone had stopped to listen to what Princess Myakaya was saying, thereby interrupting the conversation near the ambassador's wife, the hostess attempted to unite the two groups by turning to the ambassador's wife and saying:

"Are you sure you do not want tea? Won't you join us here?"

"No, we are doing very well where we are," replied the ambassador's wife with a smile and picked up the dropped conversation.

It was a most pleasant conversation. They were talking about the Karenins, husband and wife.

"Anna has changed very much since her Moscow visit. Something has come over her," said one of Anna's friends.

"The change is mostly that she has brought back the shadow of Alexei Vronsky with her," said the ambassador's wife.

"What of it? One of Grimm's tales is about a person deprived of his shadow. A punishment for something or other. I never could understand why it was a punishment. But of course a woman should resent having no shadow to follow her about."

"Yes, but a woman with a shadow usually comes to a bad end," said Anna's friend.

"What a wicked tongue!" put in Princess Myakaya on hearing these words. "Madame Karenina is a delightful person. I dislike her husband but I like her immensely."

"Why do you dislike her husband? Such a splendid man," said the ambassador's wife. "My husband says there are not many statesmen his equal in Europe."

"My husband says the same thing, but I don't believe him," said Princess Myakaya. "If our husbands did not tell us about things we would see them for ourselves as they really are, and for my part I think Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin is a fool. I only say it under my breath. But when I do say it, does not everything become clear? Formerly, when I was told to consider him wise I tried to find out why and decided I must be a fool myself because I could not see that he was wise; but as soon as I said to myself, 'he's a fool', even though I said it under my breath, everything fell into place."

"How spiteful you are this evening!"

"Not at all. What else could I do? One or the other of us had to be a fool. Well, you know one does not like to say such a thing of oneself."

" 'No one is content with his fortune, but everyone is content with his understanding,' " said the diplomatist, quoting a French author.

"Exactly," said Princess Myakaya, turning to him quickly. "But I want you to know I shall not let Anna fall into

your clutches. She is such a dear good creature. Is it her fault that everyone falls in love with her and follows her about like her shadow?"

"I am not blaming her for it," said Anna's friend in self-defence.

"If we ourselves have nobody to follow us about like our shadow, that does not mean we have a right to judge others."

Having put Anna's friend in her place, Princess Myakaya got up and, together with the ambassador's wife, joined those sitting at the tea-table, where everyone was talking about the King of Prussia.

"Who were you tearing apart over there?" asked Betsy.

"The Karenins. The princess gave us her opinion of Alexei Alexandrovich," replied the ambassador's wife with a smile as she sat down.

"Too bad we did not hear it," said the hostess, glancing at the entrance door. "Ah, you've come at last!" she said, smiling at Vronsky who was just entering.

Not only did Vronsky know all these people, he saw them every day of his life, and therefore he entered with that ease of manner with which we rejoin friends we have just left.

"Where have I been?" he said in reply to the ambassador's wife. "Well, there seems to be no escape. I must confess. To the *opéra bouffe*. For the hundredth time, perhaps, and each time with greater pleasure. Delightful! I know I ought to be ashamed, but I fall asleep at serious opera and I watch this to the very end and enjoy it. Tonight, for instance..."

He mentioned the name of the French actress and was about to tell them about her, but the ambassador's wife interrupted him with a mock gesture of horror.

"Pray spare us that horror!"

"Very well, I will, especially since you are all acquainted with that horror."

"And all would go there if it were considered the thing to do, as going to serious opera is," put in Princess Myakaya.

7

Steps were heard at the door and Princess Betsy, knowing it was Madame Karenina, glanced at Vronsky. When he looked towards the door his face took on a new expression. Intently, joyfully, and at the same time humbly he gazed at the lady who entered as he slowly rose to his feet. Erect as usual, without glancing to right or left, and with the firm, light step that distinguished her walk from that of other women of fashion, she covered the ground separating her from the hostess, pressed her hand, smiled, and with that same smile looked at Vronsky. He made a low bow and pulled out a chair for her. Acknowledging it with only a lowering of her head, she coloured, then frowned. The next moment she was nodding to her friends and pressing the hands held out to her. To the hostess she said:

"I was at Countess Lydia's and wanted to leave earlier but I sat on. Sir John was there. I found him very interesting."

"Ah, that missionary?"

"Yes, he told us fascinating things about India."

The conversation, interrupted by her entrance, again wavered like a blown flame.

"Sir John! Oh, yes—Sir John. I've met him. He talks very well. Madame Vlasieva is positively in love with him."

"Is it true that her younger daughter is marrying Topov?"

"Yes, I've heard this is quite decided. "

"What in the world are her parents thinking of? They say it is a love match."

"Love? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who speaks of love today?" said the ambassador's wife.

"Can't be helped. Foolish and outmoded as it is, one still finds it happening," said Vronsky.

"All the worse for those who hold on to this mode. The only happy marriages I know of are common sense ones."

"Yes, but how often the happiness of common sense marriages is scattered like dust when the 'love' you refuse to recognize puts in an appearance," said Vronsky.

"Oh, but we call common sense marriages those that

take place after both parties have sown their wild oats. Love is like scarlet fever: you catch it and get over it."

"Then we had better learn to induce love artificially, by vaccination, as we do the small-pox."

"When I was young I was in love with our sexton," said Princess Myakaya. "I don't know that it made me immune thereafter."

"But all joking aside, it really does seem to me that the only way to discover what love is, is to err and to recover," said Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" asked the ambassador's wife coyly.

"It is never too late to mend," said the diplomatist, quoting the English proverb.

"Exactly," Betsy hastened to take him up. "One must make mistakes and correct them. What is your opinion?" she said to Anna, who with a steady but scarcely perceptible smile on her lips had listened to this conversation in silence.

"It seems to me," said Anna, toying with the glove she had just pulled off, "that if there are as many minds as there are heads, then there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts."

Vronsky, who had breathlessly awaited her reply, drew a deep breath, as one who has just come safely through danger.

Suddenly Anna turned to him:

"I have just received a letter from Moscow. They write that Kitty Scherbatskaya is very ill."

"Oh, indeed," said Vronsky, frowning.

Anna looked at him sternly.

"Does that not interest you?"

"It interests me very much. What exactly do they write, if I may ask?" he said.

Anna got up and went over to Betsy.

"May I have a cup of tea?" she said, standing behind her chair.

While Princess Betsy was pouring out the tea, Vronsky came up to Anna.

"Well, what do they write?" he repeated.

"I often think men don't realize what is dishonourable, even though they are always talking about it," she ob-

served without answering him. "For some time I hav been wanting to tell you..." she began and, walking to corner of the room, sat down at a little table with album on it.

"I don't quite understand the meaning of your words, he said, handing her her cup.

She glanced at the empty place beside her on the sofa and he sat down.

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you," she said without looking at him, "that you have behaved badly, very badly indeed."

"Do you suppose I am not aware that I have behaved badly? But who is to blame for it?"

"Why do you say such a thing to me?" she said, looking at him severely.

"You know why," he replied boldly and happily, meeting her gaze without flinching.

It was not he but she who felt confused.

"That only shows you have no heart," she said. But her eyes said she knew he had a heart and that was why she was afraid of him.

"What you are referring to was an error rather than love."

"Remember that I have forbidden you to pronounce that word, that dreadful word," said Anna with a shudder; but she was immediately conscious that by merely saying *I have forbidden* she admitted having certain rights over him and this in itself justified his speaking to her of love. "I have wanted to tell you this for some time," she went on, looking resolutely into his eyes, her face all aglow with a stinging flush. "I came here intentionally tonight, knowing I would see you. I came to tell you this must end. Never before has anyone made me blush, but you make me feel like a culprit."

As he looked at her he was struck by a new spiritual beauty in her face.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked simply and earnestly.

"I want you to go to Moscow and ask Kitty to forgive you," she said.

"You do not want me to do that," he said.

He could see she was saying what she felt she ought to

say and not what she wanted to say.

"If you love me as you say you do," she murmured, "do this, so that I can regain my peace of mind."

His face lit up.

"Surely you must know that you are life itself to me, but I myself know no peace and I cannot offer it to you. My love, all of myself—yes. I cannot think of you and me separately. You and I are one. And I cannot see any prospect of peace for myself or for you. I can see misery and despair ... or I can see happiness—ah, what happiness!.. Is not this possible?" he added with his lips alone, but she heard him.

With all the force of her intellect she tried to make herself say what she knew she ought to say; but instead of this she only fixed her gaze on him, a gaze brimming with love, and said nothing.

At last! he said to himself in ecstasy. Just when I was about to despair and when it seemed hopeless! At last! She loves me. She has admitted it.

"Do this for me then; never say such a thing to me again and let us be good friends," were the words she spoke, but her eyes said something quite different.

"We shall never be friends, you know that yourself. But whether we shall be the most happy or the most miserable of mortals—that is up to you."

She was about to say something but he cut her off:

"I only ask one thing of you, I only ask the right to hope, to suffer as now; if this is impossible, then tell me to go away and I will go. You will never see me again if my presence distresses you."

"I do not wish to send you away."

"Then don't change anything at all. Leave everything just as it is," he said in a trembling voice. "There is your husband."

True enough, at just this moment Karenin entered the drawing-room with his slow, awkward gait.

He glanced at his wife and Vronsky, then went up to the hostess, sat down for a cup of tea and began speaking in his unhurried, penetrating voice, mocking someone in his usual bantering tone.

"A Rambouillet salon in full session," he said, running his eye over the assembly. "All the muses and graces."

Princess Betsy could not endure his "sneering" tone, as she called it in English and, clever hostess that she was, quickly turned the conversation to a serious theme, that of general conscription. He as quickly took it up and began seriously to defend the new decree against Princess Betsy's assault.

Vronsky and Anna went on sitting at the little table.

"This is becoming unseemly," whispered one of the ladies, looking meaningly at Vronsky, Anna and her husband.

"What did I tell you?" replied Anna's friend.

Not these ladies alone, almost everyone in the drawing-room including Princess Myakaya and Betsy kept glancing at the two who had withdrawn from the rest of the company as if to avoid being disturbed. Karenin did not glance in their direction and did not allow his interest to swerve from the subject under discussion.

Noting the unpleasant impression this was making on everybody, Princess Betsy put another lady in her place beside Karenin and went over to Anna.

"I am always amazed by the clearness and precision with which your husband expresses himself," she said. "I can understand even the most transcendental conceptions when he speaks of them."

"Oh, yes," said Anna, smiling radiantly without understanding a word Betsy had said. She did, however, go to the big table and take part in the general conversation.

After staying for half an hour, Karenin went up to his wife and suggested that they should go home together. Without looking at him, she replied she would remain for supper. Karenin bowed and went out.

* * *

Madame Karenina's coachman, a fat old Tatar in a shiny leather jacket, was having difficulty holding in the left-hand grey, chilled to the bone from long waiting at the entrance. A footman was holding open the door of the carriage. The porter was holding open the entrance door. With one deft little hand Anna detached the lace of a cuff that had got caught in the hook of her fur cloak as, with

bent head, she listened in rapture to what Vronsky was saying as he saw her off:

"You have not said anything, and I, of course, have no right to ask anything of you," he said. "But you know I cannot be content with your friendship, the only happiness life can offer me lies in that word you dislike so much ... yes, love."

Love, she repeated slowly with an inner voice, and suddenly, at the same time that she disengaged the lace, added: "I dislike that word only because it means so much to me—much, much more than you can understand," and she glanced up into his face. "Good night."

She gave him her hand, then with her quick, springy step went past the porter and disappeared inside the carriage.

Her glance and the touch of her hand seared him. He kissed the spot on his hand she had touched and went home, happy in the knowledge that he had made greater progress in the achieving of his purpose that evening than in the past two months.

8

Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin found nothing extraordinary or unseemly in his wife's having sat with Vronsky at a little table apart from everyone else and carried on an animated conversation with him. But he observed that others in the drawing-room found this extraordinary and unseemly, and for that reason he too thought it must be unseemly. He decided he would speak of it to his wife.

On returning home he went directly to his study, as was his habit, and sat down in an armchair, opening a book on the papacy at the place marked by a paper-knife, and he read until one o'clock, which was also his habit; but tonight he kept running his hand over his high forehead and giving little shakes of his head as if chasing some pestering thought away. At the usual hour he got up to prepare himself for bed. Anna had not yet come home. With the book under his arm he went upstairs. Tonight, however, instead of the usual thoughts and plans respect-

ing official business that usually occupied him, his mind was filled with thoughts of his wife and something unpleasant relating to her. Contrary to his habit, he did not go to bed but, clasping his hands behind his back, he walked back and forth through the rooms. He could not go to bed without first giving proper consideration to the situation that had arisen.

When Karenin had first decided he must speak to his wife, it had seemed a very simple and easy matter; but now, as he gave proper consideration to the situation that had arisen, it appeared to be very difficult and complicated.

Karenin was not inclined to be jealous. Jealousy, he was convinced, was an insult to his wife; his wife must be trusted. Why his wife must be trusted—that is to say, why he should have complete confidence that his young wife would always love him—he did not ask himself; but he did not distrust her and therefore he trusted her and told himself that he must trust her. Now, however, although he was still convinced it was shameful to be jealous and one ought to trust one's wife, he felt that he was faced with something senseless and illogical, and he did not know how to cope with it. Karenin was faced with real life, with the possibility of his wife loving someone other than himself, and this appeared to him to be senseless and illogical just because it was real life. For as long as he could remember he had lived and worked in official spheres, which deal only with the reflection of life. And every time he was thrown into contact with real life he put it behind him. At present his feelings were similar to those of a person who is calmly crossing a bridge over a chasm and suddenly sees that the bridge has broken off and the chasm yawns in front of him. The chasm was real life; the bridge was the artificial life Karenin had been living. For the first time he faced the possibility of his wife falling in love with another man, and he was appalled.

Without undressing, he paced back and forth with his even stride over the resounding parquet of the dining-room lighted by a single lamp; over the carpet of the dark drawing-room where light fell only on a large portrait of himself recently painted and hanging over the sofa; through her room where two candles were burning reveal-

ing pictures of her family and friends and the pretty knick-knacks on her writing-table that he knew so well. On passing through her room he came to the door of their bedroom, at which point he turned back.

At the end of each walk, usually when he reached the parquet of the lighted dining-room, he would stop and say to himself: Yes, I must take a stand and put a stop to it, I must explain my views and give my decision. Then he would turn back. Explain what? Give what decision? he asked himself on reaching the drawing-room and could find no answer. After all, he said to himself as he turned into her room, what has happened? Nothing. She spoke to him for quite a while. What of it? Women in society talk to all sorts of people. And to be jealous—that would be to demean myself and her, he said to himself as he entered her room. But these arguments, which only recently had held such weight with him, now weighed nothing and meant nothing. He turned back at the door of the bedroom and returned to the drawing-room. As soon as he re-entered the dark drawing-room a voice said to him that he was wrong, that if others had noticed something there must have been something to notice. And again he said to himself in the dining-room: I must take a stand and put a stop to it, must explain my views... And again when he was about to turn round at the end of the drawing-room he asked himself: What stand? And then he asked himself: What has happened? And he replied: Nothing. And he reminded himself that jealousy is a feeling insulting to his wife, but back in the drawing-room he felt convinced that something had happened. His thoughts, like his person, moved in a circle without coming upon anything new. Remarking this, he rubbed his forehead and sat down in her room.

While sitting there looking at her writing-table with the malachite writing-set and an unfinished note on it, his thoughts suddenly took a new turn. He began to think of her, of what she was thinking and feeling. For the first time he vividly conjured up her personal life, her thoughts, her wishes; and the idea that she might, and even must have a personal life all her own was so frightening that he hastened to drive it away. This was the chasm into which he dared not look. To put himself, heart and mind,

in another person's place was a spiritual exertion foreign to Karenin's nature. He considered making such a spiritual exertion tantamount to giving harmful and dangerous rein to one's imagination.

Worst of all, he thought, is that at precisely this time, when my work is almost completed (he had in mind the project he was putting forth then), when I need peace of mind and strength of spirit—that at precisely this time I should be burdened with such needless anxiety. But what is to be done? I am not one to endure unrest and anxiety without daring to look them in the face.

"I must think it over, come to a decision and free my mind of it," he said aloud.

The question of her feelings, of what has gone on and may yet be going on in her soul is not my concern, it is the concern of her conscience and belongs to religion, he said to himself, finding relief in the realization that he had discovered the exact article of the law to which the new situation appertained. Accordingly, Karenin said to himself, the question of her feelings, etcetera, is essentially the question of her conscience and cannot concern me. My responsibility, then, clearly defines itself. As head of the family I am the person obliged to guide her behaviour and am thereby to be held partly accountable; I must point out the danger I perceive, warn her, and even exercise my authority. I must explain all this to her.

And what he would say to his wife took clear shape within Karenin's mind. As he reflected on what he would say he regretted having to expend his time and mental powers on anything so trivial and private as a domestic issue. Despite this, the form and sequence of the speech he would make to her took shape as clearly and precisely in his mind as if it were a public report.

I must state and comment on the following: first, the significance of public opinion and propriety; secondly, the religious significance of marriage, thirdly, if I find it necessary, the unhappiness our son may suffer in consequence; fourthly, the unhappiness she herself may suffer in consequence. Thereupon Karenin interlocked his fingers, twisted his hands palms down and stretched his arms till the knuckles of his fingers cracked. This gesture—the interlocking of his fingers and the cracking of his knuckles—

always soothed him and helped him collect his thoughts, a thing he needed to do badly at the moment.

The sound of a carriage drawing up at the entrance was borne to him. He halted in the middle of the drawing-room.

A woman's step was heard coming up the stairs. Karenin, ready with his speech, stood pressing his interlocked fingers, wondering if another knuckle would crack. It did.

The sound of her light step on the stairs told him she was drawing near, and even though he was satisfied with the speech he had prepared, he dreaded the coming interview.

9

Anna climbed the stairs with lowered head, playing with the tassels of her hood. Her face was bright but not with a joyful brightness, rather with the fearful brightness of a fire in the dark of night. On seeing her husband she lifted her head and smiled, as one just waking up.

"Not in bed yet? That's a wonder!" she said, throwing off her hood and going directly to her dressing-room without stopping. "High time, Alexei Alexandrovich," she said from inside the room.

"Anna, I wish to speak to you."

"Speak to me?" she repeated in surprise; she came out and looked at him. "What is it? What can it be about?" she asked, sitting down. "Very well, let us speak if it is so necessary. But I'd rather go to bed."

Anna said the first thing that came into her mind and she herself was astonished, listening to herself, that she could dissemble so easily. How simple and natural her words sounded, and how well she played the part of one who really wanted to go to bed! She felt herself encased in an impenetrable armour of lies. She felt that some invisible force was helping and abetting her.

"Anna, I must warn you," he said.

"Warn me?" she said. "Of what?"

She looked at him so artlessly and brightly that anyone who did not know her as well as her husband did would have detected nothing unnatural either in the sound or the

sense of her words. But for him who knew her so well, who knew that whenever he went to bed five minutes later than usual she noticed it and asked the reason for it; for him who knew that she always came to him immediately with her joys, her pleasures, her sorrows; for him, who now saw that she did not wish to notice the state he was in nor to say a single word about herself; for him this was of profound importance. He saw that the depths of her heart, which had always been open to him, were now shut. More than that, he understood from the tone of her voice that this did not disturb her in the least, indeed she seemed to be saying to him: Yes, they are shut to you and that is how it ought to be and will be in future. His sensations were those of a man who returns home and finds himself locked out. But perhaps I shall find the key, he said to himself.

"I wish to warn you," he said in a quiet voice, "that through thoughtlessness and indiscretion you may give people reason to talk about you. This evening your too animated conversation with Count Vronsky" (he pronounced the name firmly and with calm emphasis) "attracted general notice."

As he spoke he looked at her laughing eyes, frightening in their impenetrability, and even as he said the words he knew they were futile and superfluous.

"That's just like you," she said, as if failing to understand him, as if choosing to understand only his last statement. "Today you are displeased because I am dull, tomorrow you are displeased because I am gay. I was not dull this evening. Is that what has offended you?"

Karenin started and twisted his fingers to make his knuckles crack.

"Oh, please don't make that horrid noise. I hate it so!" she said.

"Anna, is this you?" he said, forcing himself to restrain the gesture.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked rather comically, as with genuine surprise. "What do you want of me?"

Without replying he ran a hand over his forehead and eyes. He realized that instead of doing what he had intended doing—namely, warn his wife against committing an error in the eyes of society—he had unwittingly allowed

himself to become agitated over what concerned her conscience and was beating against an imaginary wall.

"This is what I intended saying," he went on coldly and calmly, "and I must ask you to hear me out. As you are aware, I look upon jealousy as offensive and demeaning and would never allow myself to be governed by this feeling; but there are definite laws of propriety which cannot be violated with impunity. This evening, though I myself did not notice it, everyone else did notice that your behaviour left much to be desired."

"I really don't understand," said Anna with a shrug of her shoulders. To herself she said, It's all the same to him, but *others* have noticed, and that is what worries him. "You are not well, Alexei Alexandrovich," she said out loud and got up to go out, but he took a step forward as if to detain her.

His face was ugly and forbidding—she had never seen him like that before. She stopped and, bending her head back and to one side, began taking out hairpins with her usual quick movements.

"We-ell? I am listening to what else you may have to say," she said superciliously. "I am even listening with interest for I should like to know what the trouble is."

As she spoke she marvelled at the naturalness, the rightness of her tone and choice of words.

"I have no right to go into your feelings and indeed I consider such a thing useless and even harmful," began Karenin. "In probing our souls we often unearth things that had better remain undisturbed. Your feelings are a matter for your own conscience; but my responsibility to you, to myself, and to God, demands that I point out to you your obligations. Our lives are bound together, and bound not by man but by God. We can break these bonds only by committing a sin, and a sin of this sort brings in its wake the most severe punishment."

"I still don't understand. Dear me, I am so terribly sleepy!" she said running her hand quickly through her hair in search of any remaining pins.

"Anna, for God's sake don't talk like that," he said meekly. "Perhaps I am mistaken, but I beg you to believe I have spoken for my own sake as well as for yours. I am your husband and I love you."

For a moment her face fell and the supercilious glint went out of her eyes; but at the word "love" she became indignant again. Love? she thought. Is he capable of loving? If he had not heard there was such a thing as love he would never have used the word. He does not know what love is.

"Alexei Alexandrovich, I really don't understand," she said. "Pray make it clear what you find—"

"Wait, allow me to finish. I love you. But I am not speaking of myself; the main persons concerned are—our son and you yourself. It is very possible, I repeat, that you find my words superfluous and out of place; it is possible they are elicited by a misunderstanding on my part. In that case I beg you to forgive me. But if you yourself feel that there is the slightest justification for them I beg you to consider them and, if your heart prompts you to do so, to speak to me."

Without noticing it, Karenin was saying something quite different from the speech he had prepared.

"I have nothing to say. Besides," she added quickly, struggling to suppress a smile, "it really is time to go to bed."

He sighed and went into the bedroom without another word.

When she entered, he was already in bed. His lips were sternly compressed and his eyes avoided her. She got into her own bed and lay expecting him to renew their talk any moment. She feared what he would say and yet she wanted to hear it. But he said nothing. When she had waited for some time she forgot all about him. She began thinking of that other man, she saw him in her mind's eye and her heart leapt up with excitement and guilty joy. Suddenly she heard calm, even snoring. At one moment Karenin seemed frightened by his own snoring and it stopped, but after two quiet breaths the snoring went on, calmly and evenly.

"Too late, too late, already too late," she murmured with a smile. She went on lying there without stirring and with wide-open eyes, whose glow she fancied she herself could see in the dark.

10

Beginning with that night Karenin and his wife entered upon a new life. Nothing in particular changed. Anna did the rounds of society as usual, visited Princess Betsy more often than usual and met Vronsky wherever she went. Karenin knew this but could do nothing about it. She resisted all his efforts to draw her out by putting up an impenetrable wall of light-hearted puzzlement. Outwardly everything was the same, but their inner relations were entirely different. Karenin, a man of great power in affairs of state, felt utterly helpless in this matter. Like a bull led to slaughter, he meekly bowed his head and waited for the blow to fall. Every time his mind dwelt on it he felt he must make another effort, telling himself that he could yet save her, could bring her to her senses, by exercising kindness, generosity and powers of persuasion; and so every day he determined to speak to her. But every time he broached the question he sensed that the spirit of evil and hypocrisy that possessed her took possession of him too and the things he said and the tone in which he said them were not what he had intended them to be. Involuntarily he found himself speaking in his usual tone of mockery for those who say the things he was saying. In such a tone it was impossible to tell her what he felt he must tell her.

. . . .

11

That which for almost a year had been the sole desire of Vronsky's life, taking the place of all his former desires; that which for Anna had been an impossible, terrifying, and therefore all the more alluring dream of happiness—this desire had been fulfilled.

Pale, with trembling lower jaw, he now stood over her and implored her to calm herself, not knowing how or why.

"Anna! Anna!" he said in a trembling voice. "Anna, for the love of God!"

But the louder he implored her the lower she dropped her once proud and gay, now guilt-stricken head, and she kept bending over until she slipped off the sofa to the floor at his feet; she would have stretched out on the carpet if he had not held her.

"Dear God! Forgive me!" she sobbed, pressing his hand to her breast.

She felt so guilty, so blameworthy, that she could do nothing but humble herself and ask for forgiveness, and since in the whole world he alone was left to her now, it was to him she addressed her supplications. Looking at him, she had a physical sense of her own abasement and no other words but these came to her lips. He felt what a murderer must feel on seeing the body he has robbed of life. The body robbed of life was their love—their love in its first stage. There was something horrible and revolting in the remembrance of what had been bought at this frightful price of shame. She was crushed by the shame of her spiritual nakedness, and this shame was communicated to him. But, horrified though a murderer may be by the body of his victim, this body must be hacked to pieces and hidden away, and the murderer must enjoy whatever gain the murder has brought him.

With a malevolence akin to passion the murderer throws himself on the body and pulls it and hacks it; just so did Vronsky cover her face and shoulders with kisses. She held his hand and did not move. Yes, these kisses—they have been bought with this shame. Yes, and this hand, which is now mine for good—this is the hand of my accomplice. She lifted the hand and kissed it. He dropped on his knees beside her and tried to look into her face, but she hid it and said not a word. At last, with a great effort, she rose and pushed him away. Her face was as lovely as ever, but this only made it the more pitiable.

"All is over," she said. "I have nothing left but you. Remember that."

"I cannot help remembering what is life itself for me. One moment of this happiness—"

"Happiness!" she cried with horror and disgust, and the horror was communicated to him. "For God's sake, not a word, not another word."

She got up quickly and moved away from him.

"Not another word," she repeated, and with a look of cold despair beyond his comprehension, she went out. She knew that at this moment she could not put into words the mixed feeling of shame, joy and horror this initiation into a new life caused her, she did not wish to speak of it, did not wish to vulgarize the feeling by giving inadequate expression to it. Even later, on the second and third day, she could not find words to express all the complexity of her feelings, indeed she could not even find thoughts in which to reflect on all that filled her soul.

She said to herself: No, I cannot think of that now; later, when I am more serene. But that serenity for reflection never came; every time she thought of what she had done and what would become of her and what she ought to do, she became so horrified that she drove the thoughts away.

Later, later, she would say. When I am more serene.

But when she slept and had no control over her thoughts, her situation presented itself to her in all its ugly nakedness. Almost every night she was visited by one and the same dream. She dreamt that both of them were husbands to her, that both of them lavished their caresses on her. Alexei Karenin wept and kissed her hands and said, "Everything is well now!" And Alexei Vronsky was there too, and he too, was her husband. And she, surprised that this had once seemed impossible, laughed and explained to them that everything was much simpler now, that both of them were satisfied and happy. But this dream oppressed her like a nightmare, and she woke up in horror.

12

When he first got back from Moscow, Levin would shudder and redden every time he recalled the humiliation of Kitty's refusal, but soon he said to himself: The time I failed my physics exam and had to repeat the course I also used to shudder and redden at the remembrance of it and I was sure life was over for me; and the time I bungled the business my sister entrusted to me I was again sure life was over for me. And what happened?—time went on, and when I recall these things now I won-

der that they could have distressed me so. That is what will happen now, in this case too. Time will pass and I will become indifferent.

But three months had passed and he was not indifferent; it was as painful for him to remember it now as it had been at first. He could not be at peace because he, who had dreamed of family life for so long, feeling himself so ready for it, was still unmarried and less likely to get married than ever before. He was painfully aware, as were all those around him, that it was not good for a man of his age to live alone. He remembered how, just before leaving for Moscow, he had said to Nikolai, a simple-hearted man in charge of his livestock, with whom he enjoyed talking: "Well, Nikolai, I mean to get married", and how Nikolai had promptly replied, as if the matter left no room for doubt: "High time, Konstantin Dmitrich." And now here he was, further than ever from getting married. The place was occupied. Whenever he tried to imagine some other girl of his acquaintance in that place, he knew it was utterly impossible. He was, in addition, tortured by the humiliation his recollection of her refusal and the role he had played in it caused him. No matter how often he told himself he was in no way to blame, this recollection, along with other humiliating recollections, made him shudder and redden. In the past he, like all men, had done things he recognized as wrong and for which his conscience ought to have troubled him; but the memory of his wrong-doing troubled him much less than the memory of trivial but humiliating experiences. The wound of them never healed. To such memories belonged that of Kitty's rejection of him and the sorry picture he must have presented to others that evening. Time and work, however, exercised a salutary influence; his bitter memories were buried deeper and deeper under the inconspicuous but important events of country life. With each passing week his mind dwelt less on Kitty. He waited impatiently for the news that she was or was about to be married, hoping that this news, like the pulling of a tooth, would cure him.

Meanwhile spring came, very beautiful, all at once, without false promises and postponements, one of those rare springs that bring joy to plants, animals and men

alike. This beautiful spring roused Levin the more and confirmed him in his resolution to denounce the past so as to build up for himself a strong and independent life of solitude. Although many of the intentions he brought back with him from Moscow were not carried out, the main one, that of living a chaste life, was sedulously fulfilled. He no longer had to endure the shame he suffered after every fall; he could look people boldly in the eye.

In February he had received a letter from Masha saying his brother Nikolai was feeling worse and refused to see a doctor. In response Levin went to Moscow, where he was able to persuade his brother to consult a doctor and go to a foreign spa for a cure. He was pleased with himself for being able to persuade his brother so easily and to lend him money for the journey without rousing his ire. In addition to the managing of his estate, which required special attention in the spring, and in addition to his extensive reading, Levin continued writing an article on agriculture begun in the winter, the main theme of which was that the nature of the farm labourer ought to be accepted as an absolute factor, like climate and soil, and that accordingly all scientific principles of farming ought to be deduced not only from data as to climate and soil, but as to climate, soil and certain invariable qualities in the character of the farm labourer. And so despite Levin's solitude, or rather because of it, his life was extremely full and it was only on rare occasions that he experienced a longing to communicate the ideas swarming in his brain to somebody other than Agafia Mikhailovna, even though he quite frequently discussed physics, theories of husbandry and especially of philosophy with her; philosophy was Agafia Mikhailovna's favourite subject.

Spring was long in coming. All through the last weeks of Lent the weather held clear and cold. In the daytime the snow thawed in the sun but at night the temperature fell to seven degrees below zero; so hard-packed was the snow that sledges were driven over it, road or no road. Easter was celebrated in snow. Then suddenly on Easter Monday, a warm wind sprang up, storm-clouulds gathered, and for three days and three nights warm rain poured down in sheets. On Thursday the wind dropped and a

thick grey fog crept over the land as if to veil the mystery of transformation taking place in nature. In the fog the river flowed, its carapace of ice cracked and floated away, the foaming turbid streams gathered speed, and by the following Sunday, towards evening, the fog was rent, the heavy sky was replaced by fluffy white clouds, the air brightened, and spring had come for sure. Early in the morning a brilliant sun swiftly devoured the thin ice crusting the puddles, and all the warm air quivered with its burden of vapours rising off the awakening earth. There was the greenness of last year's reviving grass and this year's pushing blades; buds were swelling on guelder-rose and currant bushes and buds were bulging sticky on birch boughs; among the golden catkins hanging from the willows buzzed a bee, newly emerged from wintering in the hive yet already strong on its wings. Invisible larks carolled above the velvet of sprouting grain and ice-edged stubble-fields, plovers complained as they swept over the pools left by the flood in lowlands and marshes, high in the sky flew cranes and wild geese, letting out their hoarse cries of spring. Thin-haired cattle, tufted where the old hair had not yet been shed, lowed in the pastures, lambs bounded on crooked legs round bleating mothers no longer clothed richly in fleece; nimble children ran down drying paths, leaving the imprint of bare feet behind them; from the pond came the gay chatter of peasant women washing their linen and from the yards the tap-tap of axes as the men repaired their ploughs and harrows. Spring had come at last.

13

Levin put on high boots and, for the first time, a woolen jacket instead of his sheepskin, and went out to inspect the farm, striding over streams that glittered dazzlingly in the sun, stepping now on ice, now in clinging mud.

Spring is a time of plans and projects. Like a tree in spring that knows not in what direction the sprouts and shoots contained within its swelling buds will grow, Levin, finding himself out of doors, had no proper notion

loved farm-work, he only knew he was full of the very best plans and projects. First of all he went to inspect his cattle. The cows had been let into the paddock where, warmed by the sun and with their sleek new hides glistening handsomely, they were mooing to be put to pasture. When he had thoroughly admired them, Levin gave orders to put them to pasture and let the calves into the paddock. The cowherd joyfully ran to make ready for pasture. The cattle-women, tucking up their skirts, squelching through the mud on bare feet not yet browned by the sun, ran and waved switches to drive the mooing calves, drunk with the joy of spring, into the paddock.

Having admired this year's young, which were exceptionally fine—the early calves were already the size of a peasant's cow and Pava's daughter was, at three months, as big as a yearling—Levin had them bring the troughs outside and feed them in the paddock. But it turned out that since the paddock had not been used in winter, the portable fence made in autumn was in disrepair. He sent for the carpenter, who was to have been mending the thresher that day. But it turned out he was mending harrows instead, which ought to have been mended before Lent. Levin was vexed. He was vexed by this perpetual lack of order he had been fighting with all his might for years. As he later discovered, the fence frames, unused in winter, were stowed away in the cart-horses' stable, where of course they had got broken, flimsy as they were. It also turned out that the harrows and all the agricultural implements which he had asked to be inspected and repaired in winter, for which purpose he had hired three carpenters, had not been repaired and now the harrows were being repaired when they were needed on the fields. Levin sent for his steward, but impatiently set out after him himself. He met him coming from the threshing floor in a sheepskin trimmed with astrakhan, breaking a straw in his fingers, his face beaming, as was everybody's on that day.

"Why isn't the carpenter working on the thresher?"

"Oh, that's as I meant to tell you yesterday—the harrows have got to be mended. Time we was ploughing."

"What were you thinking of in winter?"

"What do you want the carpenter for?"

"Where are the fence frames for the paddock?"

"I gave orders to set them up. But what can you expect from such folk?" said the steward with a deprecatory wave of his hand.

"Not from such folk but from such a steward!" said Levin in a burst of anger. "What do I hire you for?" he shouted, but remembering that this would get him nowhere, he checked himself and gave a little sigh. "Well, can we begin sowing?" he asked after a little pause.

"We can begin tomorrow or the day after on the fields beyond Turkino."

"What about the clover?"

"I've sent Vassili and Misha, they've gone to sow it. But I'm not sure they'll be able to, the ground's so wet."

"How many acres?"

"About fifteen."

"Why only fifteen?" cried Levin.

That clover was being sown only on fifteen acres instead of the entire field was even more exasperating. Theory as well as his own practice had taught Levin that clover ought to be sown very early, almost before the snow melted, but he had never been able to achieve it.

"No workmen. What can you expect from such folk? Three fellows didn't come to work at all. And now Semyon—"

"You could have taken some men off the thatching."

"That I did."

"Then where are they all?"

"Five of them's making compote" (meaning compost), "four's shifting the oats; there's danger they'll be coating, Konstantin Dmitrich."

Levin knew that "coating" meant "mildewing" and that all his English seed-oats were spoiled already—again because his orders had been ignored.

"But I told you at the beginning of Lent—put in pipes!" shouted Levin.

"Have no fear, everything will get done in time."

Levin gave an angry wave of his hand and went to the granary to look at the oats before going to the stables. The oats had not spoiled yet, but the workmen were shifting them with shovels when they could simply have let them slide down into the lower granary. When he had

directed them to do this and had taken off two of the men and sent them to help with the clover, the vexation the steward had caused him subsided. Indeed no one could be angry for long on such a lovely day.

"Ignat!" he called to the coachman, who with his sleeves rolled up was washing the carriage at the well. "Saddle a horse for me."

"Which one, sir?"

"Oh, anyone–Kolpik will do."

"Yes, sir."

While the horse was being saddled Levin, seeing that the steward was hanging about, called him over so as to make it up with him; he began talking to him about the spring tasks confronting them and his new plans.

The manuring of the fields was to be begun sooner so that all would be finished by the first hay-making. The ploughing of the far fields was to be carried on without a break. All the haymaking was to be done for pay and not on a sharing basis.

The steward listened attentively, evidently making an effort to agree with all his master's proposals; but even so he wore that glum, woebegone look that Levin knew so well and hated so. It was a look that said: "All these plans sound fine, but it will be as God wills."

Nothing disheartened Levin as did that attitude. It was common to all the stewards he had ever employed; all of them regarded his projects in exactly the same way and therefore he was less angry than disheartened; but still he was determined to fight what he found to be a kind of elemental force which was always opposing him and for which he could find no name but "it will be as God wills".

"If we've time for it all, Konstantin Dmitrich," said the steward.

"Why should we not have time?"

"We got to hire another fifteen men. But see?–they don't come. A few come this morning but they asked seventy rubles for the summer."

Levin made no reply. Up against that force again! He knew that, try as they might, they could not hope to hire more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight men, forty at most, for the prevailing pay. Yes, they could get forty, but no more. Levin, however, refused to give up.

"Send to other villages, to Sury or Chefirovka, if the men don't come of themselves. We've got to scout for them."

"As for the sending, I can send," said the steward glumly. "But then there's the horses, too. Not much strength left in them."

"We'll buy some more. Oh, don't I know you just!" laughed Levin. "Let you have your way and you will buy as few as possible and as bad as possible. But you shan't have your way this year! I'll attend to everything myself."

"Seems like you don't get enough sleep as it is, sir. As for us, we don't mind working under the master's eye."

"So they are sowing clover on the other side of Birch Dale? I'll go over and have a look," he said, mounting Kolpik, the little bay stallion the coachman brought to him at this point.

"You'll not be able to ford the stream, Konstantin Dmitrich," the coachman called after him.

"I'll go round through the woods."

The frisky little pacer, weary of being confined, snorted at puddles and pulled at the bit as Levin rode him through the mud of the yard, out the gate and into the fields.

If Levin had found joy in the cattle-yard and the granary, he took even more delight in the fields. As he rode along, swaying rhythmically on his brave little bay, breathing deeply of the fresh smell of snow and air in the woods where dwindling patches of snow still held dissolving footprints, his heart was gladdened by the sight of the trees with greening moss on their trunks and swelling buds on their boughs. On emerging from the woods he was confronted by a vast green velvet carpet stretching as far as eye could see without a flaw in it but for rare clumps of thawing snow. The sight of two peasants' horses trampling down his sprouting grain did not anger him (he told a passing peasant to drive the horses away), nor did the foolish and mocking reply Ipat made to his question "Well, time to be sowing, Ipat?"— "Have to plow first, Konstantin Dmitrich." The further he went the lighter grew his heart and plans for improving the estate presented themselves to him one after another, each new one better than the last: he would plant hedges along the noonday line so that the snow would not linger there; he would divide them up into six manured fields and three reserve

ones sown to clover; he would build a cattle yard at the far end of one of the fields and dig a pond, and he would make moveable cattle pens for accumulating manure. Then he would plant eight hundred acres to wheat, three hundred to potatoes and four hundred to clover, and in that way he would not have a single exhausted acre.

His mind filled with such thoughts, he set out for the workmen sowing clover, carefully guiding his horse along the margins so as to avoid stepping on the sprouting wheat. The cart with the seed in it was standing not on the margin but on the field itself, so that the young winter wheat had been torn up by cart wheels and trampled down by hoofs. Both of the workmen were sitting on the margin, probably sharing a pipe. The soil in which the seed was mixed had not been sieved and was packed or frozen into lumps. On seeing their master, Vassili went over to the cart and Misha began sowing. This was irritating, but Levin rarely got angry with his workmen. When Vassili reached the cart Levin told him to take the horse over to the margin.

"Oh, the wheat'll spring up again, sir," replied Vassili.

"Please don't argue but do as you're told," said Levin.

"Yes, sir," replied Vassili and took the horse by the bridle. "Fine seed, sir," he said, currying favour. "The very best sort. Only walking's terrible! A pood of mud clings to each leg!"

"Why hasn't the soil been sieved?" asked Levin.

"We breaks it up in our fingers," replied Vassili, picking up a lump and crumbling it in his hands.

It was not Vassili's fault that he had been given a cartful of unsieved soil with seed in it, but still Levin was annoyed.

He had found, however, that the best thing in such a case was to suppress his feelings and look for something good in what seemed bad, and that is what he did now. For a while he watched Misha moving down the field, dragging enormous clumps of mud on each foot, then he got off his horse, took a seed-bag from Vassili and set out to sow.

"Where did you stop?"

Vassili marked the spot with his foot and Levin began scattering seed on the earth to the best of his ability. Walk-

ing was as difficult here as in a bog; by the time Levin had gone the length of a furrow he was all in a sweat; he gave it up and handed the seed-bag to Vassili.

"Well, master, mind you don't scold me for that there furrow in summer," said Vassili.

"And why should I?" replied Levin gaily, appreciating the effectiveness of his method.

"You'll see when summer comes. It'll show up. Look where I sowed last spring—pretty as a picture! I couldn't try harder if you was my own father, Konstantin Dmitrich. I don't like to do a bad job myself and don't let others do it. What's good for the master is good for us. Just glance out there, sir," said Vassili, pointing to the field. "A sight for sore eyes, that it is!"

"A wonderful spring, Vassili."

"The old folks don't remember another like it. I was back in my village and my old man, he sowed about eight bushels of wheat too. Says it come up as pretty as rye."

"Have you been sowing wheat long?"

"Why, it was you as taught us the year afore last; it was you give me two measures of seed. We sold six bushels of the crop and sowed eight bushels."

"Well, mind you break up those lumps," said Levin as he walked over to his mount. "And keep an eye on Misha. If the shoots are good, you shall have thirty kopeks for every acre."

"Thank you kindly. We're mighty grateful as it is, sir."

Levin got back on his horse and went first to the field that had been sown with clover the preceding year and then to the one recently ploughed for spring wheat.

The clover in the stubble field was beautiful to behold. All of it had come up and glistened bright green among the stubble of last year's crop. The horse sank up to the fetlock in mud and every hoof gave out a loud sucking sound when pulled out of the half-thawed earth. Indeed, the poor little beast could not cross the ploughed field at all: only on frozen patches could it find purchase, sinking to the shanks in the furrows. But the ploughing had been done splendidly; in another two days they could begin harrowing and sowing. All was well, all gave cause for rejoicing.

Levin came back by way of the stream, hoping the

water had fallen at the ford. It had, and he crossed safely, starting up two wild ducks. There must be snipe, too, he thought to himself. The forest warden, whom he met at the cross-roads, confirmed his conjecture.

Levin went home at a trot so as to have time to dine and clean his gun before evening.

14

As he approached the house in high spirits, he heard sleigh bells coming from the direction of the main entrance.

That's the approach from the railway, he thought, and this is the hour of the Moscow train. Who could it be? What if it is Nikolai? He did say he might go abroad for a cure and again he might come here. At first Levin was alarmed and distressed, fearing his brother's coming would spoil his joyful spring mood. But the next moment he was ashamed of himself and instantly opened the arms of his soul, so to speak, and awaited his brother eagerly, hoping with all his heart it was he. He touched up his horse and when he had passed the acacias he saw a hired troika coming from the direction of the railway station with a gentleman in a fur coat inside. The gentleman was not his brother. If only it is someone congenial, he said to himself. Someone I can talk to.

"Oh!" he cried out joyfully, on recognizing Oblonsky. "What a happy surprise! Dear me, how glad I am to see you!" Now, he thought to himself, I shall be told definitely when she got married or when she expects to. And on this beautiful spring day he discovered that the memory of her caused him no pain.

"Aha! Didn't expect me!" said Oblonsky as he climbed out of the sleigh; his nose, cheeks and brows were splashed with mud but he still radiated health and happiness. "Firstly, I've come because I wanted to see you," he said, hugging and kissing his friend. "Secondly, I've come for some shooting. And thirdly, I've come to sell the timber in Ergushovo."

"Capital! And what a spring, eh? How did you ever get here in a sleigh?"

"Worse in a carriage, Konstantin Dmitrich," said the

driver, with whom Levin was acquainted.

"Well, I couldn't be happier to see you," said Levin sincerely, grinning with child-like pleasure.

Levin saw his friend to the guest-room and had his things brought there: a portmanteau, a gun in a case, and a little bag of cigars. Leaving Oblonsky to wash and change, Levin went to the counting-house to speak about the ploughing and the clover. Agafia Mikhailovna, always jealous of the honour of the house, waylaid him in the hall with inquiries about dinner.

"Serve what you wish, only do it quickly," he said, hurrying off to speak to his steward.

When he came back he met Oblonsky coming out of his room washed, combed, and with a radiant smile on his face; together they went upstairs.

"How glad I am to be here! At last I shall learn something about the mysterious activities you are engaged in. I envy you, indeed I do. What a fine house, how charming everything is! So bright and cheerful!" said Oblonsky, forgetting that it is not always spring and the days are not always as bright as this one was.

"And what a dear that old nurse of yours is! The only thing missing is a pretty little maid in a starched apron; but with your monastic way of life and strict habits you are better off without her."

Oblonsky told him many interesting bits of news, the most interesting for Levin being that his other brother, Koznishev, intended visiting him in the country that summer.

Not a word did he say about Kitty or the Scherbatskys, except for conveying greetings from his wife. Levin appreciated his tact and was exceedingly glad to have him as a guest. As always, his life of solitude had provided him with a host of thoughts and feelings which he could not communicate to those about him; and now he poured out to Oblonsky all the poetic joy he took in the spring, and his disappointments and plans for the farm, and the thoughts and observations arising from his reading, and above everything else he told him about the work he was writing, the basic idea of which, although he himself was unaware of it, represented a critique of all the works on agriculture written heretofore. Oblonsky, always charming

and capable of grasping an idea from the merest suggestion, was especially charming now and Levin detected in him a new and flattering esteem for himself and what seemed an increase in his affection.

The efforts of Agafia Mikhailovna and the cook to prepare an exceptional dinner only resulted in having the two starved friends gorge themselves on bread and butter and salt fish and mushrooms while waiting, and in having Levin ask that the soup be served before the little meat pies meant to go with it, the cook's greatest pride, were ready. But Oblonsky, gourmand though he was, found the dinner excellent: the vodka tinctured with herbs, the homemade bread and butter, the salt fish, the mushrooms, the nettle soup, the chicken in white sauce, the white Crimean wine—everything was perfect, was divine.

"Superb, superb!" he said as he lighted a fat cigarette after the chicken. "Why, this is like landing on a quiet shore after being tossed about in heavy seas. Well, then, you were saying that the factor of the labourer ought to be studied and ought to influence the choice of agricultural methods. I have no knowledge of such things, but it seems to me that this theory and its application ought to influence the labourer himself."

"Ah, but wait: I am not speaking of political economy, I am speaking of the science of agriculture. Like the natural sciences, it ought to take into account given factors including the labourer, with his economic, ethnographic..."

Just then Agafia Mikhailovna came in with a pot of jam.

"Ah, Agafia Mikhailovna," said Oblonsky, kissing the tips of his plump fingers, "what salt fish, what vodka! By the way, is it not time, Kostya?" he added.

Levin glanced out of the window at the sun, which was dropping behind the bare tree-tops of the woods.

"High time," he said. "Kuzma, have the trap brought round," and Levin ran downstairs.

After descending to his room Oblonsky carefully removed the canvas cover of his polished gun-case, opened it and began assembling an expensive gun of the latest design. Kuzma, on the scent of a big tip, did not leave Oblonsky's side, even pulling his stockings and boots on for

him, a service to which Oblonsky willingly submitted.

"Kostya, if merchant Ryabinin come—I told him to come this evening—leave word that he is to be admitted and told to wait for me."

"Is it to Ryabinin you're selling your timber?" asked Levin.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Oh, yes. I too have brought deals to a 'satisfactory and complete conclusion' with him."

Oblonsky laughed, recognizing the merchant's favourite cliché.

"He certainly has a funny way of putting things. Look, she knows where her master's going," he added, giving Laska's fur a little shake; the dog was whining and circling about Levin, licking his hand, his boots, his gun.

The trap was standing at the porch when they went out.

"I had them send it round, but we're not going far; perhaps you'd rather walk?"

"No, let's ride," said Oblonsky. He got in, wrapped his feet in a tiger-skin rug and lighted a cigar. "How can you resist smoking? A cigar—it can hardly be called a pleasure, it's the very crown, the very hall-mark of pleasure. Ah, this is the life! This is marvellous! This is how I should like to live!"

"What prevents you?" said Levin with a smile.

"Oh, you're a lucky fellow! You've got everything your heart desires: you like horses—you've got them; you like dogs—you've got them; you like shooting—you've got it; you like farming—you've got it."

"Perhaps that's because I take joy in what I have and don't mope over what I have not," said Levin, remembering Kitty.

Oblonsky understood and stole a glance at him but said nothing.

Levin appreciated the tact with which Oblonsky avoided the subject of the Scherbat[illegible] ing that Levin shi[illegible] way from it. But now Levi[illegible] nt to find out [illegible] nswer to what was tormen[illegible] ad not the co[illegible] ge to ask.

"Well, how are your aff[illegible] , conscienc[illegible] ricken for thinking only of h[illegible]

"You don't admit the possibility of a person's still wanting a bun when he's just had a good meal. According to you that's a crime. But I can't conceive of life without love," he said, interpreting Levin's question in his own way. "What's to be done? That's how I was made. And when you come right down to it, it does little injury to others and gives great pleasure to myself."

"You mean you've got somebody else?"

"Indeed I have, old chap! You know that type, Ossian's type, the kind that haunt you in your dreams—and not only in your dreams. Oh, they're terrible, those women are! On the whole, the more you study women, the more surprising you find them."

"Better not study them."

"Oh, no. Some mathematician once said it was not so much the discovery of a truth that gave pleasure as the searching for it."

Levin listened without a word; try as he might, he could not share his friend's viewpoint, could not understand his feelings and the pleasure he found in studying women of that sort.

15

The place chosen for their shooting was in an aspen grove above the river. When they reached the grove Levin got out and led Oblonsky to the edge of a mossy and marshy glade where the snow had melted. He took up his stand on the opposite edge of it underneath a twin birch tree. Propping his gun in the fork of a dry lower branch, he took off his coat, tightened his belt, and stretched his arms to relax the muscles.

Old grey Laska, who had followed them, sat down opposite him and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the forest; in the sunset light the few birches scattered among the aspens were easily distinguished by their trailing branches covered with buds about to burst.

From the dense forest, still spotted with snow, came the gurgle of spring freshets winding their way among the trees. Little birds chirped and occasionally flitted from tree to tree.

In the spaces between absolute silence could be heard the rustle of last year's leaves stirred by the thawing earth and growing grass.

Fancy that! You can hear and see the grass grow! said Levin to himself on noticing the movement of a wet grey aspen leaf lying next to a blade of young grass. He stood listening and looking down at the wet and mossy ground, at the watchful Laska, at the sea of bare tree-tops where the forest stretched away below the hill, at the white shreds of clouds on the darkening sky. A hawk, lazily flapping its wings, soared high above the far woods; another flew out in the same lazy manner and in the same direction until it disappeared from view. Ever louder and more anxious were the birdcalls in the grove. An owl hooted not far away. Laska started, took a few cautious steps forward and stopped to listen, her head cocked on one side. From over the river came a cuckoo's call. Twice it cuckooed in the usual way, then grew hoarse and excited and mixed up its notes.

"Fancy that! The cuckoo already!" said Oblonsky, stepping out from behind a bush.

"I heard," said Levin, his ears jarred by the sound of his own voice violating the silence of the woods. "Almost time."

Oblonsky stepped back behind the bush and Levin could see nothing more but the flare of a match followed by the red glow of a cigarette and a streamer of blue smoke.

"Click, click," went the hammer of Oblonsky's gun as he set it.

"What's that?" he asked, calling Levin's attention to a long-drawn ululation, as if a foal were neighing playfully in a high thin voice.

"Don't you know? That's the male hare. But enough talk... Ah, listen! They're coming!" Levin almost shouted as he cocked his gun.

A thin whistle was heard in the distance and two seconds later, in precisely the rhythm every huntsman knows, it was followed by a second whistle, and a third, and after the third came the chucking.

Levin looked to the right and the left, then straight in front of him where, against the dusky-blue sky, above

the haze of delicate shoots at the top of the aspens, a bird appeared in flight. It was flying directly at him: the chucking sounds, like the even ripping of taut cloth, seemed to come from just above his head; already he could see the bird's long beak and neck, and just when he took aim a red flash came from behind the bush where Oblonsky was standing; the bird dipped like an arrow, then soared again; another flash and a crack; flapping its wings to hold itself in the air, the bird halted, hovered a moment, then plunged heavily down upon the sodden earth.

"Did I miss?" cried Oblonsky, who could not see for the smoke.

"Here it is!" cried Levin, pointing to Laska who, with one ear raised and the tip of her fluffy tail waving in the air, was bringing the bird to her master with slow steps, as if to prolong the pleasure, and with something like as smile on her face.

"Well, I'm glad you got it," said Levin, at the same time jealous that it was not he who had shot the snipe.

"The first was a bad miss from the right barrel," replied Oblonsky, reloading his gun. "Sh-h! Another one!"

Sure enough, piercing cries were heard one after another. Two snipe, chasing each other playfully, whistling without making the chucking sound, flew just above the sportsmen's heads. Four shots rang out and the snipe, like robins, swooped sharply round and vanished.

The shooting was excellent. Oblonsky killed two more birds and Levin two, of which one was not retrieved.

Now it was getting dark. From low in the western sky silvery Venus sent her soft beams through the birches, while the red fires of sullen Arcturus pulsated high in the east. Directly overhead Levin found and lost the stars of the Great Bear. The snipe were no longer flying, but Levin decided to stay there until Venus, which now shone underneath a low birch bough, should rise above it, and until all the stars of the Great Bear should become distinct.

Venus rose above the birch bough, the chariot and

shaft of the Great Bear stood out clearly against the dark blue sky, and still he lingered.

"Oughtn't we to be going?" said Oblonsky.

It was perfectly still in the grove, there was not so much as the twitter of a bird.

"Let's wait a little," replied Levin.

"Just as you say."

They were standing some fifteen paces apart.

"Steve," Levin said unexpectedly. "Why haven't you told me whether your sister-in-law married yet or when she intends to be?"

Levin felt so calm and resolute that he was sure no answer could disturb him. But he was in no way prepared for the answer Oblonsky made:

"She is not married and does not intend to be; she is very ill and the doctors have sent her abroad. They even fear for her life."

"Oh, no!" cried Levin. "Very ill? What's the matter with her? What has?.."

While they were talking, Laska, all alert, glanced up at the sky, then at the men reproachfully.

A fine time to engage in conversation! she seemed to be thinking. A bird's coming ... yes, there it is, sure enough. And they're going to miss it.

But at that very moment both the friends heard a piercing whistle that came like a clap on the ears, and both simultaneously snatched up their guns and two flashes and two bangs came at the same moment. Instantly the high flying snipe dropped its wings and fell into a thicket, crushing young twigs in its fall.

"Capital! Our common quarry!" cried out Levin, running with Laska into the bushes to find the snipe. Let me see ... what was that unpleasantness?.. he asked himself. Ah, yes, Kitty is ill... How sad, how sad, he thought.

"So you've found it? Good old dog!" he said, taking the warm bird out of Laska's jaws and putting it in his game bag, which was almost full. "I've got it, Steve!" he called out.

16

On the way home Levin asked in detail about Kitty's illness and the Scherbatskys' plans, and although he was ashamed to admit that what he had learned pleased him, he was in fact pleased. He was pleased because there was still hope for him, and even more pleased because she who had caused him such suffering was suffering herself. But when Oblonsky began talking about the reasons for Kitty's illness and mentioned Vronsky's name, Levin interrupted him:

"I have no right to know family secrets and, to tell the truth, no desire to."

Oblonsky gave the faintest of smiles when he saw Levin's face change instantaneously, as he had seen it do so often, becoming now as forbidding as only a moment before it had been jolly.

"Have you made your deal with Ryabinin?" Levin asked.

"Yes, the deal's closed. Excellent price, thirty-eight thousand. Eight down, the rest over six years. It's taken a deuced long time to put it through. Nobody would give me more."

"You've sold your timber for a song," said Levin testily.

"A song? Why a song?" said Oblonsky with a good-natured smile, knowing that everything would seem wrong to Levin now.

"Because your woods are worth at least a hundred and fifty rubles an acre," replied Levin.

"Oh, these country gentlemen!" said Oblonsky jokingly. "The contempt they fell for us city dwellers! But when it comes to doing business, we'll always make the better deal. Take my word for it, everything was well considered," he said, "and the woods have been sold profitably; so profitably, in fact, that I fear he may yet back out. After all, it is not fair timber," said Oblonsky, hoping to convince Levin of his competence by using the commercial term *fair timber*. "Most of it will go for firewood. It will hardly stand up to more than seventy cubic feet an acre, and yet he is paying me seventy rubles an acre."

Levin gave a scornful smile. I know that manner, he thought. It's not peculiar to him, all city folk adopt it;

they visit the country twice in ten years, pick up a couple of village expressions and then use them, in place or out of place, to show off their knowledge. *Fair timber ... stand up to...* He doesn't really know what they mean.

"I wouldn't think of teaching you what to write in that office of yours," he said. "On the contrary, I would ask your advice if necessary. And here you are, perfectly sure you understand all this business of timber. It's not so simple. Have you counted the trees?"

"How could I count the trees?" laughed Oblonsky, eager to bring his friend out of his black mood. " '... Though a master mind can count the sands, the rays of a star....' "

"Well, Ryabinin's master mind can do it. Not a single merchant would buy your woods without counting the trees unless they were sold to him for a song, as you have done. I know your woods. I go there shooting every year and I know they are worth a hundred and fifty rubles an acre paid down, and he's giving you sixty in installments. In other words, you are making him a present of thirty thousand."

"Oh, come," said Oblonsky plaintively. "Why did nobody else offer me more?"

"Because he's made a deal with the other merchants, he's bought them off. I've done business with all of them, I know them only too well. They're not merchants, they're speculators. He won't make a deal that brings him in ten or even fifteen percent, he will wait until he can buy a ruble for twenty kopeks."

"Let's drop it. You're in a bad mood."

"Nothing of the sort," said Levin glumly as they got to the house.

They found a trap standing at the porch tightly encased in leather and metal and a sleek horse tightly harnessed to it with broad belts. In the trap was sitting a tightly girdled, tightly bloated fellow who served Ryabinin as clerk as well as coachman. Ryabinin himself was indoors and met them it the hall. He was a tall, lean, middle-aged man with a moustache, a clean-shaven prominent jaw and filmy protruding eyes. He was wearing a long dark blue surtout with buttons below his buttocks and high boots wrinkled at the ankles, smooth over the calves, and with

big overshoes worn over them. He pushed his handkerchief round his sweating face and, buttoning up his surtout, which sat well on him, he welcomed the two men with a smile and threw out his hand to Oblonsky as if to catch something.

"So you've come," said Oblonsky, giving him his hand. "I'm very glad."

"I didn't dare disregard Your Excellency's orders even though the road's so bad. I practically came the whole distance on foot, but I got here on time. My regards to you, Konstantin Dmitrich," he said to Levin, offering him his hand too, but Levin turned with a frown and began taking the snipe out of the bag, feigning not to see the outstretched hand. "You been having some shooting for amusement? And what sort of a bird might that be?" asked Ryabinin, looking contemptuously at the snipe. "Got a good taste, has it?" and he wagged his head disapprovingly, as if seriously doubting that the game was worth the candle.

"Would you like to use my study?" the scowling Levin asked Oblonsky in French. "Go into the study, you can talk there," he added in Russian.

"That we may," said Ryabinin with scornful dignity, as if wishing to let them know that others might feel ill at ease in the presence of some people, but not he.

On entering the study Ryabinin as usual cast his eye round in search of the icon, but when he found it he did not cross himself. He took in the book shelves and cabinets and smiled in the same supercilious way he had smiled at the snipe and wagged his head disapprovingly, as much as to say the game was definitely not worth the candle.

"Well, have you brought the money?" asked Oblonsky. "Have a seat, won't you?"

"Have no fear about the money. I just come to see you, to speak to you."

"What is there to speak about? But do sit down."

"That I may," said Ryabinin, sitting down and leaning back in the armchair, which he seemed to find uncomfortable. "You must come down in your price a little, Prince. It's a sin to ask so much. The money's ready, down to the last kopek. Have no fear about the money."

Levin, who had come in with them to put his gun away

and was now about to leave the room, stopped on hearing these words.

"You've bought the timber for a song as it is," he said. "Too bad my friend has come so late; I would have given him a better price myself."

Ryabinin got up without a word, with only a smile, and stood looking at Levin.

"Konstantin Dmitrich—he's a tight-fisted man," he said to Oblonsky, still smiling. "There's no driving a bargain with him. I wanted to buy his wheat, give him a good price—"

"Why should I make you a present of my wheat? I didn't find it and didn't steal it."

"Oh, yes indeed, these days there's no chance of stealing. These days all's done according to the law, all's done in great style, can't be no talk of stealing. Well, I'm being honest with you. He's asking too much for his timber, I won't get any profit out of it. Just a little reduction, that's all I'm asking."

"Have you come to an agreement or have you not?" put in Levin. "If you have, there is nothing more to be said: if you have not, I will buy the timber."

Ryabinin's smile suddenly vanished. It was replaced by a hard, hawk-like, predatory expression. With quick bony fingers he unbuttoned his surtout, revealing a shirt worn outside his trousers, a waistcoat with brass buttons and a watch-chain, and quickly pulled out an old bulging wallet.

"Here you are, the timber's mine," he said, quickly crossing himself and holding out his hand. "The money's yours, the timber's mine. That's how Ryabinin bargains; he don't count the kopeks," he said, frowning and waving the wallet.

"I wouldn't be in such a hurry if I were you," said Levin to Oblonsky.

"How can that be?" protested Oblonsky. "I've given my word."

Levin went out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Ryabinin looked at the door and shook his head with a smile.

"That's youth for you, acting like a child for sure. And here am I, buying those woods, believe it or not, just for

the honour of it, just to say as it's Ryabinin and nobody else who's bought the Oblonsky wood. What I'm to get out of it the Lord only knows. God's my witness. Here, be so kind, just sign the contract, sir."

An hour later the merchant, carefully buttoning up his surtout with the contract in the pocket and wrapping his coat round him, took his seat in his tightly encased cart and went home.

"Bah! those fine gentlemen!" he said to his clerk. "One's as bad as another."

"So they are," replied the clerk, handing over the reins and buttoning up the leather apron. "Congratulations, Mikhail Ignatich?"

"Hm, hm..."

17

Oblonsky, his pocket bulging with the banknotes the merchant had given him three months in advance, went upstairs. The sale of the timber was over, the money was in his pocket, the shooting was excellent, and Oblonsky was in high spirits; for that reason he was particularly anxious to bring Levin out of the doldrums. He wanted to end the day at the supper table as pleasantly as he had begun it.

Levin really was out of humour; much as he wanted to be affectionate and cordial to his close friend, he could do nothing with himself. The news that Kitty was not married was working in him like a slow potion.

Kitty was unmarried and ill, ill with love for a man who had thrown her over. It was as if the injury had been inflicted on Levin himself. Vronsky had rejected her and she had rejected Levin. Accordingly, Vronsky had a right to hold Levin in contempt and was his enemy. Not that Levin thought this out, he only sensed vaguely that there was something injurious to himself in all this and so he ascribed his ill humour not to the real grievance but to the little annoyances that presented themselves at the moment. He was provoked by the foolish sale of the timber, and by Oblonsky's having been duped, and by having the deal concluded in his own home.

"Well, everything finished?" he asked Oblonsky when he came upon him upstairs. "Shall we have supper?"

"I have no objection. It's a marvel what the country does to my appetite! Why didn't you invite Ryabinin to supper?"

"Devil take the man!"

"How you did snub him!" said Oblonsky. "Refused even to give him your hand. Why did you not give him your hand?"

"Because I don't give lackeys my hand and he's a hundred times worse than any lackey."

"What a reactionary you are! And what about the merging of the classes?" said Oblonsky.

"Anyone who wants to merge may do so but I find it odious."

"I see you are indeed a rabid reactionary."

"I've never taken the trouble to classify myself. I am Konstantin Levin, that's all."

"And a Konstantin Levin who is very much out of sorts," said Oblonsky.

"Yes, I am out of sorts, and do you know why? Forgive me, but that ridiculous 'deal' of yours..."

Oblonsky grimaced good-naturedly, like one who is affronted and mortified without cause.

"Oh, come," he said, "has anyone ever sold anything without being told afterwards he could have done better? But before it is sold nobody offers a higher price. No, I can see you have a bone to pick with poor old Ryabinin."

"I suppose I have. And do you know why? Again you will call me a reactionary or something else just as terrible, but I do indeed find it regrettable and irritating to see the impoverishing of the nobility, to whom I belong and to whom I am proud to belong even in the face of the merging of the classes. And their impoverishment is not the result of luxurious living—that would not be so bad, that's what they're for, to live in princely style; only the nobility know how to do it. At present the peasants are buying up our land, and I don't object. If the owner remains idle the peasant will work and push him out. That's just as it should be. And I rejoice for the peasant's sake. What I object to is seeing the nobility impoverished as the result of a kind of—what shall I call it?—in-

nocence. Here we find a tenant Pole buying a handsome estate for half its worth from a Russian noblewoman living in Nice. There we find a merchant renting land worth ten rubles an acre for one ruble. And now we find you making that swindler a gift of thirty thousand rubles for no reason at all."

"What was I to do? Count every tree?"

"Every single one. You did not count them but Ryabinin did. Ryabinin's children will have money to live on and be educated on, but I'm afraid yours will not."

"Well I must say I find something pettifogging in that counting. We have our affairs to attend to and they have theirs, and of course they must make a profit. But come, the deed's done and there's an end of it. Ah, eggs fried just as I like them! And Agafia Mikhailovna will surely give us some of that excellent tinctured vodka!"

Oblonsky sat down at table and began exchanging pleasantries with Agafia Mikhailovna, assuring her it had been long since he had enjoyed such a dinner and such a supper.

"See, you praise me," said Agafia Mikhailovna, "but Konstantin Dmitrich here—it makes no difference what I give him, even if it's but a crust of bread, he just eats it and is off."

Try as he did to take himself in hand, Levin remained depressed and disinclined to talk. There was a certain question he longed to ask Oblonsky but he could not make up his mind to do it, could not find the form and *the time, the how and the where. Oblonsky went to his* room, undressed, washed, put on a pleated night-shirt and got into bed while Levin lingered in the room, speaking of all sorts of trifles, lacking the courage to ask what he wanted to ask.

"Extraordinary how they make soap," he said, turning in his fingers a fragrant bar that Agafia Mikhailovna had put out for the guest but which Oblonsky did not use. "Just look, a real work of art."

"Oh, yes, they're achieving the height of perfection these days," said Oblonsky, yawning moistly, blissfully. "The theatre, for instance, and cabarets ... a-a-a!" he yawned. "And electric lights everywhere ... a-a-a!"

"Yes, electric lights," said Levin. "Yes." Then suddenly,

putting down the soap: "Tell me, where is Vronsky now?"

"Vronsky?" repeated his friend, stifling another yawn. "Why, he's in Petersburg. Went there shortly after you left and hasn't been in Moscow since. And if you want to know, Kostya, I'll tell you honestly," he went on, putting an elbow on the bed-table and cupping his handsome florid face in his palm, his sleepy, kindly eyes shining like stars, "it was all your own fault. You were frightened off by your rival. And I am not sure—as I told you then—not at all sure who had the better chance. Why did you not take the bull by the horns? I told you then that..." He yawned with his jaws alone, without opening his mouth.

Does he know I made her an offer or does he not? thought Levin, glancing at him. There is something sly, diplomatic in his face. Conscious that he was blushing, he nevertheless looked directly at Oblonsky.

"If she felt anything, it was only that she was in love with his good looks," went on Oblonsky. "It was not she but her mother who was under the spell of his being a great aristocrat and holding such a high place in society."

Levin frowned. The affront of his rejection stabbed him in the heart like an immediate, newly-dealt wound. But he was at home, and at home even the walls are a support.

"Wait, wait," he said, interrupting Oblonsky, "you speak of his being an aristocrat. Allow me to ask what is so aristocratic in Vronsky—or anyone else, for that matter—that he should be considered superior to me? You look upon Vronsky as an aristocrat; I do not. A man whose father climbed up from being a nobody by scheming, and whose mother had affairs with God only knows who... Oh no, exuse me; it is myself and people like me whom I consider aristocrats, people who can look back upon three or four generations of honourable, highly cultivated families (talent and native intelligence—that's another thing), who never curried favour with anyone or were in need of favour, who lived as my father and grandfather lived. I know a great many such people. You consider it pettifogging for me to count the trees in my woods, and you make that Ryabinin a present of thirty thousand. You are supported by rents and I don't know what else; I am not, and that is why I cherish what I have inherited from my forebears and what

I gain from my own labours. It is we who are the aristocrats and not those who live on what the great of this world deign to give them and who can be bought for ten kopeks."

"Who are you quarrelling with? I agree with you," said Oblonsky sincerely and cheerfully, although he sensed that his friend included him among those who could be bought for ten kopeks. But Levin's vehemence pleased him. "Who are you quarrelling with? Much that you say about Vronsky is not true, but that is not what I am talking about. I am telling you frankly, if I were you I would go back to Moscow with me and—"

"No, I won't; I don't know whether you know it or not, and it is all the same to me. I will tell you—I made her an offer and was rejected, and Princess Kitty Scherbatskaya is now for me a painful and humiliating remembrance."

"But why? That is nonsense!"

"Let's not speak of it any more. Pray forgive me if I was rude to you," said Levin. Now that he had unburdened his heart he was as he had been in the morning. "You're not angry with me, Steve? Please do not be angry with me," he said with a smile, taking his friend's hand.

"Not in the least, there's nothing to be angry about. I'm glad we have had it out. Oh, I say, sometimes the shooting is capital in the morning. Shall we try it? I would not come back here to sleep but go directly to the station."

"We'll do it!"

18

Even though all of Vronsky's inner life was taken up by his passion, his outer life went rolling along unswervingly, unhaltingly, on the old familiar rails of social and regimental connections and interests. Regamental interests occupied a great place in Vronsky's life because he loved his regiment, but more particularly because the regiment loved him. The men were not only devoted to him, they esteemed and were proud of him, and they were proud of him because he, a man of enormous

wealth, of outstanding education and ability, a man for whom the road to every sort of success gratifying his vanity and ambition lay wide open, had not taken this road; of all the interests life had to offer he had embraced the interests of his regiment and his comrades. Vronsky was fully aware of his comrades' regard for him and, in addition to enjoying this sort of life, he felt bound to justify the regard in which they held him.

It goes without saying that he never spoke to any of his comrades about his love, not even in their wildest debauches (he, by the way, never got so drunk as to lose control of himself), and he always stopped the mouth of any irresponsible comrade who so much as hinted at his liaison. Even so, his love was known to the whole town—everyone made more or less correct guesses as to his relations with Madame Karenina—and most of the young men envied him for what was in fact the most onerous aspect of his love—Karenin's high public position and the consequent prominence it gave the affair in society.

Most of the young women, who envied Anna and had grown tired of hearing her called virtuous, revelled in their conjecturing and only waited for the change in public opinion to be confirmed to crash down upon her with all the weight of their contempt. They were already making ready the clumps of mud they would fling at her when the time was ripe. But most middle-aged people and certain influential personages deplored the scandal about to break upon society.

On learning of Vronsky's affair, his mother was at first pleased, for, according to her, nothing gave the final polish to a young man's brilliance as did an affair in high society, and she was also gratified to discover that Madame Karenina, whom she had taken such a fancy to, and who had told her so much about her little boy, behaved exactly as did all beautiful and respectable women in Countess Vronskaya's opinion. But quite recently she had learned that her son had turned down an offer of a post important for the furtherance of his career just so that he could remain in his regiment and be near Madame Karenina; she had also learned that this had displeased certain high-placed personages and so she had changed her attitude. She further opposed the affair

because from all she heard it was not one of those brilliant, graceful society liaisons to which she could lend her approval, but a kind of Werther-like, desperate passion which might, she was told, lead her son to do something foolish. She had not seen him since he had so unexpectedly left Moscow, and through her elder son she demanded that he come and visit her.

The elder son was also displeased with his brother. He did not go into what sort of love it was—big or little, passionate or dispassionate, sinful or sinless (he himself, father of children, supported a ballet-dancer and therefore took the broad view of such things); but he knew that this love affair displeased those who ought to be pleased, and so he disapproved of it.

Vronsky had an occupation besides army service and society: horses, for which he had a passion.

This year a steeplechase had been arranged for the officers. Vronsky signed up to enter it, bought himself a pure-blood English mare, and, notwithstanding his love affair, was passionately, if with restraint, engrossed in the coming races.

These two passions did not interfere with each other. On the contrary, he needed some distraction, some absorbing interest apart from his love, an interest which would offer him relief and recuperation from his too exhausting emotions.

19

On the day of the races at Krasnoye Selo, Vronsky came earlier than usual to have a steak in the regiment mess-hall. He had no need of observing a strict diet for his weight was exactly the four and a half poods allowed him. He must not gain anything, however, and for that reason he avoided bread and sweets. He sat with his jacket unbuttoned over his white waistcoat, both elbows on the table, reading a French novel that lay open on his plate while he waited for the steak to be brought him. As he stared at the book, whose sole purpose was to make it unnecessary for him to talk to the officers who kept coming and going, he gave himself up to his thoughts.

His thoughts were of Anna, who had promised to meet him after the races today. He had not seen her for three days, and since her husband had just returned from a trip abroad he did not know whether she could keep her promise and how he could find out. The last time he had seen her had been in the country at his cousin Betsy's country-house. He went as little as possible to the Karenins' country-house. Now he wanted to go there and was pondering the question of how it could be done.

"I shall go and say that Betsy sent me to find out if she would be at the races. Of course I shall go," he resolved, raising his head from the book. His face brightened as he imagined the joy of seeing her.

"Send a man to my house and have them bring round a *troika* as quickly as possible," he said to the waiter who brought him his steak on a hot silver platter. He pulled the platter towards him and began eating.

From the adjoining billiard room came the sound of voices, laughter and the click of balls. Two officers entered the hall through the main door: one of them, a young man with a pale thin face, had lately come to the regiment from the Page Corps; the other was a puffy old officer with little eyes sunken in fat and with a bracelet on one wrist.

Vronsky glanced at them, frowned, turned his eyes to his book and began reading and eating as if he had not seen them.

"What? Fortifying yourself for the work ahead?" said the puffy officer, sitting down beside him.

"As you see," replied Vronsky, frowning and wiping his mouth without looking up.

"Aren't you afraid of getting fat?" said the man as he pulled out a chair for the younger officer.

"What?" said Vronsky brusquely, making a face that exposed his rows of even white teeth.

"You're not afraid of getting fat?"

"Waiter! A bottle of sherry!" said Vronsky without answering. Moving his book to the other side, he went on reading.

The puffy officer took up the list of wines and turned to the young one.

"You choose the drinks," he said, handing him the

list and looking at him.

"Hock for me," said the young officer, glancing shyly at Vronsky and pulling at the hairs of his scanty moustache. Seeing that Vronsky steadfastly ignored them, the young officer got up.

"Let's go and play billiards," he said.

The puffy officer obediently got up and they walked off.

Just then Captain Yashvin, a tall, well-built man, came in, nodded haughtily to the two officers and made for the table where Vronsky was sitting.

"Ah! So here you are!" he cried, bringing a broad hand down on Vronsky's shoulder. Vronsky looked up angrily, but instantly his face lighted up with his characteristic look of steady and serene affection.

"Good for you, Alexei," went on the captain in a resounding baritone. "When you've finished eating you'll have one little drink with me."

"I've done eating."

"No separating those two," added Yashvin, looking derisively after the two officers who were leaving the hall. He sat down next to Vronsky, making sharp angles of his legs in tight-futting breeches, which were too long to fit under the table. "Why weren't you at the theatre last night? Numerova was not bad at all. Where were you?"

"At Princess Betsy's," said Vronsky.

"Ah," returned Yashvin.

Yashvin—a rake, a gambler, a man not merely without principles but with immoral ones—this Yashvin was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment. Vronsky admired him for his extraordinary physical strength, displayed for the most part in his ability to drink oceans of wine and go without sleep and yet retain all his faculties; and for his great moral strength, displayed in his relations with comrades and superior officers alike, all of whom he made fear and respect him, and in his gambling, which he did on a scale of tens of thousands, playing so boldly and adroitly, regardless of how much he had drunk, that he had won the reputation of being the best player at the English club. But most of all Vronsky was devoted to him because he felt that Yashvin liked him for his own

sake and not for his name and money. Yashvin was the only one of all his acquaintances whom he wished to tell about his love. He felt that Yashvin alone, despite his apparent contempt for sentiment, could understand the great passion that now absorbed his entire being. Moreover he was convinced that Yashvin did not revel in it as gossip and scandal but understood his feelings as they ought to be understood, that is, he knew and believed that his love was not just a whim or passing fancy, but something serious and important.

Vronsky did not speak to him of his love, but he was aware that he knew all about it and that he understood it correctly and it pleased Vronsky to read this in his friend's eyes.

"Ah, yes," murmured Yashvin in response to Vronsky's saying he had been at Princess Betsy's, and with a flash of his black eyes he took hold of the left side of his moustache and put it in his mouth, as he had the bad habit of doing.

"And what did you do last night? Win?" asked Vronsky.

"Eight thousand. But three of them don't count. I don't expect ever to see them."

"Well then, no harm done if you lose on me today," laughed Vronsky (Yashvin had made a large bet on Vronsky).

"I have no intention of losing. Your only rival is Makhotin."

Conversation turned to the expectations of the day's steeplechase, which was the only thing Vronsky could think of now.

"Come along, I've finished," said Vronsky, getting up and going towards the door. Yashvin also got up, unfolding his long legs and trunk.

"It's too early for me to dine but I should like a drink. I'll be with you in a minute. Waiter, some wine!" he called out in the deep voice for which he was famous in the regiment and which fairly make the windows rattle. "No, don't bother," he called out again; then, to Vronsky: "If you're going home I shall go with you."

He and Vronsky went out.

20

Vronsky was quartered in a large clean peasant house with a partition down the middle. Petritsky lived with him in camp too. Petritsky was sleeping when Vronsky and Yashvin came in.

"Get up, you've had enough sleep," said Yashvin, going to the other side of the partition and shaking the disheveled Petritsky, who was lying with his nose buried in the pillow.

Petritsky leaped to his knees and looked about him. "Your brother was here," he said to Vronsky. "Woke me up, damn him. Said he would come back." Once more he pulled up the blanket and threw himself back on the pillow. "Oh, stop it, Yashvin," he said irritably to Yashvin, who kept tugging at the blanket. "Stop it!" He turned over and opened his eyes. "You'd do better to tell me what I can drink to kill this foul taste in my mouth."

"Vodka's the best thing," roared Yashvin. "Tereshchenko! Bring your master some vodka and cucumbers," he called out, evidently enjoying the sound of his powerful voice.

"Vodka, you say? Eh?" asked Petritsky, screwing up his face and rubbing his eyes. "Will you have some too? Good, we'll all have a drink together. You too, Vronsky?" asked Petritsky, getting up and wrapping the blanket round him.

He stood in the door of the partition, raised his arms and began singing in French, " 'The mighty King of Thu-u-u-le...' Vronsky, will you have a drink too?"

"Be off with you!" said Vronsky, putting on the coat his valet had brought him.

"Where are you going?" Yashvin asked him. "Look, here comes a troika," he added, catching sight of a carriage-and-three approaching the hut.

"I'm going to the stables and then I have to go and see Bryansky about the horses," said Vronsky.

Vronsky really had promised to take money to Bryansky, who lived some ten versts from Peterhof; he hoped to have time to do it now. But his friends understood it was not only to Bryansky he was going. Petritsky winked

and pursed his lips without breaking off his song, as much as to say, "We know that Bryansky of yours!"

"See that you're not late," was the only remark Yashvin made; then, to change the subject: "How is my roan doing?" he asked, looking out of the window at the shaft horse, which he had sold Vronsky.

"Wait!" shouted Petritsky to Vronsky who was going out. "Your brother left a letter and a note. Now where could they be?"

Vronsky turned.

"Well, where are they?"

"Where are they?—that is the question!" said Petritsky solemnly, shaking a finger at him.

"Come, stop clowning," said Vronsky with a smile.

"I didn't light a fire... They must be here somewhere."

"Come, come, old boy! Where's the letter?"

"Honestly I've forgotten. Or was it just a dream? Wait, wait... No sense in getting angry, now! If you'd drunk four bottles as I did last night you'd forget your own name. Wait, I'll remember."

Petritsky went behind the partition and lay down on his bed.

"I lay here, he stood there. Ah, yes. Yes, yes! *Presto!* Here you are!" and he pulled the letter out from under the mattress where he had hidden it.

Vronsky took the letter and the note from his brother. It was just what he had expected—the letter from his mother reproached him for not coming to see her and the note from his brother said he wished to speak to him. Vronsky knew it was all about the same thing. What business is it of theirs? he thought and, folding the letter, he slipped it between the buttons of his coat so as to read it more attentively on the road. As he was going out he met two officers, one of them from their regiment, the other from a different one.

Vronsky's quarters served as a gathering-place for all the officers.

"Where are you going?"

"To Peterhof. Business."

"Has your horse come from Tsar-

"Yes, but I haven't seen it yet."

"They say Makhotin's Gladiator has gone lame."

"Nonsense. But how on earth are you going to race in this mud?" said the other officer.

"Look, the cure for my hangover!" Petritsky cried to the newcomers; in front of him stood his orderly with vodka and cucumbers on a tray. "Yashvin says I must drink to get sober."

"You certainly let us have it last night!" said one of he newcomers. "Not a wink of sleep did we get."

"Didn't we end up with a flourish, just!" said Petritsy. "Volkov up there on the roof complaining he was n the dumps. Me calling for music—a funeral march! That's how he fell asleep—up on the roof to the strains f a funeral march!"

"Here, drink up! A glass of vodka for sure and then eltzer water and a lot of lemon," said Yashvin, standng over Petritsky like a mother making her child take nedicine. "After that a little champagne—no more than ne bottle."

"That's what I call good advice. Wait, Vronsky, you ave a drink, too."

"No, goodbye, gentlemen. I'm not drinking today."

"Think it'll make you put on weight? Very well, we'll rink without you. Bring on the seltzer water and mons."

"Vronsky!" somebody called out when he reached the ntrance.

"What?"

"You'd better have your hair cut, it weighs a ton, escially on your bald top."

Vronsky's hair really was thinning prematurely. He ughed gaily, showing his even teeth, pulled his cap over s bald spot, went out and got into the carriage.

"To the stables," he said, and was about to take out e letter to re-read but thought better of it, not wanting distract his mind until he had examined his horse. ater."

21

The temporary stable, a mere wooden shed, was situated near the race-course, and his mare was to have been brought there on the previous day. He had not yet seen her. For the last few days he himself had not exercised her but had left this to the trainer and at the moment he had no idea of the state of his horse on delivery and now. Scarcely had he got out of his carriage when his groom, recognizing the carriage, called the trainer. A lean Englishman in high boots and a short vest, with a tuft of beard growing under his chin, came to meet him with a jockey's awkward rolling gait, elbows extended.

"Well, how is Frou-Frou?" asked Vronsky in English.

"All right, sir," replied the Englishman in a voice that seemed to remain inside of him. "Better not go in to her," he added, raising his cap. "I've put a muzzle on her and she's edgy. Better not go in, you'll only excite her."

"Oh, I shall go in all right. I want to see her."

"Then come along," said the Englishman with a frown, again sieving his words through his teeth, and he led the way with his rolling gait, working his elbows.

They entered the yard in front of the stable. The stable-boy on duty, a pert lad, all dressed up in a bright jacket and with a broom in his hands, met them and went with them. Five horses occupied the stalls in the stable and Vronsky knew that his only serious rival, Makhotin's tall chestnut Gladiator, was one of them. He wanted to see Gladiator even more than his own horse, never having set eyes on him, but he knew that racing etiquette not only forbade his going to look at the horse but even asking about him. As he was going down the passage the stable-boy opened the door of the second stall on the left and Vronsky caught sight of a big chestnut horse with white socks. He knew it was Gladiator, and, like a person avoiding looking at an open letter addressed to someone else, he turned his head and went to Frou-Frou's stall.

"That's the horse of Ma-k... Ma-k... can't never say that name," the Englishman threw over his shoulder, pointing with a big black-nailed thumb at Gladiator's stall.

"Makhotin? Yes, he's my only serious rival," said Vronsky.

"If you rode him," said the Englishman, "I'd bet on you."

"Frou-Frou's more nervous, Gladiator more powerful," said Vronsky, the compliment to his riding bringing a smile to his lips.

"In a steeplechase everything depends on the riding and on pluck," said the Englishman.

Vronsky felt that his pluck—that is, his energy and courage—was not only sufficient for the occasion but, more important still, that nobody in the world could possibly have more pluck than he had.

"Are you sure I don't need any more sweating *down?*"

"No, you don't," replied the Englishman. "Please speak in a low voice. The horse is excited," he said, nodding at the locked stall in front of which they were standing and from which came the sound of the stamping of hoofs in straw.

He opened the door and Vronsky went into a dim stall lighted by only one small window. A muzzled bay horse was standing and shifting her feet in the straw. As he peered into the half-light, Vronsky took in at a glance all the beauty of his beloved horse. Frou-Frou was a horse of middle height and not perfect in all points. She was small-boned; her chest was narrow although it curved bravely out in front. Her haunches drooped a bit and her legs, especially the hind ones, were considerably bowed. The muscles of neither fore nor hind legs were very massive; but she was exraordinarily broad in the shoulders, a detail particularly striking now that she was in good form, with a lean belly. Seen from in front, her shank-bones looked no thicker than a finger, but seen from the side they were exceptionally broad. All of her but her chest appeared to be pressed in from the sides and drawn out in length. But with all her faults she possessed in the highest degree a quality that made one forget everything else—this quality was *blood,* the blood that *tells,* as the English say. The sharply protruding muscles under a network of veins spreading under thin, mobile, satin-smooth skin, looked as hard as bone. Her

finely-chiseled head with its bright, cheerful, bulging eyes, expanded at the tip of her muzzle to flaring nostrils showing the cartilage inside surcharged with blood. Her entire form, her head in particular, was definite, energetic, and at the same time delicate and tender. She was one of those animals who, it would seem, do not speak only because the construction of their mouths does not admit of it.

Vronsky, at any rate, fancied that she understood everything he felt as he looked at her.

When Vronsky entered she drew a deep breath and, rolling a round eye until the white became blood-shot, gazed at him from the opposite side of the stall, shaking her muzzle and lightly shifting from foot to foot.

"Just see how excited she is," said the Englishman.

"There now, darling! There, there!" said Vronsky, going up to her and talking soothingly.

But the closer he drew the greater became her excitement; only when he stood at her head did she suddenly relax, her muscles quivering under her thin delicate hide. Vronsky stroked her strong neck, replaced a strand of mane that had been tossed to the other side of her sharp crest and thrust his face close to her flaring nostrils, transparent as a bat's wing. Loudly she drew her breath in and out through dilated nostrils, shuddered, flattened her sharp ears and stretched firm black lips towards Vronsky as if to catch him by the sleeve, but, remembering the muzzle, shook it and took to shifting her slender legs again.

"Quiet, darling, quiet," he said, stroking her a little on the hind quarters; then, happy in the knowledge that his horse was in excellent form, he left the stall.

The horse's excitement was transmitted to Vronsky; he felt his heart pounding and, like the horse, he wanted to move, to bite; there was something fearful and joyful in his mood.

"Well then, I'm counting on you," he said to the Englishman. "On the sport at half-past six."

"Everything is ready," said the Englishman. "And where might you be going, m'lord?" he asked, unexpectedly, addressing him

Vronsky raised his head in astonishment and looked at him as only he could look, not into the Englishman's eyes but at his forehead, astonished by the impertinence of the question. But when he realized that in asking it the Englishman had looked upon him not as his master but as a jockey, he replied:

"I must go and see Bryansky, I shall be home in an hour."

How many times have I been asked that question today! he said to himself, and he blushed, which was most unusual for him. The Englishman studied him for a moment as if he knew where Vronsky was going.

"The main thing's to keep calm and collected before a race," he said. "Keep in a good temper, don't let nothing upset you."

"Very well," *replied Vronsky with a smile, then he* sprang into the carriage and ordered the driver to take him to Peterhof.

Scarcely had they gone a few paces when the clouds that had been threatening rain all morning swooped down and discharged a downpour.

That's bad, thought Vronsky, putting up the roof of the carriage. It was muddy before, it will be a very bog now. Alone in the covered carriage he pulled out his mother's letter and his brother's note and re-read them.

Yes, all about the same thing. All of them—his mother, his brother—all of them made it their business to interfere in the affairs of his heart. This interference infuriated him and he was a man who was rarely infuriated. What business is it of theirs? Why should all and sundry think it their duty to look after me? Why do they pester me? They do it because they see in this something beyond their understanding. If this were an ordinary vulgar society affair they would leave me in peace. They sense that this is something different, not a mere pastime, that this woman is dearer to me than life itself. And they cannot understand it and are annoyed by it. Whatever our fate, we ourselves are responsible for it and we are not complaining, he said, and in using the word "we" he was uniting himself with Anna. But no, they must teach us how to live. They haven't the faintest idea what happiness is, they cannot understand that without our love

there can be neither happiness nor unhappiness for us—there can be no life at all, he said to himself.

He was angry with them for interfering precisely because he felt in his heart of hearts that they were right —all of them. He felt that the love binding him to Anna was not a momentary attachment that would pass, as such attachments pass in society, leaving no trace but a pleasant or unpleasant memory. He was aware of all the torment of his and of her position, the terrible difficulty, exposed as they were to society's gaze, of hiding their love, of lying and deceiving; and of lying and deceiving, resorting to stratagems and constantly thinking of others at a time when the intensity of their passion made it impossible for either of them to think of anything but their love.

Vividly he recalled those ever recurring situations when he was forced to resort to the lies and deceptions so alien to his nature; even more vividly he recalled the occasions on which he had noticed the shame she felt when she was forced to resort to lies and deception. And there came over him an odd sensation that sometimes visited him now that he was bound to Anna. It was a sensation of loathing directed towards he knew not what: Karenin? Himself? Society? He could not have said. He always drove the sensation away. And now he shook it off and pursued his train of thought:

Formerly she was unhappy but proud and calm; now she cannot feel calm and self-respecting even though she does not show it. Yes, an end must be put to it, he said to himself resolutely.

For the first time he saw clearly that an end must be put to the lie they were living, and the sooner the better. "She and I must leave everything and go away, alone with our love," he said to himself.

22

The downpour did not last long, and by the time he approached his destination, his shaft horse going at full

the clouds, the roofs of the houses and the old lime trees in the gardens on either side of the main street were gleaming wet, water was dripping merrily off boughs and streaming off cornices. No longer was he thinking of the damage this rain would do the race-course; he was glad that, thanks to the rain, he would find her home, and perchance alone, since he knew that Karenin, who had recently returned from a foreign spa, had not yet moved from Petersburg to the country.

Hoping to find her alone, Vronsky alighted before crossing the little bridge and went to the house on foot, as he always did so as not to attract attention. He did not enter the house by the street door but went round through the yard.

"Is the master home?" he asked the gardener.

"No, sir. But the mistress be. Go in by the front door, sir, there's servants there to let you in," replied the gardener.

"No, I shall go through the garden."

Assured now that she was alone, and wishing to take her by surprise, for he had not promised to come and she could hardly have expected him on the day of the races, he approached stealthily, holding his sword tight against his leg and stepping carefully on the sand of the paths bordered by flowers, until he came to a veranda overlooking the garden. Gone now was all thought of the dangers and hardships of their position that had occupied his mind on the way. One thought only occupied him now: that he was about to see her not in his mind's eye but in life, all of her, as she was in reality. As he mounted the veranda, placing his feet flatly on the low steps to keep them from creaking, he suddenly remembered that which he always forgot, that which was the most distressing factor of their relations: her son, with his questioning and, as Vronsky fancied, hostile gaze.

More often than anyone else did this child come between them. When he was present Vronsky and Anna not only refrained from saying anything that could not be repeated in front of others, but they did not even allow themselves to hint at anything beyond the child's comprehension. This had come about of itself rather than

by mutual agreement. They would have considered deceiving him an injury to themselves. In his presence they behaved as mere acquaintances. But despite their caution, Vronsky often found Sergei staring at him intensely and in perplexity, and he noted a strange shyness and instability in his attitude—now affectionate, now cold and withdrawn. It was as if he felt there was some important relationship between this man and his mother that was beyond his ken.

And the boy did indeed feel that he could not understand their relationship, and, try as he might, he could not discover what his feeling for this man ought to be. With the sensitivity of a child to manifestations of feeling, he plainly saw that his father, his governess and his nurse—all of them not only disliked Vronsky but looked upon him with fear and aversion, though they never spoke of him; and that his mother looked upon him as her best friend.

What does it mean? Who is he? How am I to love him? If I do not understand, it must be my fault, I must be a stupid or a naughty boy, he thought; and this was why he often fixed upon Vronsky his inquiring and somewhat hostile gaze, and this explained his shyness and the instability of his attitude, which caused Vronsky such embarrassment. The child's presence always and invariably aroused in Vronsky that odd feeling of uncalled-for loathing which he so often experienced of late. The child's presence aroused in both Vronsky and Anna a feeling similar to that of a sea captain who sees from the compass that the course he is pursuing at great speed deviates widely from the charted course, but who is incapable of correcting it; every minute carries him further off the charted course but he dares not admit it, for to admit the deviation is tantamount to admitting inevitable destruction.

This child, with his innocent view of life, was the compass indicating to them the degree of their deviation from that which they knew but did not wish to know.

Today Sergei was not at home; Anna was alone on the veranda waiting for her son, who had gone for a walk and been caught in the rain. She had sent a maid and a footman to look for him and was waiting for them to re-

turn. In a loose white gown, bordered with embroidery, she was sitting among the flowers in a corner of the veranda and did not hear Vronsky approach. Her head with its mass of curly black hair was bent over a watering-pot standing on the railing, and she was holding the cool pot to her forehead with both her lovely hands adorned with the rings he knew so well. The beauty of her entire figure, her head, her throat, her hands, struck Vronsky with new force every time he saw them. He stopped and gazed at her in rapture. Just when he was about to take a step towards her she sensed his presence, pushed the pot away and turned a flushed face to him.

"What is it? Are you unwell?" he asked in French, going over to her. He would have run to her had he not been stayed by the fear of being seen, which made him glance furtively at the door and blush, as he always blushed when he remembered he must be cautious and furtive.

"No, I am all right," she said, getting up and pressing his extended hand tightly. "But I was not expecting—you."

"Good God, how cold your hands are!" he said.

"You frightened me," she said. "I am alone and waiting for Sergei; he went for a walk and they will come back from that direction."

Despite her efforts to be calm, her lips were quivering.

"Forgive me for coming but I could not go through the day without seeing you," he went on in French, the language he aways used with her so as to avoid addressing her in Russian as *you*, which was impossibly cold and formal, or as *thou*, which was dangerously intimate.

"What is there to forgive? I'm so glad!"

"But I can see you are either unwell or distressed," he went on, still holding her hands and bending over her. "What were you thinking about?"

"One and the same thing," she said with a smile.

She spoke the truth. At whatever time, at whatever moment she might be asked what she was thinking about, the answer would unfailingly be: one and the same thing, of my happiness and my unhappiness. At the moment of his coming, this is what she had been

thinking: she had been wondering why for others, for Betsy, say—she knew of Betsy's secret liaison with Tushkevich—all this was easy, and for her it was torture? There were special reasons why this thought should torment her now. She asked him about the races. He replied and, seeing that she was perturbed, tried to distract her by recounting in the most matter-of-fact tone all the details of preparation for the steeplechase.

Shall I tell him or not? she thought, looking into his calm and tender eyes. He is so happy, so taken up by his races, he will not understand all the significance of it for us.

"But you haven't told me what you were thinking about when I came," he said, breaking off his account. "Do tell me. Please."

Without replying she bent her head slightly and looked at him searchingly from under her brows with shining eyes fringed by long lashes. The hand with which she was playing with a plucked leaf was trembling. He saw it and his face wore that expression of submission and slavish devotion which won her heart.

"I see that something has happened. Can I enjoy a moment's peace knowing that something is troubling you that I do not share? For God's sake tell me," he implored her.

Ah, but I shall never forgive him if he does not understand all the significance of it. Better not tell him, why tempt fate? she thought, still looking at him and aware that the hand holding the leaf was trembling more and more.

"For God's sake!" he repeated, taking her hand.

"You really want me to tell you?"

"Yes, yes, oh yes!"

"I am with child," she said softly and slowly.

The leaf was shaking even more but she kept her eyes on his so as to see how he would receive the news. He paled, was about to say something but checked himself, let go of her hand and dropped his head. Yes, he understands the full significance, she thought, and pressed his hand gratefully.

But she was mistaken in thinking he understood the significance of the news as she, a woman, understood it.

On hearing it he was seized by a fit of that strange loathing for something or somebody to which he was subject, feeling it this time a thousand times stronger than ever before; at the same time he realized that the crisis which he had so desired had now come, that they could no longer hide their relationship from her husband and must put an end to their unnatural position as quickly as possible. Her physical agitation was communicated to him. He turned on her a worshipping, submissive gaze, kissed her hand, got up and silently walked about the veranda.

"Yes," he said, coming up to her resolutely, "neither you nor I have taken our relationship lightly, and now our fate is sealed. We must," he said glancing round, "put an end to the lie we are living."

"Put an end to it? How put an end to it, Alexei?" she asked softly. She was composed now and her face lighted up with a tender smile.

"You must leave your husband and we must join our lives."

"They are joined as it is," she replied in a scarcely audible voice.

"Yes, but completely, completely."

"But how, Alexei? Teach me how," she said, in a tone of woeful mockery for the hopelessness of her situation. "Is there any way out of our position? Am I not my husband's wife?"

"There is a way out of any position. We must show determination," he said. "Anything is better than the situation in which you are now. I can see that everything is a torment to you—society, your son, your husband."

"Only not my husband," she said with outright scorn. "I do not know, I do not think of him. He does not exist."

"You are not speaking sincerely. I know you. You are tormented by thoughts of him too."

"He doesn't know yet," she said, and suddenly she blushed fiercely—her face, cheeks, forehead and throat were crimson and tears of shame sprang to her eyes. "Let us not speak of him."

23

Several times before Vronsky had tried, if not as resolutely as this time, to lead her to a discussion of her position, and every time he had come up against the same superficial and light-minded attitude with which she now met his challenge. It was as if there were something she could not or would not make clear to herself, as if every time she began to speak about her position, she, the real Anna, withdrew into herself and another Anna, strange and alien, appeared whom he feared rather than loved, and who repulsed him. But on this occasion he was determined to have it out.

"Whether he knows it or not," said Vronsky in his characteristic calm and firm tone, "whether he knows it or not is not our concern. We cannot—*you* cannot remain in your present position, especially now."

"And what is to be done, in your opinion?" she asked with the same light mockery. She, who had been so afraid he would treat lightly her being with child, was now vexed that he should find in this a reason for taking a radical step.

"You must tell him everything and leave him."

"Very well; let us say I do just that," she said. "Do you know what will happen? I can tell you beforehand," and a malicious light flared in the eyes that had been so tender a moment before. " 'Ah, so you love another and have entered into a sinful relationship with him?' " In mimicking her husband she stressed the word *sinful* in exactly the same way Karenin had done. " 'I warned you of the consequences with respect to religion, the law, and the family. You did not listen to me. Now I cannot allow my name to be sullied...' " Anna almost said "...and the name of my son", but she could not speak of her son in jest. "...and so on in the same vein," she added. "In a word, he will declare in his official manner and with utter clarity and precision, that he cannot release me and will take every measure at his command to prevent a public scandal. And he will do exactly what he says, and do it calmly and punctiliously. That is what will happen. He is not a man but a machine, and a vicious machine when it is angry," she added, seeing Karenin in her mind's

eye, every feature of his appearance, his character and his manner of speaking, and holding him guilty for everything she found bad in him and refusing to forgive him for the terrible guilt she herself was guilty of.

"But Anna," said Vronsky in a soft persuasive voice, trying to pacify her, "it still is necessary to tell him; after that we can decide what we are to do, depending on the measures he takes."

"What, run away?"

"Why not? I see no possibility of going on as we are —and not for my own sake. I see how you are suffering."

"Ah, we shall run away, and I shall become your mistress?" she said angrily.

"Anna!" he murmured with gentle reproach.

"Yes," she went on, "I shall become your mistress and all will be lost."

Once more she was on the verge of saying: my son, but she could not bring herself to utter the word.

Vronsky could not understand how she, with her strength and integrity of character, could endure the false position she was in and not want to get out of it; he did not perceive that the main reason was the word *son*, which she could not bring herself to utter. Whenever she thought of her son and the attitude he would adopt later towards a mother who had abandoned his father, she became so frightened by what she had done that she was incapable of thinking logically and, woman that she was, tried to soothe herself with false words and excuses so as to leave matters as they were and evade that terrible question, *what will become of my son?*

"I beg you, I implore you," she said suddenly in a voice now gentle and sincere, taking his hand, "never speak to me of this."

"But, Anna—"

"Never. Leave everything to me. I am aware of all the horror, all the degradation of my position; but what you suggest is not so easy as you think. Leave everything to me and listen to me. And never speak to me of this. Do you promise?.. No, no, promise!"

"I will promise anything, but I cannot be at peace, especially after what you have just told me. I cannot be at peace when you are not at peace."

"I?" she said. "Yes, I am uneasy at times; but that will pass if you never speak of it to me. I am uneasy only when you speak of it to me."

"I don't understand—" he said.

"I know how difficult it is for one with your honest disposition to lie," she interrupted, "and I pity you. I often think of how you have ruined your life for my sake."

"I was just asking myself," he said, "how you could have sacrificed everything for my sake. I cannot forgive myself for making you miserable."

"Me miserable?" she said, coming close to him and gazing into his eyes with a rapturous smile of love. "I am like a starving creature who has been given food. The creature may be cold and in tatters, and he may be ashamed, but he is not miserable. I miserable? Oh, no; here is my happiness..."

She heard the voice of her son approaching and got up impulsively, throwing a quick glance round the veranda. The light he knew so well flashed in her eyes and in one swift movement she lifted her beautiful hands covered with rings, took his head in them, gazed at him lingeringly, then moved her face with open smiling lips close to his and quickly kissed him on the lips and on both eyes and pushed him away. She turned to go, but he held her.

"When?" he whispered, gazing at her in ecstasy.

"Tonight at one," she whispered back and, drawing a deep sigh, went to meet her son with her light, quick step.

The rain had found Sergei in the big garden and he and his nurse had taken shelter in a summer-house.

"Well, goodbye," she said to Vronsky. "I shall be leaving for the races soon. Betsy promised to come for me."

Vronsky glanced at his watch and hurried away.

24

When Vronsky glanced at his watch on the Karenins' veranda, he was so perturbed and engrossed in his thoughts that he saw the hands on the face of the watch but did

not understand what time they pointed to. He went out to the road and, making his way carefully through the mud, reached his carriage. So brimming over with emotion was he that he could not think of the hour, nor of whether he had time to call on Bryansky or not. There was left to him, as so often happens, only the superficial layer of his memory, telling him what action was to follow the last. He went up to the coachman, who was drowsing on the box in the shadow (already a long shadow) of a spreading lime tree, admired the twinkling columns of gnats above the sweating horses, roused the coachman, leaped inside and gave orders to drive to Bryansky's. Only when they had gone some five miles did he sufficiently recover his faculties to look at his watch and realize it was half past five and he was late.

Several races were to be held that day: the Mounted Guards' race, followed by the two-verst and four-verst officers' races and the steeplechase in which Vronsky was to take part. If he went to Bryansky's he could still be in time for the steeplechase, but only just so, and he would arrive when the entire court had gathered. That was too bad. But he had given Bryansky his word to come and so he decided to continue on his way, ordering the coachman not to spare the horses.

He reached Bryansky's, spent five minutes there and galloped back. The swift ride composed him. Whatever had troubled him in his relations with Anna and the uncertainty of their position after their talk—all of this left his mind; now he only thought with eager excitement of the coming race, and of his not being late for it after all; occasionally the joyous anticipation of his appointment with Anna that night flashed through his mind.

The closer they drew to the race-course, passing carriage after carriage coming from country-houses and St. Petersburg, the keener grew his anticipation of the event.

He found nobody at his quarters, they were all at the races, and his valet was out at the gate waiting for him. While he was dressing, his valet told him that the second race had already begun, that a number of gentlemen had come asking for him and that the stable-boy had come twice.

He dressed unhurriedly (he never hurried and never lost self-control) and ordered the coachman to take him to the stables. From the stables he caught a view of the sea of carriages, soldiers and strollers surrounding the race-course and the crowds filling the pavilions. Evidently the second race was under way for he heard the bell when he entered the stable. On approaching it he had met Makhotin's white-socked Gladiator, who was being led to the race-course in a blue-and-orange horse-cloth, his blue-edged ears looking enormous.

"Where's Cord?" he asked the groom.

"Inside, saddling."

The stall was open and Frou-Frou was already saddled when he got there. She was about to be led out.

"I'm not late?"

"All right! All right!" said the Englishman. "Everything is fine. The main thing's to keep calm."

Vronsky took a last look at the beautiful Frou-Frou his favourite style of horse, now quivering in all her parts. Hardly able to take his eyes off her, he left the stable. He reached the pavilion at a moment when he could slip inside unnoticed: the two-verst race was just coming to an end and all eyes were glued to the Horse Guard in the lead and the Hussar behind him, who were driving their horses to the utmost as they approached the finishing post. All the watchers were straining towards the post from the centre and outer edge of the circle, while a group of Horse Guards shouted their delight that their man was winning. Vronsky entered the crowd unperceived just as the bell rang to announce the end of the race and the tall, mud-splashed Horse Guard who had come in first relaxed in the saddle and loosened the reins on his grey, sweat-stained, panting mount.

The stallion, bracing its legs with difficulty, diminished the speed of its great body and its rider looked round and forced a smile like one just waking up. His friends and others flocked round him.

Vronsky deliberately avoided the select group of highest society who were walking and conversing with ease and reserve in front of the pavilions. He found out that Anna was among them, as was Betsy and his sister-in-law, and he purposely did not join them for fear of dis-

tracting his attention. But he was constantly encountering acquaintances who stopped to tell him the details of the preceding races and ask him why he was late.

Those who had taken part in the last race were called to the pavilion for the distribution of prizes, and at this moment, when all the people streamed there to witness the event, Vronsky was joined by his elder brother Alexander, a colonel wearing fancy shoulder-knots, a man of medium size and sturdy build like Vronsky but with better features, florid, with a red nose and an open, drink-flushed face.

"Did you get my note?" he asked. "You are never to be found."

Alexander Vronsky, notwithstanding his inclination to debauchery and particularly to heavy drinking, for which he was notorious, was a proper courtier.

And so now, as he spoke to his brother of unpleasant matters, he smiled and assumed the manner of one jesting over some trifle, aware that the eyes of many might be turned to them.

"I did get it, and to tell the truth I cannot understand why *you* should be concerned," said Alexei Vronsky.

"I am concerned because I was just told that you were not here and that on Monday you were seen in Peterhof."

"There are matters that are to be discussed only by those who are directly involved in them, and the matter of which you speak is just such a one."

"Ah, but in that case one does not serve in the military, one—"

"I beg you not to intrude, that is all." Vronsky's scowling face turned white and his prominent lower jaw began to quiver, a thing that rarely occurred. A kind-hearted man by nature, he did not often get angry, but when he did and when his chin began to quiver, then, as his brother well knew, he was dangerous. Alexander smiled cheerfully.

"I only wanted to give you mother's letter. Answer it and don't get upset before the race. *Bonne chance*," he said smiling, and went away.

Scarcely had he gone when Vronsky was stopped by another friendly greeting.

"So you don't want to recognize your friends! How

d'ye do, *mon cher!*" said Oblonsky, his ruddy face and sleek, well-brushed whiskers showing to as good advantage among this brilliant Petersburg society as in Moscow. "I got here yesterday and very glad I am to be able to witness your triumph. When shall I see you?"

"Come to my quarters tomorrow," said Vronsky. With an apology and a warm squeeze of his friend's arm, he went to the middle of the course where the horses for the steeplechase already assembled.

The steaming, exhausted horses that had just run were being led away by their grooms; one by one appeared fresh new horses, most of them English breeds, suggesting, in their hoods and with their tight bellies, fantastic enormous birds. Off to the right his groom was exercising the lovely Frou-Frou, whose long pasterns gave her step the resilience of springs. Not far away from her they were taking the horse-cloth off the long-eared Gladiator. Vronsky found himself gazing involuntarily at this big handsome horse, perfect in form, with splendid haunches and with pasterns so exceptionally short that they were scarcely to be seen above the hoofs. He wanted to go to his own horse but again he was stopped by an acquaintance and had to exchange a few words.

"Ah, there's Karenin," said the acquaintance. "He's looking for his wife and she's inside the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," said Vronsky and without so much as glancing at the pavilion where his acquaintance had said Anna was, he went to his horse.

Before he had time to inspect the saddling, as to which he had some instructions to give, the riders were summoned to the pavilion where they were to draw numbers and be sent to their places. Seventeen officers with long solemn faces, many of them pale, gathered in the pavilion and drew their numbers. Vronsky's was seven. The command was given: "Mount!"

Aware that he and other riders were the focus of all eyes, Vronsky went to his horse in a state of tenseness that always made him move slowly and deliberately. Cord had dressed himself up for the occasion: he had on a round black hat, top-boots, a black coat buttoned up, and a stiffly starched white collar that pushed up his cheeks. As al-

ways, he displayed an air of serene importance as he stood in front of the horse, holding her by both reins. Frou-Frou was still trembling as with the ague. She rolled an eye full of fire at Vronsky when he came up. Vronsky thrust a finger under the saddle-girth. The horse rolled her eyes the more, bared her teeth and flattened an ear. The Englishman pursed his lips in what was meant to be a smile at Vronsky's having verified his saddling.

"Mount her, you'll feel less nervous."

Vronsky took a last look at his rivals. He knew he would not see them when the race was on. Two of them had already set out for the starting-point. Galtsin, his friend and one of his more formidable rivals, was dancing round his bay mount, who would not let him get into the saddle. A little Hussar of the Life Guards in tight riding-breeches went galloping past crouched like a cat on his horse's croup in imitation of English jockeys. Prince Kuzovlev was sitting white-faced on his pedigreed mare from the Grabov stud-farm, which an English groom was leading by the reins. Vronsky and all his friends knew Kuzovlev for his "weak" nerves and excessive vanity. They knew he was afraid of everything, afraid even to ride a spirited horse; and now, just because it was hazardous, just because men broke their necks and a doctor, a nurse and a hospital cart with a red cross on it were stationed at every obstacle, he had decided to enter the races. Their eyes met and Vronsky winked at him affectionately and approvingly. The only one Vronsky did not see was his main rival, Makhotin on Gladiator.

"Don't hurry," Cord admonished Vronsky. "And remember: don't hold her in at the obstacles and don't spur her on, let her go as she likes."

"Very well, very well," said Vronsky, taking the reins.

"Take the lead if you can; but if you fall behind, don't give up till the end."

The horse had not had time to take a step before Vronsky in one strong agile movement, slipped a foot into the ridged steel stirrup and swung his muscular body up into the creaking leather saddle. When his right foot was in the stirrup, he evened the reins in his fingers with a habitual gesture and Cord let go. As if uncertain on which foot to step out, Frou-Frou pulled on the reins by stretch-

ing her long neck, then set out as on springs, rocking the rider on her flexible back. Cord walked beside them with quickening steps. The excited horse tried to break free by pulling on the reins now from one side, now from the other, and Vronsky tried vainly to soothe her with voice and hand.

Soon they came to dammed-up stream that was near the starting-point. Many of the racers were ahead, many behind; suddenly Vronsky heard a horse galloping through the mud of the road behind him and the next moment Makhotin dashed past on his white-socked, long-eared Gladiator. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky shot him an angry look. He had never liked him and liked him less than ever now that he was his most formidable rival, and he was angry that he should have galloped past, inflaming his horse. Frou-Frou threw out her left foot for a gallop and made two leaps forward, but, pulled in by the reins, resentfully switched to a trot that bounced her rider in the saddle. Cord frowned as he followed them almost at a run.

25

Seventeen officers in all took part in the steeplechase. The course was a big three-mile elliptical ring in front of the pavilion. Nine obstacles had been set up along the course: a stream, a wall five feet high in front of the pavilion, a dry ditch, a ditch filled with water, a hill, an Irish barricade (perhaps the most difficult of the obstacles) consisting of a mound with brush-wood stuck into it to hide the ditch beyond, so that the horse had to take the mound and ditch in one leap or be killed; then there were two other ditches filled with water and one dry one. The steeplechase ended in front of the pavilion. It began, however, not at the ring but two hundred yards beyond it, and it was there that the first obstacle was met with—a stream seven feet wide which the riders could either jump or ford as they chose.

Three times the competitors lined up for the start and each time one horse set out too soon and the whole thing had to be repeated. Colonel Sestrin, an experienced um-

pire, was beginning to lose his temper when at last, on his fourth "Away!" the start was successful.

All eyes, all field glasses, were trained on the colourful group of riders as they lined up.

"They're off!" came from every side after moments of hushed anticipation.

Now singly and in small groups the spectators ran from place to place to get a better view. In the first moments the riders strung out and they could be seen approaching the stream one after another in twos and threes. It appeared to the onlookers that they had all set out at once, but for the riders there were seconds of difference that were of immense importance.

The excited and too nervous Frou-Frou missed the first moment and several horses got ahead of her, but even before they had taken the stream Vronsky, who was holding in the straining mare with all his force, easily overtook three rivals, so that the only horses ahead of him were Makhotin's chestnut Gladiator, whose hind quarters were working evenly and easily directly in front of Vronsky, and the lovely Diana carrying poor Kuzovlev, who was more dead than alive with fright.

In the first moments Vronsky had neither himself nor his horse under control. Until he reached the first obstacle, the stream, he could not guide his horse's movements.

Gladiator and Diana got to the stream at almost the same moment: in the wink of an eye they had risen into the air and were flying to the other side; imperceptibly, as if on wings, Frou-Frou soared after them, but at the very instant that Vronsky felt himself in the air he caught sight of Kuzovlev almost under Frou-Frou's feet, struggling on the ground with Diana on the other side of the stream. Kuzovlev had loosened the reins after the jump and he and the horse had gone head over heels. It was only later that Vronsky heard the explanation; the only thing he knew now was that they were directly underneath him and Frou-Frou might come down on Diana's head or leg. But, like a falling cat, Frou-Frou twisted her body so as to miss the horse and went on her way.

Oh, you darling! thought Vronsky.

After this Vronsky had complete control over the horse and held her in, intending to take the wall after Makho-

tin and try to overtake him on the five hundred yards of clear stretch before the next obstacle.

The wall stood in front of the Tsar's pavilion. The Tsar and the court as well as the crowd were all watching them—him and Makhotin, who was one length ahead—as they approached the Devil (as the wall was called). Vronsky felt the eyes fixed on him from all sides, but he saw nothing but the ears and neck of his horse, the earth flying towards him and the croup and white feet of Gladiator moving swiftly, rhythmically, in front of him and keeping the distance between them the same. Gladiator rose into the air without so much as touching the boards, and with a flash of his tail was gone from Vronsky's view.

"Bravo!" somebody shouted.

At almost the same instant the wall flashed past him, past Vronsky. Without the slightest change of movement the horse had taken the obstacle; the wall was behind him but he had heard a little knock: the mare, excited by Gladiator's proximity, had jumped too soon and had struck the wall with a hind hoof. But she did not diminish her pace and Vronsky, hit in the face by a clump of mud, realized that Gladiator was still just one length ahead. Again he could see the horse's croup, his docked tail, and those fast-moving white feet that could not lengthen the distance between them.

Just as Vronsky was thinking that now was the time to overtake Makhotin, Frou-Frou, to whom her master's thought was communicated, increased her speed considerably without the least urging and began to gain on Makhotin from the advantageous inner side. But Makhotin did not let her take the inner side. No sooner had Vronsky considered the possibility of overtaking Makhotin from the outer side than Frou-Frou shifted her direction and began overtaking him from precisely that side. Frou-Frou's shoulder, now dark with sweat, drew even with Gladiator's hind quarters. In this way they advanced a few paces. But just before getting to the next obstacle Vronsky, who did not want to take the big outer circle, used his reins and quickly, on the hill itself, forged ahead of Makhotin. He caught a glimpse of Makhotin's mud-spat-

sky passed Makhotin, but he was conscious of his being close behind him, he heard Gladiator's rhythmic hoof-beats and his snorting breath directly behind him.

The next two obstacles, a ditch and a fence, were easily taken, but Vronsky heard Gladiator's hoofs and snorts coming closer. He urged on his mare and was overjoyed to see how easily she picked up speed, so that the sound of Gladiator's hoof-beats receded.

Vronsky had taken the lead as he had hoped to do and as Cord had advised him to do, and now he was sure of his victory. His excitement, his joy, and his tenderness for Frou-Frou grew with every moment. He felt an impulse to look behind but he dared not do so, and he tried to calm himself and not urge the horse on but keep her reserves of strength equal to what he believed Gladiator had. The most difficult obstacle awaited him: if he took it ahead of the others he was sure to come in first. He was approaching the Irish barricade. He and Frou-Frou had seen it from a distance and both of them, he and the horse, suffered a moment's doubt. He noticed the indecision in the horse's ears and lifted his whip, but the next instant he realized his doubts had been unfounded: the horse knew what she must do. She strained forward and, with the balance and precision he had anticipated, pushed off the ground and surrendered herself to the force of inertia, which carried her far beyond the ditch; in the same rhythm, without any effort, Frou-Frou continued the race.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" were the cries that came from a knot of men—he knew they were friends from his regiment—standing beside the obstacle; he could not mistake Yashvin's voice but he did not see him.

"Oh, my beauty!" he said to Frou-Frou, as he listened for sounds coming from behind. He's over, he thought, hearing Gladiator's hoofs again. There remained only one more obstacle, a ditch with water in it, five feet wide. Vronsky did not so much as look at it; longing to come in a good distance ahead of everyone else, he began working the reins circularly, lifting and lowering the horse's head in rhythm to her hoofs. He felt that she was using up her last reserves of strength; not only were her neck and shoulders wet but drops of sweat stood out on her

head, her crest, and her sharp ears, and she was breathing quickly and superficially. But he knew her reserves were more than enough to carry her over the remaining five hundred yards. A peculiar smoothness of movement and a sense of being closer to the ground told him how much she had increased her speed. She flew over the ditch as if she had not even noticed it; she flew over it like a bird, but at that very instant Vronsky to his horror failed to coordinate his movements with those of the horse; for some incomprehensible reason he made a disastrous, unforgivable mistake by recovering his seat too soon. Everything changed in a second and he knew a terrible thing had happened. Before he could say what it was, the white hoofs of the chestnut stallion flashed under his very nose as Makhotin galloped past. Vronsky touched the ground with one foot and the horse fell on this foot. He had hardly freed his leg when she collapsed on her side. Snorting loudly and twisting her steaming neck in a vain struggle to regain her legs, she lay writhing on the ground like a shot bird. Vronsky's clumsy movement had broken her back. It was much later that he learned this; now he only saw that Makhotin was galloping away and he was standing, reeling, on the muddy unmoving earth and in front of him, breathing heavily, lay Frou-Frou with her head stretched toward him, looking at him with her beautiful eyes. Still ignorant of what had happened, Vronsky tugged at the reins to pull her up. Again she struggled like a fish, her saddle-wings flapping, and she managed to get up on her front legs but she could not lift her hind quarters and after another struggle sank back on her side. Vronsky, his face white and distorted with rage and his lower jaw quivering, kicked her in the belly with his heel and again tugged at the reins. But she did not move; with her muzzle pressed to the earth, she only turned an eloquent glance on her master.

"A-a-a!" groaned Vronsky, clutching his head. "A-a-a! What have I done!" he cried. "Lost the race! And all my own fault—shameful, inexcusable! And that poor lovely horse ruined! A-a-a! What have I done!"

A doctor and his assistant, officers from his regiment and a host of onlookers came running towards him. To his own chagrin he found himself whole and unharmed.

The horse's back was broken and she had to be shot. Vronsky was incapable of answering questions or of speaking at all. He turned without picking up the cap that had slipped off his head and walked away, unmindful of where he was going. He could not have felt more wretched. For the first time in his life he knew that a grievous misfortune had come to him, a misfortune that was irreparable and for which he himself was to blame.

Yashvin ran after him with his cap and saw him home, and in half an hour Vronsky was himself again. But the memory of that race remained for long the worst, the most painful memory of his life.

26

Outwardly Karenin's relations with his wife remained what they had always been. The only difference was that he was more busy now than ever before. As in previous years, he went to a foreign spa in the spring to restore the damage done to his health by the intense labours of the winter, and as usual he retuned in July and immediately took up his responsibilities with redoubled energy. And as usual his wife moved in summer to their *dacha* in the country and he remained in St. Petersburg.

Not once since that conversation following the evening spent at Princess Betsy's had he spoken to Anna of his suspicions and jealousy, and his favourite tone of supercilious mockery proved to be particularly suited to his present relations with his wife. He became somewhat cooler towards her. Perhaps he harboured the least resentment for her having repulsed him that night, but his attitude was tinged with vexation, nothing more. You did not wish to have things out with me, he seemed to say, addressing her in imagination. So much the worse for you. Now when *you* come to me to have things out *I* am the one who will refuse. So much the worse for you. He said this to himself as a person who, having vainly tried to put out a fire and having become angered by the vainness of his efforts, might say: "A fig for you! You shall burn for it!"

This man, who was so clever and subtle in public affairs, did not understand the foolishness of such an attitude. He did not understand it because he found the real situation too dreadful to face. Deep in his heart he shut, locked and sealed the box in which he kept his feeling for his family—that is, for his wife and son. He, an attentive father, became cold to his son by the end of the winter and adopted towards him the same bantering tone he used with his wife: "Ah, young man!" was the way he addressed him.

Karenin believed and declared that he had never before had so many matters to attend to; he refused to admit that he himself invented these matters, that they represented one of the means by which he prevented himself from opening the box wherein lay his feeling for his wife and family and his thoughts of them, which became the more terrifying the longer they lay locked up. If anyone had had the right to ask Karenin what he thought of his wife's behaviour he, the meek, mild Alexei Alexandrovich, would have made no reply, but would have been exceedingly angry with whoever had asked him this. That is why he always presented a proud and austere face when he was asked about his wife's health. Karenin did not wish to think of his wife's feelings and behaviour, and in fact he did not think of them.

Karenin always took the same *dacha* in Peterhof, and usually Countess Lydia Ivanovna lived there in the summer as their neighbour and was in constant communication with Anna. This year Countess Lydia Ivanovna did not live in Peterhof, did not pay a single call on Anna, and dropped hints to Karenin as to the impropriety of Anna's intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Karenin curtly put a stop to this, asserting that his wife was beyond suspicion. After that he avoided Countess Lydia Ivanovna. He did not see and did not want to see that many people of their set were looking askance at his wife; he did not understand and did not want to understand why that summer his wife insisted on moving from Peterhof to Tsarskoye Selo, which was where Betsy lived and not far away from the camp where Vronsky's regiment was stationed. He did not allow himself to think of this and he did not think of it; but at the same time in his heart

of hearts, even though he did not admit it to himself and had not the slightest proof of it, he knew without a doubt that he was a deceived husband and suffered greatly from the knowledge.

How many times during his eight years of happy life with his wife had Karenin said to himself, on contemplating unfaithful wives and deceived husbands: Why do they allow such a thing? Why do they not put an end to such a revolting situation? Now, however, when the curse had fallen on his own head, he not only refused to think of how an end could be put to the situation, he did not even wish to recognize the situation, and he did not wish to recognize it because it was too terrible, too unnatural.

Karenin had been to the *dacha* twice since he came back from abroad. Once he had dined there, the second time he had spent the evening entertaining friends. On neither occasion had he spent the night, as he had been wont to do in former years.

The day of the races was a very busy one for Karenin, but in the morning, on drawing up the day's schedule, he decided that after an early dinner he would go out to his wife on the *dacha* and from there directly to the races, which the entire court would attend and where he ought to show himself. He would call on his wife because he had resolved to visit her once a week for appearances' sake. Furthermore, it was his custom to give her money for expenses by the fifteenth of each month.

Accustomed to controlling his thoughts, he did not allow them to penetrate beyond the surface when they concerned his wife.

It was a very busy morning for Karenin. On the preceding evening Countess Lydia Ivanovna had sent him a booklet on China written by a celebrated traveller who was then in St. Petersburg, and along with the booklet she had sent a letter asking him to receive the traveller, who was for various reasons an interesting person as well as one who could be useful. Karenin had no time to read the entire booklet in the evening so he finished it in the morning. Then people with petitions began to arrive, after which there were reports, interviews, appointments, dismissals, distribution of awards, pensions, salaries, cor-

respondence—the "prosy round", as Karenin called it, that took up so much time. Then there were his personal affairs: a call by his doctor and another by his man of business. His man of business did not take up much time. He merely gave Karenin the money he required and briefly reported on the state of his affairs, which was not too happy a one: more money has been spent on travelling that year, leaving a deficit in his accounts. The doctor, however, an eminent Petersburg doctor who was a personal friend of Karenin's, took up a great deal of time. Karenin had not been expecting him and was surprised not only by his visit but even more so by his grave interrogation as to how he felt, by his listening to his chest and thumping and pinching his liver. Karenin did not know that his friend Countess Lydia Ivanovna, having remarked that Karenin's health was not of the best this year, had asked the doctor to examine him.

"Do it for my sake," the Countess had said.

"I shall do it for Russia's sake," the doctor had replied.

"Priceless man!" the Countess had said.

The doctor was much displeased with Karenin. He found that his liver was considerably enlarged and nutrition diminished and that the waters had exerted no beneficial effect whatsoever. He recommended as much physical exercise as possible and as little mental exertion as possible and, above all, no worrying at all, a thing that was as impossible for Karenin as to stop breathing. He left Karenin with the unpleasant sense that something was wrong and there was nothing he could do to right it.

As the doctor was going out he met Sludin, Karenin's man of business, on the porch. He knew him well for they had been at the university together, and though they rarely saw each other these days they held each other in esteem and were good friends. For that reason the doctor did not hesitate to tell Sludin his honest opinion of his patient.

"How glad I am you've examined him!" said Sludin. "He isn't looking well and it seems to me... But what do you find?"

"This is what," said the doctor, gestu[illegible] his coachman over Sludin's head to bring up [illegible] "This

is what," said the doctor, taking his kid gloves in his white hands and pulling out one of the fingers. "When a string is lax it will not break, but if you pull it as taut as possible and merely put the weight of a finger on it, it will snap. Well, with his diligence and conscientiousness, his nerves have become as taut as possible. And there is outside pressure being brought to bear on him besides, and great pressure," concluded the doctor with a meaningful lift of his brows. "Are you going to the races?" he dropped as he went down the steps. "Oh, yes, of couse ... can't be done in a day..." was his reply to something Sludin had said and he had not quite heard.

When the doctor left after taking up so much of Karenin's time, the celebrated traveller came, and Karenin, making good use of the booklet he had just perused as well as of his previous knowledge of the subject, astounded the traveller by the depth of his knowledge of the subject and the breadth of his enlightened views.

At the same time he announced the traveller, the footman announced the local Marshal of Nobility, who had come to St. Petersburg and was to be interviewed by Karenin. When the Marshal left, Karenin had to finish up the day's work with his man of business and then there still remained a visit to a certain high-placed personage on a matter of grave importance. Karenin barely reached home by five-o'clock, his dinner-hour. He dined with his man of business and invited him to go with him to the *dacha* and to the races.

Without acknowledging it to himself, Karenin now sought opportunities for having a third person present when he was with his wife.

27

Anna was upstairs, standing in front of a looking-glass and, with Annushka's help, fastening the last bows to her gown, when she heard the sound of wheels on gravel at the entrance.

Too early for Betsy, she thought. Glancing out of the window, she saw a carriage and her husband's black hat and too familiar ears getting out of it.

Oh, bother! Surely he doesn't mean to spend the night? she said to herself, and the prospect of what the consequences might be was so dreadful, so frightening, that without a moment's hesitation she put on a bright and cheerful face and went to meet him; conscious of being possessed by the spirit of falsehood and deception that had become almost second nature of late, she surrendered herself to it and began talking without knowing what she was saying.

"Why, how sweet of you!" she said, giving her husband her hand and smiling to Sludin, who was practically a member of the family. "I hope you intend staying the night?" were the first words the spirit of deception prompted her to say. "Now we shall all go together. But what a pity I promised Betsy! She'll be coming for me."

Karenin winced at the mention of Betsy.

"Oh, I should not dream of separating the inseparables," he said in his usual jesting tone. "Mikhail Vassilievich and I will go together. The doctor has ordered me to take walks. I will walk along the road and fancy I am still strolling at the spa."

"We need not hurry," said Anna. "Would you like tea?" She rang the bell.

"Please bring tea and tell Sergei that his father has come. Well, how are you feeling? Mikhail Vassilievich, this is the first time you've called on me here; come, see how pretty my veranda is," she said, turning now to one, now to the other.

She spoke simply and naturally, but too much and too fast. She herself was aware of this, especially when Mikhail Vassilievich shot her a searching glance that indicated he was studying her.

Mikhail Vassilievich went out to the veranda.

She sat down beside her husband.

"You aren't looking too well," she said.

"Yes, the doctor called today and took a whole hour of my time. It is my opinion that one of my friends sent him: my health is so precious, you know..."

"Ah, but what did he say?"

She asked about his health and his affairs and urged him to rest and move out into the country with her.

She said all this in the same quick, cheerful way and

with a peculiar brilliance in her eyes; but Karenin did not attribute the slightest significance to how she said it. He only listened to her words and accepted them at their face value. And he answered her simply, if banteringly. The conversation held nothing of moment, yet afterwards Anna could not recall it without the most painful pangs of shame.

Sergei came in accompanied by his governess. If Karenin had allowed himself to be observant, he would have noticed the shy, perplexed look the boy turned on his father, then his mother. But he did not wish to see anything and so did not see anything.

"Ah, young man. He has grown. Indeed, he's becoming a real little man. How are you, young man?"

And he held out his hand to the frightened child. Sergei had always felt shy in his father's presence, and now that Karenin called him "young man", and now that his mind was occupied by the problem of whether Vronsky was friend or foe, he positively shrank from his father. He looked at his mother as if seeking help. Only with his mother did he feel happy. While Karenin spoke to the governess he held his son by the shoulder, making him so miserably uncomfortable that Anna saw he was about to cry.

A flush had suffused Anna's face when her son entered the room; now, seeing his uneasiness, she hurriedly got up, removed Karenin's hand from his shoulder, kissed the child, took him out to the veranda and immediately came back.

"Time we were leaving," she said, glancing at her watch. "What could be keeping Betsy?"

"True," said Karenin, getting up and twisting his hands to make his knuckles crack. "Another reason for my coming was to bring you money, since nightingales cannot live on trilling alone," he said. "I believe you can find use for it?"

"No ... yes," she said without looking at him and blushing to the roots of her hair. "I suppose you will be coming back after the races?"

"Oh, yes," replied Karenin. "Ah, the flower of Peterhof, Princess Betsy Tverskaya," he added, glancing out the window at an English carriage with rubber tyres and a

very small and high-set body coming up the drive. "What elegance! Delightful! Well, let us be going."

Princess Betsy did not get out of the carriage; her footman, in buttoned boots, a short cape and black hat, jumped down when they reached the entrance.

"I am off," said Anna; she kissed her son and held her hand out to her husband. "You were a darling to come."

Karenin kissed her hand.

"Well then, goodbye. You will come back for tea?—splendid!" she said and went out radiant. But as soon as she was out of his sight she was conscious of the spot on her hand his lips had touched and she gave a little shudder of repugnance.

28

When Karenin reached the race-course Anna was already seated in a pavilion next to Betsy—in the pavilion where the cream of society was gathered. She saw her husband in the distance. Two men, her husband and her lover, made two centres of her life, and she did not require the aid of external senses to tell her of their proximity. She felt her husband's approach when he was still far away and she unconsciously followed him as he made his way through the throng. She saw him draw near the pavilion, now haughtily returning obsequious bows, now amiably and absent-mindedly greeting his equals, now eagerly seeking the glances of the great ones and taking off to them the high round hat that pressed down on his ears. She knew all these ways of his and found all of them detestable. Nothing but vanity, nothing but ambition in his soul, she thought. And his moralizing, his love of religion and enlightenment—all that is merely a means of satisfying his ambition.

From the way he kept glancing up at the ladies' pavilion she knew he was looking for her (his eyes fell directly on her but he could not distinguish her in the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, parasols and flowers). She intentionally disregarded him.

"Alexei Alexandrovich!" Princess Betsy called to him. "Looking for your wife? Here she is!"

He gave his cold smile.

"My eyes are dazzled by all this splendour," he said as he entered the pavilion. He smiled at his wife in the way a man who has just been with his wife smiles, and he greeted the princess and other acquaintances, giving to each his or her due, which is to say, exchanging levities with the ladies and salutations with the gentlemen. Just below them stood a General-Adjutant whom Karenin held in great respect and who was known as a man of great intelligence and education. Karenin spoke to him.

This was during an intermission between races, so nothing interfered with their conversation. The General-Adjutant denounced horse-racing. Karenin demurred and spoke in its defence. Anna listened to his high thin voice; she did not miss a single word, and every one of his words sounded false and hurt her ear.

When the steeplechase began she leaned forward and did not take her eyes off Vronsky as he walked out to his horse and mounted it, and at the same time she listened to her husband's odious endless voice. She was harassed by fear for Vronsky, but even more by her husband's high thin voice with its familiar intonations, which she felt would never come to an end.

I am a wicked woman, I am a ruined woman, she thought. But I hate to lie and cannot bear lies, whereas for *him* (her husband) lies are the very breath of life. He knows everything, he sees everything; can he have any feeling if he is able to go on talking so serenely? If he killed me or if he killed Vronsky, I would respect him. But no, he needs only lies and respectability, she said to herself, without stopping to consider what she wanted of her husband or how she would like him to behave. She did not understand that the excessive talkativeness Karenin displayed of late and which irritated her so, was an expression of his inward alarm and anxiety. As a child who has hurt itself jumps about and puts its muscles to use so as to deaden the pain, so Karenin found it necessary to exercise his mind to deaden the thoughts of his wife that were forced upon him by her presence and the presence of Vronsky and by the constant mention of Vronsky's name. Just as it is natural for the child to jump, so it was natural for him to talk, and to talk well and cleverly.

He said:

"Danger is an essential element of racing by officers by cavalrymen. If England has contributed to military history the most brilliant cavalry achievements, it is only because she has historically developed prowess in both horses and men. Sport, in my opinion, has enormous significance, but, as in most things, we see it only in its most superficial aspect."

"Not superficial," said Princess Betsy. "They say one of the officers broke two ribs."

Karenin gave his own peculiar smile, which revealed his teeth but nothing more.

"What you refer to, Princess," said he, "is patently not superficial but internal. But that is beside the point"—and he again turned to the general, resuming his sober tone: "Do not forget that the racers are officers who have chosen that profession, and you must agree that every calling has its disagreeable side. This is one of the direct responsibilities of anyone who enters the military. The repellent sport of fisticuffs, or of the Spanish toreadors, is a sign of barbarism. Specialized sports are signs of high development."

"No, I shall never come again; it upsets me too much," said Princess Betsy. "Do you not think so, Anna?"

"It is upsetting, but one cannot tear one's eyes away," said another lady. "If I had been a Roman matron, I would not have missed a single circus."

Anna said nothing. She did not drop her opera glasses for a moment and kept them focused on one spot.

Just then a tall general passed through the pavilion. Interrupting his speech, Karenin hurriedly but with dignity rose and made him a low bow.

"How is it you are not racing?" the general said to him jokingly.

"My racing is of a more difficult order," replied Karenin deferentially.

And although there was little sense to this reply, the general looked as if he had received a witty retort from a witty man and had caught *la pointe de la sauce*.

"There are two sides to it," went on Karenin, "that of the participants and that of the spectators; I cannot but agree that love of this as a spectacle is a true sign of lack

of cultivation on the part of the spectators, but—"

"A bet, Princess!" came the voice of Oblonsky, addressed to Betsy from below. "Who are you betting on?"

"Anna and I are for Prince Kuzovlev," replied Betsy.

"I'm for Vronsky. A pair of gloves on it!"

"Good!"

"Pretty sight, isn't it?"

Karenin was silent while this exhange was made but presently he began again:

"I agree, but games requiring courage—" He would have gone on, but just then the riders were sent off and all talk ended. Karenin was silent too and everyone got up and turned to the first obstacle, the stream. Karenin was not interested in horse-racing and so he did not watch the riders but absent-mindedly allowed his tired eyes to wander over the spectators. They fell on Anna.

Her face was white and drawn. Evidently she saw nothing and nobody but one person. She was convulsively clutching her fan in one hand and scarcely breathing. He hurriedly turned away and sought out other faces.

Yes, that woman over there and others, too, are just as agitated; it is only natural, Karenin said to himself. He did not wish to look at her but his eyes were involuntarily drawn back. Once again he found himself gazing at her face, trying not to read that which was plainly written on it; but in spite of himself and to his horror he did read that which he did not wish to read.

The first fall, that of Kuzovlev at the stream, frightened everybody, but Karenin plainly saw from the exultation of Anna's white face that the one she was following had not fallen. After Makhotin and Vronsky had taken the big obstacle, the officer who came behind them had a fatal fall on his head and a murmur of horror passed through the crowd; Karenin saw that Anna had not even noticed it and could not grasp what people were saying. More and more often and with greater intensity he looked at her. Anna, though wholely absorbed in watching Vronsky, felt the cold eyes of her husband fixed on her.

She glanced up for a moment, looked at him inquiringly, gave a little frown and turned back, as much as to say, Oh, it is all the same to me! and not once after that did she look at him.

The steeplechase was unlucky. Of the seventeen entrants, more than half fell and were injured. Towards the end everyone was up in arms, the more so since the Tsar was displeased.

29

Everyone loudly expressed disapproval, everyone kept repeating the remark someone had made: "We shall be having lions and gladiators next." The horror of it was felt by all, so that when Vronsky was thrown and Anna let out a loud gasp, there was nothing exceptional in it. But after that Anna's face underwent a change that was positively indecent. She completely lost control of herself. She began fluttering like a caught bird: one moment she made as if to get up and go away, the next she turned to Betsy:

"Come away, come away," she said.

But Betsy did not hear her. She was bending over and speaking to the general down below.

Karenin came up to Anna and courteously offered her his arm.

"Come, if you wish," he said in French, but Anna was too anxious to hear what the general was saying to notice her husband.

"They say he has broken his leg, too," said the general. "There has never been anything like it!"

Without replying to her husband, Anna lifted her glasses and turned them to the place where Vronsky had fallen; but it was so far away and so many people had gathered that she could see nothing. She dropped her glasses and would have gone away, but just then an officer rode up and reported to the Tsar. Anna strained forward to hear what he said.

"Steve! Steve!" she cried to her brother.

But her brother did not hear her. Again she made as if to leave the pavilion.

"Once more I am offering you my arm if you wish to go away," said Karenin, placing his hand on her arm.

She withdrew in repulsion and said without looking at him:

She saw an officer running from the spot where Vronsky had fallen, crossing the race-track and making for their pavilion. Betsy waved her handkerchief to him.

The officer brought the news that the rider was unhurt but the horse had broken its back.

On hearing this Anna dropped into her seat and covered her face with her fan. Karenin saw that she was crying and that she could not restrain the sobs racking her breast. He concealed her by standing in front of her, so that she should have time to recover.

"For the third time I offer you my arm," he said a few minutes later. Anna looked at him and did not know what to say. Princess Betsy came to her rescue.

"No, Alexei Alexandrovich, I brought Anna here and I promised to take her home," she said.

"Forgive me, Princess," he said, smiling politely but looking her steadily in the eye, "but I see Anna is not feeling well and it is my wish that she go with me."

Anna looked round in fright, got up meekly and put her arm in her husband's.

"I will send to find out and will let you know," Betsy whispered to her.

As they left the pavilion Karenin spoke to those he met as usual, and Anna was obliged to reply and exchange remarks as usual; but she was not herself and walked with her arm in her husband's as in a trance.

Is he hurt or not? Was that the truth? Will he come or not? Shall I see him tonight? were her thoughts.

In silence she got into Karenin's carriage and in silence they sat as they made their way through the crowd of vehicles. Despite all he had seen, Karenin did not allow himself to think of his wife's true position. He saw only its outward manifestations. He saw that she had behaved unseemly and considered it his duty to tell her so. *But it was very difficult for him to say only that and nothing* more. He opened his mouth to tell her that her behaviour had been unseemly but involuntarily he said something quite different.

"How odd it is," he said, "that we are all inclined to enjoy that cruel spectacle. I observe—"

"What? I don't understand you," said Anna contemptuously.

He was offended and instantly began saying what he had wanted to say.

"I must tell you..." he began.

At last. Now we shall have it out, she thought, and she was frightened.

"I must tell you that your behaviour was unseemly today," he said in French.

"In what way was it unseemly?" she said in a loud voice, turning her head quickly and looking directly at him, but this time not with the gayity she had formerly used as a screen, but with a resolute air beneath which she could hardly conceal her dismay.

"Take care," he said to her, indicating the open window between them and the coachman.

He leaned forward and shut the window.

"What did you find unseemly in it?" she repeated.

"The distress you were unable to conceal when one of the riders was thrown."

He expected her to deny it but she made no reply, just went on staring ahead.

"I requested you to behave yourself in public in such a manner that evil tongues could find nothing to say against you. There was a time when I spoke of our personal relations; I no longer speak of them. Now I only speak of our social relations. Your behaviour was unseemly and I do not wish to have it repeated."

She did not hear half of what he said, she feared him but she thought of Vronsky—was it true that he was unhurt? Was it of him they had said the rider was unhurt but the horse had broken its back? She only gave a falsely contemptuous smile when he finished and said nothing, because she had not heard what he said. Karenin had begun boldly, but when he fully comprehended what he was saying, the fear she felt was communicated to him. He saw her smile and an odd misinterpretation came to his mind:

She is smiling at my suspicions. Presently she will say what she said to me that other time: that my suspicions are unfounded, that they are absurd.

At this moment, when everything was about to be revealed, he wanted nothing so much as that she should tell him contemptuously, as on that other occasion, that his

suspicions were absurd and utterly unfounded. So dreadful was the knowledge he already had that he was ready to believe anything. But the expression of her face, so dark and frightened, gave little hope even of deceit.

"Perhaps I am mistaken," he said. "If that is so, I beg your pardon."

"No, you are not mistaken," she said slowly, looking at his cold face in desperation. "You are not mistaken. I was and cannot help being distressed. I am listening to you and thinking of him. I love him, I am his mistress; I cannot bear you, I fear you, I hate you... Now do what you will with me."

Throwing herself back into the corner of the carriage, she wept wildly, covering her face with her hands. Karenin kept looking straight ahead of him without stirring. But his face suddenly took on the solemn immobility of a corpse, and this expression did not change throughout the drive to the *dacha*. When they reached it, he turned his head to her with the same expression.

"Very well. But I demand that appearances be preserved until—" and here his voice quivered— "until I have taken measures to protect my honour and inform you what they are."

He got out first and helped her out. In front of the servants he pressed her hand in silence, climbed back into the carriage and went to St. Petersburg.

As soon as he had gone a footman came from Princess Betsy with a note for Anna:

"I sent to Vronsky to find out how he is, he writes that he is well and whole but in despair."

So he will come! she thought. How glad I am I have confessed everything!

She glanced at the clock. She had three hours to wait, and the remembrance of what had taken place at their last meeting sent the blood coursing hotly through her veins.

Goodness, how light it has become! Frightening, but oh, I do love his face, and I do love this fantastic light!.. My husband? Ah, yes... But thank God everything is over with him!

30

In the little German health resort to which the Sch-batskys had come, as in any place where people congr-gate, what might be called the "crystallization" of socie occurred, by which each member falls into a definite ar unalterable place. Just as definitely and unalterably as particle of water takes on the form of a snow crystal i the cold, so did every new arrival at the health resort fa into the place that suited him.

Fürst Scherbatsky samt Gemahlin und Tochter quick-ly crystallized into the definite and predetermined plac answering their name, the apartments they occupied an the acquaintances they made.

Owing to the presence at the waters of a real Germar *Fürstin*, the crystallization of society took place more energetically than usual that year. The Russian princess was anxious that her daughter should be presented to the German *Fürstin*, and this ceremony took place on the second day after their arrival. Kitty made a low and grace-ful bow in a *very simple*, meaning very elegant, summer frock ordered from Paris. The *Fürstin* said: "I trust the roses will soon return to these pretty cheeks," and from that moment a particular way of life was determined for the Scherbatskys from which they could not depart. The Scherbatskys made the acquaintance of an English noble-woman and her family, and a German countess and her son who had been wounded in the last war, and a Swedish scholar, and M. Canut and his sister. But their main friends were the Moscow lady Maria Evgenievna Rtischeva and her daughter, whom Kitty did not take to because this girl, too, had fallen ill of an unhappy love affair; and a Mos-cow colonel whom Kitty had first met as a child and was accustomed to seeing in a uniform with epaulettes and who now, with his little eyes and open neck encircled by a flowered cravat, looked exceedingly funny and was ex-ceedingly tiresome because he stuck to her like a burr. When all this was firmly established Kitty became bored, particu-larly after her father went to Karlsbad and she was left alone with her mother. She took no interest in the people she was already acquainted with, knowing they had noth-ing new to offer. Her main occupation at the waters con-

sisted in observing and conjecturing about the people she did not know. It was a trait of Kitty's character always to attribute the best qualities to others, especially to those she did not know. And now, as she speculated as to who was who, what their relations were and what they themselves were like, she fancied there were wonderful, marvellous personages among them, and her observations confirmed her fancies.

One person to whom she was particularly drawn was a Russian girl who had come to the resort with an ailing Russian lady whom everyone addressed as Madame Stahl. Madame Stahl belonged to the highest society, but her illness was such that she could not walk and only on rare days when the weather was fine did she appear in public in a bath-chair. But, as the princess explained, it was less because of her illness than of her overweening pride that Madame Stahl made no friends among the Russians. The Russian girl took care of Madame Stahl, but not of her alone as Kitty discovered; she made friends with the seriously afflicted, of whom there were a great number at the waters, and took care of them in the most simple and unassuming way. The Russian girl, according to Kitty's observations, was not related to Madame Stahl, and at the same time she was not a paid attendant. Madame Stahl called her Varenka and others called her Mademoiselle Varenka. Apart from the interest Kitty took in observing the relations between the Russian girl and Madame Stahl and others, Kitty, as often happens, felt inexplicably drawn to Mademoiselle Varenka and was aware, when their eyes met, that Varenka liked her, too.

It was not that Mademoiselle Varenka was past her first youth but that she was, as it were, a creature without youth: she might have been nineteen and she might have been thirty. If one examined her features she was more pretty than plain even though she had an unhealthy colour. Her figure would have been fine but for her extreme thinness and the disproportion between her head, which was large, and her height, which was medium. But she was not meant to be attractive to men. She was like a beautiful flower which has no scent and is past full bloom but has not yet dropped its petals. She could not attract men for the further reason that she lacked that of which Kitty

had an overabundance—the suppressed fire of great vitality and the consciousness of her attractiveness.

She seemed to be always engaged in work whose importance was beyond doubt, and therefore she had no time for other matters. It was this contrast with her own position that particularly drew Kitty to her. Kitty felt that in her way of life she would find that which she was desperately seeking: a life filled with interest, a life that had meaning and worth, a life beyond what were for Kitty the revolting relations between unmarried girls and men, which she had come to look upon as a shameful exhibition of wares awaiting buyers. The more Kitty observed her unknown friend the more convinced she became that she was indeed the perfect creature she fancied her to be, and the greater became her desire to make her acquaintance.

The girls met several times a day and each time Kitty's eyes said: Who are you? What are you? Are you the delightful creature I take you for? But pray do not think I shall force my acquaintance on you, added her eyes. I am content just to love you and to have the pleasure of watching you. I love you too and find you very, very charming, the glance of the unknown girl replied. And I would like you even more if I had time to do so. Kitty could see that she really did not have time, that she was either seeing the children of a Russian family back from the baths, or bringing a blanket for the invalid and wrapping her feet in it, or trying to soothe a patient who had become irascible, or selecting and buying biscuits for someone's tea.

Soon after the Scherbatskys' arrival two persons began coming to the springs in the morning who inspired general disapprobation. They were a very tall and stooped man with enormously long arms, wearing a worn coat that was too short for him, and with black eyes whose expression was at once ingenuous and formidable; and a pretty pockmarked young woman whose clothes were poor and in bad taste. On discovering they were Russians, Kitty immediately began weaving a touching and romantic love story about them. But the princess, learning from the visitors' list that they were Nikolai Levin and Masha, told Kitty what a wicked man Levin's brother was, thereby dis-

pelling all her romantic dreams. But it was less because of what her mother told her than because the man was Levin's brother that she came to dislike him heartily. Indeed this Levin, with his habit of jerking his head, roused in her an irrepressible feeling of repugnance.

She fancied that his big and terrible eyes, which persisted in following her, were full of hate and mockery, and she did her best to avoid him.

31

The weather was bad, rain had been falling all morning and the patients thronged under umbrellas to the gallery.

Kitty was walking there with her mother and the Moscow colonel in a coat of European cut bought readymade in Frankfurt. They kept to one side of the gallery to avoid Nikolai Levin, who was walking on the other side. Varenka, in a dark dress and black hat with a drooping brim, was leading a blind French lady down the walk, and every time she and Kitty met they exchanged friendly glances.

"Mamma, may I speak to her?" asked Kitty, seeing her unknown friend go to the spring, where they were sure to meet.

"If you wish to do so very much, I will make inquiries and then go to her myself," replied her mother. "But what do you find so outstanding in her? Only a companion, I dare say. If you wish I will make the acquaintance of Madame Stahl, I once knew her *belle-sœur*," added the princess with a proud toss of her head.

Kitty knew that the princess was offended by what she took to be Madame Stahl's snubbing of her. Kitty did not press her mother.

"She is a perfect darling," she said, watching Varenka offer a glass of water to the blind French lady. "Just see how sweet and simple she is!"

"I find your *engouements* very amusing," said the princess. "No, let's go back," she added, seeing that Nikolai Levin and his lady were coming towards them accompanied by a German doctor to whom Levin was talking in a loud angry voice.

No sooner had they turned to go back when the loud

voice turned into a shriek. Levin had stopped and was shrieking at the doctor, who was shouting back. A crowd gathered round them. The princess and Kitty hurried away and the colonel joined the crowd to find out what the trouble was.

A few minutes later he caught them up.

"What was it?" asked the princess.

"A shame and a disgrace!" replied the colonel. "A person is positively afraid to run into Russians abroad. That tall gentleman railed at the doctor, poured insults on his head because he was not giving him what he considered proper treatment, he even shook his stick at him. A disgrace!"

"How very unpleasant," said the princess. "And how did it end?"

"Fortunately that ... that girl in the mushroom hat ... a Russian, it seems ... she stepped in," said the colonel.

"Mademoiselle Varenka?" asked Kitty happily.

"Yes. She was the first to come to the rescue; she took the gentleman by the arm and led him away."

"See, mamma?" said Kitty. "And you wonder that I should admire her so!"

The next day Kitty noticed, while watching her unknown friend, that Mademoiselle Varenka seemed to have included Levin and his companion among her protégés. She went up to them, talked to them and acted as interpreter for the woman, who knew no foreign language.

Kitty began to beg her mother more urgently to allow her to make Varenka's acquaintance. Unpleasant as it was for the princess to give the appearance of wanting to know Madame Stahl, who allowed herself a great show of pride, she did inquire as to Varenka and, receiving information from which she concluded the acquaintance could do her daughter neither harm nor good, she approached Varenka and presented herself.

She chose a time for this when Kitty was at the spring and Varenka was standing in front of a baker's shop.

"Allow me to make your acquaintance," she said with her lofty smile. "My daughter has quite lost her heart to you. Perhaps you do not know who I am, I—"

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," put in Varenka hastily.

"What a kind deed you did yesterday for our unhappy countryman!" said the princess.

Varenka coloured.

"I don't remember having done anything," she said.

"What? Why, you kept Levin from getting into serious trouble."

"Oh, that. *Sa compagne* called me and I tried to quiet him. He is very ill and was displeased with the doctor. I try to look after such patients."

"I have heard that you live at Mentone with your aunt, I believe—Madame Stahl. I once knew her *belle-sœur.*"

"She is not my aunt. I call her *maman*, but I am not related to her. She brought me up," said Varenka, colouring again.

She said this so simply and the frank and truthful expression of her face was so sweet that the princess understood why her Kitty had come to love this girl.

"And what is to become of Levin?" asked the princess.

"He is going away," replied Varenka.

Just then Kitty came from the spring, radiantly happy to find her mother talking to her unknown friend.

"Well, Kitty, your longing to meet Mademoiselle—"

"Just Varenka," said the girl with a smile. "That is what everyone calls me."

Kitty flushed with pleasure and for some time, without speaking, pressed her new friend's hand, which did not return the pressure but lay motionless in Kitty's grasp. The hand did not respond, but Mademoiselle Varenka's face was lighted by a quiet, happy, if somewhat sad smile that revealed large, beautiful teeth.

"I, too, have wanted to meet you for a long time," she said.

"You are always so busy..."

"On the contrary, I am not busy at all," said Varenka, but at that very moment she had to leave her new acquaintances because two little Russian girls, daughters of one of the patients at the spa, ran up to her.

"Varenka, mother is asking for you," they cried.

And Varenka went off with them.

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"Yes. She was the first to come to the rescue; she took the gentleman by the arm and led him away."

"See, mamma?" said Kitty. "And you wonder that I should admire her so!"

The next day Kitty noticed, while watching her unknown friend, that Mademoiselle Varenka seemed to have included Levin and his companion among her protégés. She went up to them, talked to them and acted as interpreter for the woman, who knew no foreign language.

Kitty began to beg her mother more urgently to allow her to make Varenka's acquaintance. Unpleasant as it was for the princess to give the appearance of wanting to know Madame Stahl, who allowed herself a great show of pride, she did inquire as to Varenka and, receiving information from which she concluded the acquaintance could do her daughter neither harm nor good, she approached Varenka and presented herself.

She chose a time for this when Kitty was at the spring and Varenka was standing in front of a baker's shop.

"Allow me to make your acquaintance," she said with her lofty smile. "My daughter has quite lost her heart to you. Perhaps you do not know who I am, I—"

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," put in Varenka hastily.

"What a kind deed you did yesterday for our unhappy countryman!" said the princess.

Varenka coloured.

"I don't remember having done anything," she said.

"What? Why, you kept Levin from getting into serious trouble."

"Oh, that. *Sa compagne* called me and I tried to quiet him. He is very ill and was displeased with the doctor. I try to look after such patients."

"I have heard that you live at Mentone with your aunt, I believe—Madame Stahl. I once knew her *belle-sœur*."

"She is not my aunt. I call her *maman*, but I am not related to her. She brought me up," said Varenka, colouring again.

She said this so simply and the frank and truthful expression of her face was so sweet that the princess understood why her Kitty had come to love this girl.

"And what is to become of Levin?" asked the princess.

"He is going away," replied Varenka.

Just then Kitty came from the spring, radiantly happy to find her mother talking to her unknown friend.

"Well, Kitty, your longing to meet Mademoiselle—"

"Just Varenka," said the girl with a smile. "That is what everyone calls me."

Kitty flushed with pleasure and for some time, without speaking, pressed her new friend's hand, which did not return the pressure but lay motionless in Kitty's grasp. The hand did not respond, but Mademoiselle Varenka's face was lighted by a quiet, happy, if somewhat sad smile that revealed large, beautiful teeth.

"I, too, have wanted to meet you for a long time," she said.

"You are always so busy..."

"On the contrary, I am not busy at all," said Varenka, but at that very moment she had to leave her new acquaintances because two little Russian girls, daughters of one of the patients at the spa, ran up to her.

"Varenka, mother is asking for you," they cried.

And Varenka went off with them.

32

The information the princess gathered about Varenka and her relations with Madame Stahl and about Madame Stahl herself, was the following:

Madame Stahl, who some said drove her husband to distraction and others said was herself driven to distraction by his immoral ways, had always been an ailing and ecstatic lady. Already separated from her husband, she gave birth to a child that died at once, and her relatives, aware of her extreme sensitiveness and afraid that the child's death would kill her, substituted for her child the daughter of the Chef of the Imperial Household, born on that very night and in that very house in St. Petersburg. This was Varenka. Later Madame Stahl learned that Varenka was not her own daughter but she continued bringing her up, especially as very soon thereafter Varenka had no relatives left among the living.

For more than ten years Madame Stahl had been living abroad in the south, and all of that time she was confined to her couch. Some said she deliberatly created for herself the reputation of being a pious and charitable woman; others said she was by nature what she appeared to be—a woman of the highest moral principles, living solely to do good to her fellowmen. Nobody knew what her religion was—Catholic, Protestant or Russian Orthodox; one thing alone was certain; she maintained friendly ties with the highest dignitaries of all faiths and churches.

Varenka had been living abroad with her all this time, and those who knew Madame Stahl knew and loved Mademoiselle Varenka, as they called her.

Having learned all this, the princess found nothing prejudicial in her daughter's becoming a friend of Varenka's, particularly since Varenka displayed the best manners and breeding; she spoke French and English excellently and, of even more importance, she brought a message from Madame Stahl expressing the latter's regret that her illness deprived her of the pleasure of making the princess's acquaintance.

Now that she knew Varenka, Kitty admired her more than ever and found new virtues in her every day.

The princess heard that Varenka had a good voice and

invited her to come and sing for them.

"Kitty plays and we have a piano, not a very good one to be sure, but it would give us great pleasure," said the princess with the false smile that Kitty found particularly objectionable just then, seeing that Varenka did not wish to sing. Varenka, however, did come in the evening and brought a folder of songs with her. The princess also invited Maria Evgenievna and her daughter and the colonel.

Unperturbed by the presence of people she did not know, Varenka went directly to the piano. She could not accompany herself but she sang readily at sight and Kitty, who played well, accompanied her.

"You have exceptional talent," said the princess when Varenka had sung her first song.

Maria Evgenievna and her daughter thanked her and praised her.

"Just see!" said the colonel, who was standing at the window. "People have gathered to listen to you." And true enough, a rather large crowd had gathered beneath the window.

"I am very glad if it gives you pleasure," replied Varenka simply.

Kitty looked at her friend proudly. She was delighted by her art and her voice and her face, but most of all by her manner, for Varenka appeared to think nothing of her singing and was completely indifferent to praise; she only seemed to ask: Would you like some more or have you had enough?

If I were in her place, Kitty said to herself, how proud I should be! How that crowd under the window would please me! But it is all the same to her. She only wants to comply with other people's requests and give *maman* pleasure. What is it in her? What gives her the strength to be above everything, to be so independent and serene? How I should like to know and to learn from her! thought Kitty as she looked at that tranquil face. The princess asked Varenka to sing something else and Varenka sang another song just as evenly, distinctly and beautifully as before, standing at the piano and marking time with her thin sunburnt hand.

The next song in her book was an Italian one. Kitty played the introduction and glanced up at Varenka

"Not this one," said Varenka, blushing.

Kitty looked into her friend's face with alarm and curiosity.

"Very well, another," she said, quickly turning the page; it was clear something was associated with that song.

"No," said Varenka, putting a hand on the music and smiling. "No, I will sing it after all," and she did sing it just as calmly, coolly and beautifully as she had sung the others.

When she finished everyone thanked her again and went to have tea. Kitty and Varenka went outside into the garden.

"It is true—isn't it?—that some memory is connected with that song?" asked Kitty. "Do not tell me what it is," she hurriedly put in, "only say if I am right."

"Why not? I will tell you," said Varenka simply, and she did so without waiting for an answer. "It is associated with a memory that was painful at one time. I loved a young man and used to sing that song to him."

Kitty stared wide-eyed at Varenka, deeply touched.

"I loved him and he loved me, but his mother did not wish it and he married somebody else. Now he lives not far from here and I see him sometimes. You didn't suppose I could have a love affair too, did you?" she said, and her pretty face was lighted by a fire which, Kitty felt, had once set all of her aglow.

"Why not? If I were a man I could not care for anyone else after knowing you. What I cannot understand is how he could forget you and make you unhappy for his mother's sake. He had no heart."

"Oh, he is a very good man and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. Well, are we not to sing any more tonight?" she asked, turning to the house.

"How good you are, how good you are!" cried Kitty, stopping her and kissing her. "If only I could be the least bit like you!"

"Why should you want to be like anyone else? You are good just as you are," said Varenka, giving her a gentle, somewhat listless smile.

"No, I am not at all good. But tell me... Wait, let us sit down," said Kitty, drawing her down beside her on the bench again. "Tell me, is it not insulting to think that a

person has spurned your love, that he would have none of it?"

"He did not spurn it; I am sure he loved me, but he was an obedient son and—"

"Ah, but if it was not to obey his mother but on his own account?" said Kitty, aware that she was giving away her secret and that her face, burning with shame, was betraying her.

"Then he would have behaved badly and I would not regret losing him," replied Varenka, aware that they were speaking of Kitty now rather than of herself.

"But the humiliation?" said Kitty. "One cannot forget the humiliation—no, never!" she said, recalling how she had looked at him during the pause in the music at the ball.

"What do you find humiliating? You yourself did not behave badly, did you?"

"Worse than badly—shamefully."

Varenka shook her head and laid her hand on Kitty's.

"Shamefully?" she said. "Surely you could not have told a person who felt nothing for you that you loved him?"

"Of course I could not have done that. Not one word did I say to him, but he knew. Oh, yes, there are glances, little ways. I will not forget it if I live to be a hundred."

"Forget what? I don't understand. The only thing that matters is whether you still love him or not," said Varenka bluntly.

"I hate him; I cannot forgive myself."

"But why?"

"The shame, the mortification."

"Ah, if everyone were like you, so sensitive," said Varenka. "Why, there is not a girl who has not had a similar experience. It is all so unimportant."

"Then what is important?" asked Kitty, glancing at her with wondering surprise.

"Oh, a great many things are important," said Varenka with a smile.

"What things?"

"So many are of greater importance," replied Varenka, not knowing what to say. But just then the princess called from the window:

"Kitty, it's getting cold. Either take a shawl or come inside."

"It really is time," said Varenka, getting up. "I still have to call on Mademoiselle Berthe; she asked me to come."

Kitty held her hand and looked at her with fierce curiosity and entreaty, as much as to say: What is it, what is it that is most important and that enables you to be so tranquil? You know. Tell me! But Varenka did not understand what Kitty's look was asking. She only understood that she had yet to call on Mademoiselle Berthe and be home by twelve o'clock to have tea with *maman*. She went inside, took her folder and, having said goodbye to everyone, turned to go.

"Allow me to see you home," said the colonel.

"How can you go alone so late at night?" said the princess. "At least let me send Parasha with you."

Kitty could see that Varenka could hardly suppress a smile on hearing that she was in need of an escort.

"Oh, I always go about alone and nothing ever happens to me," she said, taking up her hat. She kissed Kitty again and then, without telling her what was important, stepped boldly out into the dark summer night with her folder under her arm, taking with her the secret of what was important and what gave her that enviable tranquillity and dignity.

33

Kitty made the acquaintance of Madame Stahl as well, and this acquaintance together with her friendship with Varenka not only exerted great influence over her but also comforted her in her trouble. The comfort lay in the fact that, thanks to her new friends, she discovered an entirely new world that had nothing in common with her former world, an exalted, beautiful world from the heights of which she could gaze calmly down upon her former world. She discovered that besides the life of the instincts to which she had given herself until then, there was also the life of the spirit.

This life was revealed through religion, but a religion that had nothing in common with that which Kitty had known from childhood and which found expression in attending matins and vespers where she was sure to meet her friends, and in memorizing the Slavonic texts with the

priest's help. This new religion was exalted and mysterious and associated with beautiful thoughts and feelings which one believed not just because one was told to do so, but because one loved them.

It was not through words Kitty learned all this. Madame Stahl spoke to Kitty as to a charming child who fascinated her as one is fascinated by remembrances of one's youth, and only once did she remark that it is only love and faith that offer consolation for human woes, and that no sorrow is too slight for Christ's notice and compassion; then she quickly changed the subject. But from her every movement, her every word, her every glance, which Kitty found divine, and especially from the story of her life, which Kitty heard from Varenka, Kitty discovered "what was important" and had been kept from her for so long.

But noble as Madame Stahl's character was, touching as her story was, exalted and tender as her words were, Kitty could not help remarking in her certain traits that she found disconcerting. She noticed that when asking Kitty about her relatives Madame Stahl gave a supercilious smile, which was against Christian charity. She also noticed that once when Kitty found a Catholic priest with her, Madame Stahl made sure that her face remained in the shadow of the lamp-shade, and that she put on a special smile. Trifling as these observations were, they disconcerted her and she had her doubts about Madame Stahl. But Varenka, the lonely Varenka, without relatives, without friends, bitterly disappointed in love as she had been, wanting nothing, regretting nothing—Varenka represented a model of perfection which Kitty could only dream of emulating. From Varenka's example she understood that one had only to forget oneself and love others to be calm and happy and noble. And Kitty wanted to be all these things. Now that she clearly saw *what was most important*, Kitty could not be content with merely admiring her friends, she had to give herself up wholely to the new understanding that had revealed a new life to her. According toVarenka's accounts of what Madame Stahl and others did, she worked out a plan of her own life in the future. Like Madame Stahl's niece Aline, of whom Varenka often spoke, Kitty would seek out the unfortunate wherever she was and do whatever she could to help them, and she would

distribute the Bible and read it to the sick, the fallen and the dying. Kitty was particularly enamoured of the idea of reading the Bible to criminals, as Aline did. But these were secret dreams; she did not confide them even to her mother or Varenka.

Until the time came for executing her plan on a large scale, Kitty found many opportunities for applying her new principles here at the waters, where there were so many invalids and unfortunates she could help in imitation of Varenka.

At first the princess only noticed that Kitty was greatly under the influence of what she called her *engouement* to Madame Stahl and especially to Varenka. She saw that she not only imitated Varenka's activities, but that she unconsciously imitated her manner of walking, talking, and blinking her eyes as well. Later the princess noticed that aside from the spell she was under, her daughter was undergoing a serious spiritual crisis.

The princess saw that in the evening Kitty read the French Bible Madame Stahl had presented to her, and she had never read the Bible before; that she avoided her society friends and spent her time with the patients Varenka had taken under her protection, especially with the family of a poor and ailing painter named Petrov. Kitty seemed to take pride in serving as a nurse to this family. This was very commendable and the princess found no objection to it, especially since Petrov's wife was a highly re pectable lady, and the German princess, noticing Kitty activities, praised her and called her a ministering ange All that would have been very well if not overdone. Bu the princess saw that her daughter was going to extreme and she spoke to her about it.

"Il ne faut jamais rien outrer," she said to her.

Her daughter, however, did not reply; she only asked herself how it was possible to go to extremes in being Christian? How could one go too far in following a teach ing that said to turn the other cheek if one of your cheeks was smitten, and to give your cloak too if your coat were taken? But the princess did not approve of going too far, and she approved even less of what she felt was Kitty's unwillingness to open her heart to her. And indeed Kitty did hide her new views and feelings from her mother. And

she did this not because she did not love and respect her, but only because she was her mother. She would have told anyone else sooner than her mother.

"It has been rather a long time since Anna Pavlovna has called on us," her mother said one day, referring to Madame Petrova. "I invited her and she appeared to be displeased."

"I haven't noticed it, *maman*," said Kitty blushing. "Have you not been to see them recently?"

"Tomorrow we intend riding up into the hills," replied Kitty.

"That will be nice," replied the princess, noticing her daughter's uneasiness and trying to guess the cause of it.

That same day Varenka came to dinner and told them Anna Pavlovna had changed her mind about going to the hills on the following day. Again the princess noticed that Kitty blushed.

"Kitty, has there been any misunderstanding between you and the Petrovs?" the princess asked when they were alone. "Why has she stopped sending her children here and coming herself?"

Kitty replied that there had been none and she could not understand why Anna Pavlovna appeared to be displeased with her. Kitty spoke the truth. She did not know the reason for the change in Anna Pavlovna's attitude towards her. But she guessed it. Her guess was one she could not tell her mother nor even admit to herself. It was one of those things a person knows but dares not admit, so dreadful, so shameful, would it be to err.

Again and again she went over in her mind all her relations with that family. She recalled the unfeigned joy that had always shone in Anna Pavlovna's round good-natured face when they met; she recalled their secret discussions of the sick husband and their conspiratorial agreement to find means of drawing him away from his work, which was forbidden him, and take him for walks; the devotion of the little boy, who called her "my Kitty" and refused to go to bed unless she sat with him. How good all this was! Then she recalled the emaciated figure of Petrov himself and his long neck and his brown coat, his thin curly hair, his questioning blue eyes, which at first Kitty found

very frightening, and his morbid efforts to appear buoyant and vivacious in her presence. She remembered the effort it had cost her at first to overcome her aversion for him and for all consumptives, and how hard she had tried to think of things to talk to him about. She remembered the touching way he had of looking at her, humbly, making her feel sorry for him and embarrassed, and conscious of her own benevolence. How good all this was! But it had been so only at first. All had suddenly changed a few days before. Now Anna Pavlovna met her with affected cordiality and kept a close watch on her and her husband.

Could it be that the joy he showed when Kitty came was the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coolness?

Yes, she remembered, there was something unnatural in Anna Pavlovna's manner, something not at all like her usual good nature when she said in a testy voice two days ago: "Oh, of course, he kept waiting for you, did not wish to take his coffee without you even though he was terribly weak." And perhaps she was displeased when I brought him his rug. It was such a simple thing, but he felt so embarrassed and thanked me so long that I myself became embarrassed. And then my portrait, which he did so beautifully. But most of all, that look of his, so tender and abashed! Yes, yes, it is so, Kitty repeated to herself in fright. But no, it cannot, it must not be! He is so pitiful! she quickly told herself.

This apprehension spoiled the joy of her new life.

34

Just before the course of treatment at the waters was over, Prince Scherbatsky came back to his wife and daughter after having gone from Karlsbad to see Russian friends in Baden-Baden and Kissingen "to get a whiff of the Russian spirit" as he put it.

The views of the prince and the princess on life abroad were poles apart. The princess found everything glorious and, despite her secure position in Russian society, tried to be like a European lady, which she was not (because she was a typical Russian lady), and this led her to put on airs, which made her feel awkward. The prince, on the con-

trary, disliked everything abroad, was depressed by European life, clung to his Russian habits and, when abroad, deliberately tried to appear less of a European than he really was.

The prince came back thinner and with pendulous cheeks but in high spirits. His spirits rose even higher when he found Kitty completely recovered. The news of Kitty's friendship with Madame Stahl and Varenka and the princess's account of the change she had observed in Kitty disturbed the prince and roused in him the jealousy he always felt towards anyone or anything that drew Kitty away from himself; he feared that his daughter might be lured out of his sphere of influence into regions inaccessible to him. But these unpleasant items of information were drowned in the sea of cheerfulness and good-humour in which he always swam and which had been deepened by the Karlsbad waters.

On the day after his arrival the prince, in his long coat, with his Russian wrinkles and puffy cheeks propped up by a starched collar, set out with his daughter for the spring in buoyant mood.

It was a beautiful morning; it did the heart good to see the neat, cheerful houses and gardens, the bright sun, the German serving-maids with their red cheeks and hands tingling from beer going about their duties so gaily; but the closer the father and daughter came to the spring the more frequently they encountered the ailing, and the sight of them seemed even more grievous in the midst of this prosperous German life. Kitty was no longer struck by the contrast. The bright sun, the cheerful shimmer of green leaves and the sound of music, formed for her a natural frame for these familiar faces and the changes for the better or worse she remarked in them; but the prince found something ugly, almost indecent, in the shine and shimmer of the June morning, the sounds of the band playing a popular gay waltz, and, in particular, the beaming faces of the healthy serving-maids, in juxtaposition with the dismal parade of living corpses who had flocked here from all corners of Europe.

Despite the pride and, as it were, resurgence of youth he experienced as he walked along with his beloved daughter on his arm, he could not help feeling self-conscious and

even ashamed of his vigorous step and long well-padded limbs. It was almost as if he were walking naked in public.

"Introduce me to your new friends," he said to his daughter, giving her arm a little squeeze with his elbow, "I have even come to like this odious Soden of yours for the good it has done you. But I find it very sad, very sad. Who is that?"

Kitty told him who the people they met were, both friends and strangers. At the entrance to the gardens they came upon blind Mademoiselle Berthe and her companion; the prince was pleased to see the look of delight that came over the old French lady's face when she heard Kitty's voice. She spoke to him with a French superfluity of courtesies, complimenting him on having such a charming daughter and praising Kitty to the skies, calling her a pearl, a treasure, a ministering angel.

"Ah, then she is the second angel," said the prince with a smile. "She calls Mademoiselle Varenka angel number one."

"Oh, Mademoiselle Varenka, she is a real angel, *allez!*" Mademoiselle Berthe quickly responded.

In the gallery they met Varenka herself. She was walking hurriedly towards them carrying an elegant red bag.

"See, papa has come!" said Kitty.

With the naturalness and simplicity with which she did everything, Varenka made a movement that was something between a nod and a curtsy, and instantly she spoke to the prince as easily and simply as she spoke to everybody.

"Of course I know you, and know you very well," said the prince with a smile that told Kitty that her father liked her friend. "Where might you be going in such a hurry?"

"*Maman* is here," she said, turning to Kitty. "She did not sleep all night and the doctor advised her to take the air. I am bringing her her work."

"So that is angel number one," said the prince when Varenka had gone.

Kitty could see he had intended making fun of Varenka but was unable to do it because she had pleased him so.

"Well, soon we shall have met all your friends," he

added. "Madame Stahl too, if she condescends to recognize me."

"Why, do you know her, papa?" asked Kitty, startled by a sparkle of mockery in her father's eye at the mention of Madame Stahl.

"I knew her husband, and her too a little, but that was before she joined the Pietists."

"Who are the Pietists, papa?" asked Kitty, alarmed to discover that the things she most valued in Madame Stahl could be classified under a name.

"I myself don't really know. I only know that she thanks God for everything, for every misfortune, for the death of her husband—she thanks God for that, too. Rather amusing, because their life together was very unsatisfactory. Who is that? What a pitiful face," he said, his eyes falling on a middle-sized man sitting on a bench; he was wearing a brown coat and white trousers that fell in folds round the fleshless bones of his legs.

The gentleman lifted his straw hat, revealing thin curly hair and a high forehead unhealthily inflamed from the pressure of his hat.

"He is Petrov, a painter," replied Kitty, colouring. "And that is his wife," she added, indicating Anna Pavlovna, who, as if deliberately, had gone to fetch her child running down the path just as they came up.

"What a nice face he has, but so pathetic," said the prince. "Why don't you go and speak to him? Isn't he trying to say something to you?"

"Very well, come," said Kitty, going over to Petrov resolutely. "How are you feeling today?" she asked him.

Petrov got up, leaning on his stick, and looked at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince. "Allow me to introduce myself."

The painter bowed and smiled, showing white teeth that gleamed oddly.

"We expected you yesterday, Princess," he said to Kitty.

He tottered as he said this, then repeated the totter to suggest it had been intentional the first time.

"I would have come but Varenka said Anna Pavlovna had sent to say you were not going."

"Not going?" said Petrov, reddening and coughing as he looked round for his wife. "Anna! Anna!" he called out, causing the veins of his thin white neck to stand out like whip-cords.

Anna Pavlovna came up.

"How could you have sent to tell the princess we were not going?" he said angrily in a hoarse voice.

"How do you do, Princess," said Anna Pavlovna with a false smile that was so unlike her former manner. "Very glad to meet you," she said to the prince. "We have long been expecting you, Prince."

"How could you have sent to tell the princess we were not going?" rasped the painter even more angrily, his feelings aggravated by his inability to control his voice and give it the expression he wanted.

"Good gracious, I really did think we were not going," replied his wife with vexation.

"How can you say so when—" he began, but a fit of coughing made him abandon the effort with a helpless wave of his hand.

The prince lifted his hat and walked away with his daughter.

"Ah, me!" said the prince with a sigh. "The poor unfortunates!"

"Yes, papa," replied Kitty. "And you must know that they have three children, no servants and almost no income. He gets a little something from the Academy." She spoke hurriedly, trying to overcome the agitation caused by the strange change in Anna Pavlovna's attitude towards her.

"And here is Madame Stahl," said Kitty, pointing to a bath-chair in which something blue and grey was reclining, propped up by pillows and protected by a sunshade.

It was indeed Madame Stahl. Behind her stood the big glum German workingman who pushed her chair. At her side stood a fair-haired Swedish count whom Kitty knew by name. A few patients were lingering in the vicinity and gazing at the invalid as at a great curio

The prince went up to her. K detected the sparkle of mockery in his eye tha bed her before. He went t e Stahl her in a

respectful and affable tone and in that excellent French so few people speak any more.

"I do not know whether you remember me or not, but I must remind you of myself so as to thank you for the kindness you have shown my daughter," he said to her, taking off his hat.

"Prince Alexander Scherbatsky," said Madame Stahl, looking at him with those divine eyes in which Kitty now noticed a shade of annoyance. "Very glad. I have become extremely fond of your daughter."

"You are still in bad health?"

"Yes, I have grown used to it," said Madame Stahl, and she introduced him to the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little," the prince said to her. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for some ten or eleven years."

"God gives us our cross and gives us the strength to bear it. One often wonders why life should stretch out so endlessly... Oh, the other side!" she said crossly to Varenka, who was wrapping the rug round her feet the wrong way.

"So as to do good, I dare say," said the prince, laughing with his eyes.

"That is not for us to judge," said Madame Stahl, noting the prince's mockery. "So you will send me that book, my dear Count? I shall be extremely grateful to you," she said to the young Swede.

"Ah!" cried the prince on catching sight of the Moscow colonel standing nearby. With a bow to Madame Stahl, he walked away with his daugther and the colonel, who joined them.

"There's our aristocracy for you, Prince," said the Moscow colonel with the intention of being sarcastic, nursing as he did a grievance against Madame Stahl for refusing to make his acquaintance.

"Hasn't changed in the least," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, Prince?—that is, before she took to her bed?"

"Yes, she took to it when I knew her," said the prince.

"They say she has not walked for ten years."

"She doesn't walk because she is short-legged. She's got

an atrocious figure."

"Papa! How can you?" cried Kitty.

"That is what evil tongues say, my dear. I dare say she gives that Varenka of yours a bad time of it," he added. "Oh, these invalid ladies!"

"Oh no, papa!" protested Kitty hotly. "Varenka adores her. And then she does so much good! Ask anyone! Everyone knows her and Aline Stahl."

"Perhaps," said the prince, giving her arm another little squeeze with his elbow. "But it is much better when people do good so that nobody knows it, ask whom you may."

Kitty made no reply, not because she had nothing to say but because she did not wish to reveal her secret thoughts to her father either. But strangely enough, though she had braced herself against succumbing to his views and had resolved not to admit him to her holy-of-holies, she was aware that the sacred image of Madame Stahl she had worn in her heart for a whole month had vanished irrevocably, as when one suddenly discovers one has mistaken an empty coat for a person. There was nothing left but a short-legged lady who always reclined because she had an atrocious figure and who became cross with Varenka because Varenka did not tuck in her rug as she wished. No effort of Kitty's imagination could bring back the former Madame Stahl.

35

The prince infected his wife and daughter and friends and even the German in whose house they were staying with his own high spirits.

When he and Kitty returned from the spring, he invited the Moscow colonel and Maria Evgenievna and Varenka to have coffee with them, and he had a table and chairs moved out into the garden under a chestnut tree and the table laid there. The landlord and [illegible] enlivened by his good humour. They knew he [illegible] giver and in half an hour [illegible] who lived on the [illegible] gazing [illegible] of his

window at the gay company of healthy Russians gathered under the chestnut tree.

In the quivering shadows cast by the leaves stood the table covered with a white cloth and set with coffee-pots, butter, cheese and cold fowl, at which the princess in a cap trimmed with lavender ribbons presided and passed round cups and sandwiches. At the other end sat the prince, eating heartily, talking loudly and jovially. The prince had placed a pile of purchases beside him—little carved boxes, whistles and paper-knives of all sorts, which he had bought in great quantities at all the resorts he had visited and now presented to everyone, including the servant girl Lischen and his landlord, with whom he joked in his comical broken German, assuring him it was not the waters that had cured Kitty but the landlord's excellent table, especially his prune soup. The princess laughed at her husband for his Russian manners, but never since she arrived at the waters had she been so gay and lively. The colonel laughed as usual at the prince's jokes, but when it came to Europe, which he believed he had made a thorough study of, he took the side of the princess. The good-natured Maria Evgenievna was overcome with laughter at the prince's witticisms and even Varenka (a thing Kitty had never seen before) was left weak and limp by the soft, contagious peals that shook her when the prince made his droll remarks.

All of this amused Kitty, but still she was under a cloud. She could not solve the problem the prince had unwittingly presented to her by the levity with which he regarded her friends and the life here to which she had become so attached. Added to this was the change in her relations with the Petrovs, revealed so indubitably and unpleasantly that very morning. Everyone was gay, but Kitty could not be gay, and this added to her distress. Her feelings were similar to those she had experienced when, as a child, she had been locked into her room for some misdemeanour and had heard her sisters laughing merrily outside.

"Why in the world did you buy all this rubbish?" asked the princess, smiling and handing her husband a cup of coffee.

"Oh, I would go for a walk, come to a shop, they would ask me to buy: *'Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht.'*

Well, they had only to say *Durchlaucht* and I was done for: ten thalers gone."

"Just because you were bored," said the princess.

"Most assuredly because I was bored. So bored, my dear, that I did not know where to turn."

"How could you be bored, Prince? Germany has so much of interest to offer nowadays," said Maria Evgenievna.

"I know all those things of interest: prune soup, pea sausage—I know them all."

"Say what you will, Prince, their institutions are very interesting," said the colonel.

"What do you find of interest in them? All the Germans are as complacent as a copper coin: they have conquered everybody. But what reason have I to be complacent? I have not conquered anybody. And here I am obliged to take off my own boots and put them outside the door myself; get up early in the morning, dress myself as soon as I am out of bed and go into the dining-room for a bad cup of tea. Whereas at home? At home I take my time waking up, think back over all my grievances, grumble over them, gradually come round, go over everything thoroughly, without hurry."

"But time is money—you forget that," said the colonel.

"It all depends on what time. There are whole months that are not worth a kopek, and there are half-hours worth more than all the money in the world. Is that not so, Kitty? But why are you looking so down-hearted, my lamb?"

"I am all right."

"Where are you going? Stay a bit longer," he said to Varenka.

"I must go home," said Varenka, getting up and breaking into another of her delightful peals of laughter.

When it had passed, she said goodbye to everyone and went into the house for her hat. Kitty went with her. She saw even Varenka in a new light now. Saw her not as worse but as different from the Varenka she had thought she knew.

"Dear me, I haven't laughed so much for ages!" said Varenka as she picked up her sunshade and bag. "What

a dear he is, your father!"

Kitty did not answer.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Varenka.

"*Maman* thought of going to the Petrovs'. Will you be there?" asked Kitty, putting her friend to the test.

"Yes, I will," replied Varenka. "They are leaving and I promised to help them pack."

"Then I shall come too."

"No, why should you?"

"Why should I not? Why not?" asked Kitty with round eyes, holding on to Varenka's sunshade to prevent her from going away. "Wait, tell me why not?"

"Oh, because. Your father has just come, and then they are not quite at their ease when you are there."

"Oh, but you must tell me why you don't want me to go to the Petrovs'. You don't want me to, do you? Tell me why."

"I did not say so," said Varenka quietly.

"I implore you to tell me."

"Tell you everything?" asked Varenka.

"Everything, everything!" said Kitty.

"There is nothing special to tell, only that Mikhail Alexeyevich" (that was the painter's name) "insisted on leaving this place a while back and now he does not want to go," said Varenka with a smile.

"Well?" Kitty urged her on, looking at her sombrely. "Well?"

"Well, and for some reason Anna Pavlovna said he did not want to go because you were here. Of course she had no right to say such a thing, but because of that, because of you, they quarrelled. And you know how irritable sick people can be."

Kitty said nothing but her face grew more clouded, and Varenka went on talking to soften and soothe her, anticipating an outburst of tears or words.

"So it would be better if you did not go. You understand, you will not take offence—"

"It serves me right! It serves me right!" said Kitty quickly, snatching the sunshade out of Varenka's hand and looking past her friend.

Varenka was tempted to smile at her friend's childish burst of anger, but she feared to offend her.

"Why should it serve you right? I don't understand," she said.

"It serves me right because it was all pretence, all fals and not from the heart. What did I care for that perfec stranger? And now it turns out I am the cause of thei quarrel and that I pushed in without being asked. It was all false, false, false!"

"Why should you have behaved falsely?" asked Varenka in her quiet way.

"Ugh, it is so stupid, so horrid! I had no reason ... it was all false!" she kept saying, opening and shutting the sunshade.

"Then why did you do it?"

"To show off before people, before myself, before God, to deceive everybody. Oh, I shall never let myself in for this again! Better to be wicked than to be false, to deceive!"

"Who is deceiving?" said Varenka reproachfully. "You speak as if—"

But Kitty was carried away by one of her fits of temper. She did not give her friend a chance to speak.

"Oh, I don't mean you, I am not speaking of you. You are perfect. Yes, you are, I know you are perfect, but how can I help it if I am wicked. All this would never have happened if I were not wicked. Well, let me be what I am, but not deceive. What have I to do with Anna Pavlovna? Let them live as they like and me as I like. I can not be different... This is wrong, wrong."

"What is wrong?" asked Varenka in perplexity.

"All this. I must live as my heart bids me and you live according to rules. I came to love you simply, but you only wanted to save me, to convert me!"

"You are very unjust," said Varenka.

"Oh, I am not speaking of others, I am speaking of myself."

"Kitty!" came her mother's voice. "Come here and show papa your corals."

With a proud mien, without making peace with her friend, Kitty took her box of corals from the table and went to her mother.

"What is the matter? Why are you so flushed?" asked her mother and father in one voice.

"It's nothing," Kitty replied, "I shall be back directly," and she ran out.

She is still here, she thought. What shall I say to her? Good heavens, what have I done? What have I said? Why should I have insulted her? What shall I do? What shall I say? thought Kitty, pausing at the door.

Varenka was sitting at the table in her hat and with her sunshade in her hands, trying to repair the spring Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Varenka, forgive me, forgive me!" murmured Kitty, going over to her. "I get so carried away I don't know what I'm saying. I—"

"Truly I had no wish to hurt you," said Varenka with a smile.

Peace was made. But after her father's arrival the world in which Kitty had been living changed. Not that she rejected all she had learned, but she understood now that she had deceived herself in thinking she could be what she wanted to be. It was as if she had just waked up. She fully recognized the difficulty of living on that high level to which she aspired without showing off and deceiving herself; furthermore, she had become aware of the full weight of this world of grief, illness and death in which she was living; the terrible effort it had cost her to make herself part of this world now seemed beyond her strength and she longed for a breath of fresh air, for Russia, for the country estate at Ergushovo to which, as she learned from a letter, her sister Dolly and her children had already gone for the summer.

Her love for Varenka, however, did not lessen. At parting Kitty begged her to visit them in Russia.

"I will come when you get married," said Varenka.

"I shall never get married."

"Then I shall never come."

"Ah, then I shall have to get married to bring you. See that you don't go back on your promise!" said Kitty.

The doctor proved to have been right. Kitty returned home to Russia in good health. She was not as gay and carefree as before, but she had acquired peace of mind. Her Moscow suffering were but a memory.

Part Three

1

Sergei Ivanovich Koznishev felt in need of a rest from his mental labours, and instead of going abroad as he usually did, he went to visit his half-brother in the country at the end of May. It was his conviction that country life was the best life. He was going to his brother's to revel in it. Levin was very glad, the more so since he did not expect his brother Nikolai that summer. But for all the love and esteem Levin felt for Koznishev, he was not at his ease with him in the country. It was his brother's attitude to the country that made him feel awkward and unhappy. For Levin the country was a place to live in—which is to say, a place to rejoice, to sorrow, to labour in; whereas for Koznishev the country was, on the one hand, a place where one rested from one's labours, and on the other, a valuable antidote for the corrupting influences of the town, an antidote he took with pleasure, fully aware of its potency. The goodness of the country for Levin lay in its being the setting for work that was unquestionably useful; for Koznishev the country was good just because one could and indeed ought to do nothing there.

Levin was, in addition, exasperated by his brother's attitude towards the peasants. Koznishev asserted that he knew and liked the peasants, and he often talked to them, a thing he did very well, without falseness and affectation, and from every talk with them he drew general conclusions proving that the peasants were intrinsically good

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and that he thoroughly understood them. Levin did not approve of such an attitude towards the peasants. For Levin the peasants were nothing more or less than the principal participants in their common work, and although he was well disposed towards them and even felt a sort of kinship with them, which he declared he must have sucked in with the milk of his peasant wet-nurse, and although, as he worked beside them in a common task, he was sometimes moved to the greatest admiration of their strength, modesty and keen sense of justice, nevertheless, when their labours called for other qualities, he was sometimes driven to exasperation by their indifference, slipshodness and lying. If Levin had been asked if he liked the peasants he would not have known what to answer. He liked and disliked them, just as he did all people. Being a good man, he naturally liked people more than he disliked them, and so it was with the peasants. But he could not like or dislike the peasants as something apart from himself because he not only lived with them, not only were all his interests connected with theirs, but he considered himself a part of them, and was aware of no particular vices and virtues distinguishing them from himself; therefore he could not look upon himself as one thing and them as another. And although he had lived in close relations with them for years as their master and arbiter and, above all, as their adviser (the peasants trusted him and would come from thirty miles round to ask his advice), he had no definite conception of them, and if he had been asked if he knew the peasants he would have been just as much at a loss for an answer as if asked if he liked them. To say that he knew the peasants was for him the same as to say that he knew people as a whole. He was constantly observing and getting to know all kinds of people, including peasant-people, whom he considered good and interesting people, he was continually discovering new traits in them, changing his former opinions and forming new ones. Koznishev did just the opposite. Just as he liked and praised country life as contrasted with the sort of life he disliked, so he liked the peasants as contrasted with the sort of people he disliked; he looked upon the peasants as something apart, in contrast with people as a whole. In his methodical mind definite forms of peasant life were neatly arranged,

some of them taken from peasant life itself but most of them assumed as the opposite of the life he knew. He never changed his opinion of the peasants or his sympathetic attitude towards them.

When the brothers argued about the peasants, expounding their different opinions, Koznishev always defeated his brother just because Koznishev had a definite conception of the peasants, their character, traits and tastes; Levin had no definite and unalterable conception of them, so that in these arguments Levin was always caught contradicting himself.

To Koznishev his younger brother was a good fellow whose heart was on the right side, but whose mind, if keen, was subject to passing impressions and therefore cluttered with contradictions. With the condescension of an elder brother he sometimes took the trouble of explaining the significance of things to Levin, but he found no pleasure in arguing with him because he himself always carried the day too easily.

Levin looked upon his brother as a man of great intellect and education, honourable in the highest degree and gifted with the ability to work for the common good. But the older he grew and the better he came to know his brother, the more often he felt, deep in his heart, that this ability to work for the common good, which Levin imagined he himself did not possess, was perhaps not a good quality at all but, on the contrary, a lack of something—not the lack of good, honest, lofty tastes and aspirations, but a lack of vital strength, of that which is called "heart", of that driving force that makes a person choose one out of all the countless paths in life and follow it alone. The better he got to know his brother, the clearer it became to him that Koznishev and many others who worked for the common good were brought to this love of the common good not by the bidding of their hearts but by reason, which told them it was right to do this, and that alone was why they did it. Levin was further confirmed in this opinion by remarking that his brother did not take questions of the common good and the immortality of the soul any more to heart than he did a game of chess or the ingenious construction of a new machine.

Another reason that made Levin feel uneasy with his

brother in the country was that here, especially in the summer, Levin's time was completely taken up by farm work; indeed the long summer day was not long enough for doing all the tasks that had to be done, and here was Koznishev taking a rest. He was resting, which is to say, he was not writing articles; but, being used to intellectual labours, he had a fondness for giving voice to his thoughts in concise well-turned phrases, and an equal fondness for being listened to. Naturally his brother was his usual audience. Simple and friendly as their relations were, Levin felt he could not leave his brother alone. Koznishev loved to stretch out on the grass and engage in idle talk as he lay basking in the sun.

"You would not believe it," he said to Levin, "but I simply revel in this bovine life. Not a thought in my head! Empty as a rubber ball!"

Levin found it trying to sit and listen to him, especially when he knew the men would be carting manure to fields not yet made ready to receive it and would dump it anyhow if he did not watch them; and they would not screw in the ploughshares and then would take them out and say these newfangled ploughs were the invention of the devil, not like the good old ploughs they were used to.

"You've been walking about in this sun long enough," Koznishev would say to him.

"I've got to run over to the counting-house for a minute," replied Levin, and off he went to the far fields.

2

In the first days of June Agafia Mikhailovna, Levin's former nurse and present housekeeper, slipped and fell and sprained her wrist as she was taking a jar of mushrooms she had just salted down into the cellar. The rural doctor came—a talkative young man who had only recently finished his medical training. He examined the wrist, assured them it was not broken, applied a compress and stayed for dinner, obviously delighted by the chance of talking to the celebrated Sergei Ivanovich Koznishev, to whom he demonstrated his own enlightened views by recounting all the local gossip and complaining of the un-

satisfactory state in which he found local affairs. Koznishev listened attentively, asked questions and, stimulated by his new interlocutor, launched upon an extensive discourse in which he made quite a few apt and weighty remarks that were duly appreciated by the young doctor; as a consequence Koznishev found himself in the high spirits that, as Levin knew, usually followed upon brilliant and animated conversation.

When the doctor left, Koznishev expressed a desire to go fishing. He enjoyed fishing and seemed proud that he could find enjoyment in such an inane pastime.

Levin, who ought to have been in the meadows or on the fields, offered to take his brother in the gig.

It was the time of year—the turn of the summer season —when this year's harvest has declared itself and the peasants begin thinking of next year's sowing; when haymaking is at hand; when the rye has come to ear but the ears are as yet light and lean and wave grey-green in the breeze; when the bright green oats, with clusters of yellow grass scattered among them, spring up unevenly over the late-sown fields; when the early buckwheat has burgeoned forth, completely covering the earth; when the fallowlands, trampled rock-hard by the cattle, are half ploughed, with bare spots left where the plough would not bite; when the smell of the dung-heaps drying on the fields mingles at sunset with the sweet smell of the grasses; and when the water-meadows, waiting for the scythe, stretch like a vast sea darkened here and there by stacks of weeded sorrel.

It was a time when there is a brief let-up in farm work before the onset of harvesting, annually recurring, annually mobilizing all the forces of the peasantry. The harvest promised to be abundant, the summer days were clear and hot, the nights short and with a heavy dew-fall.

The brothers had to ride through the woods to reach the meadows. Koznishev kept exclaiming over the beauty of the leafy woods, pointing out to his brother now an old lime tree about to break into blossom, dark on the shady side and twinkling all over with yellow stipules; now the emerald tips of the pines representing this year's growth. Levin did not like to talk or hear about the beauty of nature. Words for him spoiled the beauty of what he

saw. He answered his brother mechanically while his mind turned to other things. When they came out of the woods he gave all his attention to a fallow field on a hillside, carpeted in places by yellowing grass, trampled down and marked off in squares in other places, heaped with dung in others, ploughed up in still others. A line of carts was being driven over the field. Levin counted the carts to satisfy himself there were enough to deliver the required amount of manure. The sight of the meadows turned his thoughts to the hay-making. He always felt a pang of excitement at the prospect of hay-making. He stopped the horse when they got to the meadows.

There was still much dew deep down in the thick grass, and to prevent getting his feet wet Koznishev asked his brother to take him in the gig to the waterside where, below some willow bushes, the perch bit well. Much as Levin hated to ride down his grass, he drove into the meadow. The tall grass softly entwined itself about the wheels and the horse's legs, leaving its seed on wet spokes and axles.

His brother sat down under a bush and set up his fishing-rods while Levin led the horse away, tied it to a tree and waded into the vast grey-green sea that no wind stirred. The silky grass with its ripening seed was almost waist-high here in the water-meadows.

When he had crossed the meadow, Levin came out on the road where he met an old man with a swollen eye carrying a skep of bees.

"What? Caught a new swarm, Fomich?" he asked.

"Not a new one, Konstantin Mitrich. Trouble enough I have keeping the old. This is the second swarm as flew away. It's only thanks to the lads I got it back. The lads as is ploughing for you. They unhitched the horse and rode after it."

"Well, what do you say, Fomich—shall we begin mowing or wait a bit?"

"Well, now, us folks usually waits for St. Peter's Day, but you begin sooner. I'm sure I don't know why you shouldn't, God willing. Beautiful grass it be. Fine feed for the beasts."

"And what about the weather?"

"That's as God wills. Maybe the weather will hold."

Levin went back to his brother. The fish were not biting, but Koznishev did not mind; he was in the best of humours. Levin could see that the conversation with the doctor had wound him up and he was anxious to talk. Levin, on the contrary, was in a hurry to return home so that he could give instructions to summon the mowers on the following day and put an end to his worrisome doubts as to when they should begin.

"Let's be going," he said.

"What's the hurry? Sit down. The deuce, you're all wet! No fish, but what of it? The joy of fishing is that it brings you close to nature. What could be lovelier than that steely water?" he said. "And these river banks. They always remind me of that riddle—remember it? The grass says to the water: 'We bend low, still and slow...' "

"Never heard it," replied Levin dully.

3

"I've been thinking about you, you know," said Koznishev. "If what that doctor tells me is true—and he seems to be a clever chap—things are going to the dogs in this uyezd of yours. I told you before and I tell you now: it's all wrong that you should not attend meetings and that in general you should hold yourself aloof from local affairs. If all honest men withdrew it stands to reason things would be run God only knows how. As it is we pay out our money, it all goes for salaries and we are left without schools, doctors, midwives, apothecaries and everything else."

"I tried it," replied Levin quietly and as if reluctantly. "I just can't. What's to be done?"

"And why can't you, pray? I don't understand. I cannot attribute it to indifference or incompetence; what is it then, pure laziness?"

"None of those things. I tried it and was convinced there is nothing I can do," said Levin.

He was not very attentive to what his brother was saying. In the fields across the river he detected something black and was trying to make out whether it was a lone

horse or his steward on horseback.

"Why can you do nothing? You tried once, you didn't achieve what you wanted so you gave up. I should think you would have more pride."

"Pride?" said Levin, stung to the quick by his brother's words. "I don't understand what you mean. If I had been told when I was in the university that all the other students understood integral calculus and I was the only one who did not, that would have hurt my pride. But in the present case one must be convinced first of all that one has an aptitude for such activities, and then the main thing: that the activities themselves are of importance."

"What? You find them of no importance?" exclaimed Koznishev, stung in his turn by his brother's finding the things to which he devoted himself of no importance, and even more stung by his brother's obvious lack of interest in what he was saying.

"I don't find them important, they don't touch me, and I can't help it," replied Levin, who had discovered that what he saw was the steward and that the steward seemed to be allowing the men to leave their ploughing: they were turning their ploughs. Surely they cannot have finished, he said to himself.

"Listen," said the elder brother, a scowl clouding his handsome intellectual face. "There is a limit to everything. It's a good thing to be different, to be sincere and despise everything false—I know that very well. But can't you see that what you say either has no meaning at all or has deplorable meaning? You find it of no importance that the peasants, of whom you say you are so fond—"

I never said any such thing, said Levin to himself.

"—should die of disease without any effort to save them? That ignorant women [illegible] be the [illegible] mortality, that the [illegible] and deeper in [illegible] the [illegible] who knows how to r[illegible] be in a position to [illegible] not you consider it [illegible]

Koznishev [illegible] he [illegible] wh[illegible] be [illegible]

peace and quiet, his pride, or whatever it was, to do it.

Levin felt forced to accept his brother's point of view or acknowledge that he was not sufficiently devoted to the common good. He felt injured and aggrieved.

"Both alternatives are right," he said resolutely. "I do not see the possibility of—"

"What? Do you mean to say medical aid could not be provided if the money were properly apportioned?"

"I don't think it could be. I don't think it possible to provide medical aid to the one-and-a-half thousand square miles of our uyezd, with our spring floods and winter storms and summer farm work. And besides, I don't believe in medicine."

"Oh, come, that's unfair. I can give you thousands of examples. And what about schools?"

"Why should we have schools?"

"What are you saying? Can there be any doubt as to the advantages of education? If it is good for you, why should it not be good for everyone?"

Levin felt that he was morally driven to the wall and for that reason he lost his temper and involuntarily came out with the main reason for his indifference to public activities:

"Perhaps all these things are good, but why should I bother myself about the setting up of medical centres which I shall never use, and schools to which I shall never send my children and to which the peasants do not wish to send theirs—and to which I am not sure they ought to send them," he said.

For a moment Koznishev was confounded by such an unexpected declaration, but he quickly adopted a different plan of attack.

He said nothing for a while, pulled out one of his fishing lines, threw it in again, then turned to his brother with a smile.

"Now look here: in the first place, medical centres must be set up. Did we not send for the rural doctor for Agafia Mikhailovna?"

"Take my word for it, her arm will be crooked."

"That remains to be seen. Secondly, a literate peasant is more valuable as a workman and more needed than an illiterate one."

"Oh, no; ask whoever you like," replied Levin decisively. "A literate workman is much inferior. He will not mend roads and if a bridge is put up today, its timbers will be stolen tomorrow."

"That, however..." began Koznishev with a frown; he did not like to be contradicted, especially when the contradictions skipped disconnectedly from one thing to another, raising questions he was unprepared to answer. "That, however, is not the point. Allow me to ask if you agree that education is of benefit to the people?"

"Yes, I agree," said Levin unthinkingly, the next moment telling himself he had spoken insincerely. He realized that if he agreed to this it would be proved to him that everything else he had said was nonsense, meaningless. How this would be proved he did not know, but he was certain it would be proved logically and he waited to hear it.

It came in a much simpler form than he had expected.

"If you agree that it is of benefit," said Koznishev, "you cannot help admiring and being in sympathy with efforts to achieve it and, accordingly, wishing to help the cause yourself."

"But I have not said I consider it a good cause," said Levin, reddening.

"How is that? You have just said—"

"That is, I do not consider it either good or possible."

"You cannot know whether it is possible until you have worked for it."

"I grant you that," said Levin, although he did not really grant it. "I grant you that, but even so I do not see why I should bother myself about it."

"What? But then—"

"Wait. Once we are on the subject, explain it to me from the philosophical point of view," said Levin.

"I don't see what philosophy has to do with it," said Koznishev in a tone that implied, Levin thought, that he did not recognize his brother's right to talk about philosophy. Levin was exasperated.

"This is what," retorted Levin hotly. "It is my conviction that all our actions are motivated by considerations of personal happiness. I, as a nobleman, do not see that our present *zemstvo* organizations do anything to further

my welfare. The roads are no better and cannot be better, but my horses take me over them, bad as they are. I have no need of their doctors and medical centres, I have no need of their courts—I have never applied to them and never will. Not only have I no need of their schools but I consider them harmful, as I have already said. For me, our *zemstvo* organizations mean only an obligation to pay a land tax of six kopeks an acre, to drive into town, spend the night with bedbugs, and listen to all sorts of stuff and nonsense without being sustained by any personal interest whatever."

"Oh, come," interrupted Koznishev with a smile. "No personal interest sustained us when we worked for the emancipation of the serfs, but we worked for it nonetheless."

"Oh, no," interrupted Levin even more hotly. "The emancipation of the serfs was an entirely different thing. We certainly did have a personal interest in it. We wanted to throw off a burden that was crushing all decent people. But to be a councillor, to discuss how many privy-cleaners we need and how to lay pipes in a town where I do not live; to be a juryman and try a peasant who has stolen a ham and listen for six hours to the twaddle the prosecutor and defence counsel talk, and hear the chairman ask my old half-witted Alyoshka: 'Do you admit having stolen the ham, my man?' 'Eh? What's 'at, your honour?' "

Levin's ardour was carrying him off at a tangent, he even mimicked the chairman and half-witted Alyoshka; he seemed to think it strengthened his argument.

Koznishev, however, shrugged his shoulders.

"And what might you be trying to prove?"

"Only that I will spare no effort to defend rights that touch me, that affect my interests; when I was a student and the gendarmes searched our rooms and read our letters, I was ready to defend our rights with every means in my power—our rights to an education, our rights to liberty. I understand obligatory military service—that affects my children, my brothers and myself; I am ready to discuss things that touch me personally; but to discuss how the *zemstvo* budget money is to be apportioned, or to try half-witted Alyoshka—I don't and never will understand why I should do that."

Levin's words came gushing forth like water through a broken dam. Koznishev smiled.

"And if tomorrow you yourself are on trial, how would you like to have your case heard in the old type of criminal court?"

"I shall never be on trial. I will not cut anyone's throat so I have no need of all that. Let me tell you," he went on, again going far afield, "our *zemstvo* institutions resemble those cut-down birch trees that are stuck in the ground on Trinity Day to imitate a natural copse sprung up overnight, and I cannot throw myself heart and soul into watering and believing in cut-down birch trees."

Koznishev merely shrugged his shoulders again to express his wonder as to how those birch trees should hav entered the discussion; but in a moment he understoo what his brother had meant to say.

"That is no way to argue," he remarked.

But Levin wished to justify what he himself recogniz as his shortcoming—his indifference to the common goo —and so he went on:

"I think," he said, "that no activity can be lasting it is not rooted in one's personal interests. This is a common truth, a philosophical truth," he said, resolutely reiterating the word *philosophical* as if to show that he had as much right as another to speak of philosophy.

Koznishev smiled again. He, too, keeps a bag of philosophy handy to feed his pet ideas, he said to himself. "You'd better not drag in philosophy," he said aloud. "The main task of philosophy throughout the ages has been to discover the bond connecting personal interests and common interests. But that is beside the point. The point is that I must correct your simile. The birch trees are not stuck into the ground; some of them are planted saplings, some are planted seeds, and they must be carefully nurtured. Only those nations have a future, only those can make a place for themselves in history, that display a fine sense of what is important and significant in their institutions and cherish those things."

At this point Koznishev carried the question into the realm of historical philosophy, which was over Levin's head, trying to prove to him the justice of his point of view.

"As for your not liking these activities, forgive me but that is because of our Russian sloth and our self-owner psychology. I am confident that in you this is but a temporary aberration and it will pass."

Levin said nothing. He felt that he had been defeated on every point, but he also felt that his brother had not understood what he had wanted to say. What he did not know was why his brother had failed to understand him, whether it was because he had not been able to express his thoughts clearly, or because his brother had not wished to understand, or because he was incapable of understanding. He did not, however, attempt to go more deeply into the matter and, without any rejoinder, fell to thinking about something quite different, something that was his own personal affair.

Koznishev wound up the line on his last rod, untied the horse and the two of them rode off.

4

The personal affair that had come into Levin's mind at the end of his conversation with his brother was the following: on a certain day of the preceding year he had lost his temper with his steward at the hay-making, and to pacify himself he had taken the scythe out of the hands of one of his peasants and begun mowing.

So much had he enjoyed the work that he had repeated it several times thereafter; he himself had cut down all the grass in the clearing in front of his house and in the spring of this year he had decided to spend entire days mowing along with the peasants. When his brother came he was thrown into a quandary: should he do it or not? He hesitated to leave his brother alone all day long, and he feared his brother would make fun of him for his whim. But while making his way through the meadow he recalled the pleasure mowing had brought him and was tempted to carry out his decision. Now, after his exasperating talk with his brother, it was this that came back into his mind.

I must have physical activity, I'm becoming too irritable, he thought, and resolved to join in the hay-making

however embarrassed he might feel in the presence of his brother and the peasants.

That evening Levin went to the counting-house where he gave the steward instructions for the next day's work and had him send messengers to the villages to tell the mowers they were to begin work on Kalinov Meadow, the biggest and best of the meadows, the next morning.

"And please send my scythe to Prokhor and have him sharpen it and bring it tomorrow; I may join in the work," he said, trying not to show his embarrassment.

The steward smiled.

"Very well, sir," he said.

At tea that evening Levin told his brother about it.

"Good weather seems to have settled in," he said. "Tomorrow I want to begin the hay-making."

"I like that sort of work," said Koznishev.

"So do I. Sometimes I join the peasants, and tomorrow I intend mowing with them all day."

Koznishev raised his head and looked at his brother inquiringly.

"You mean ... you intend working with the peasants all day long?"

"Oh, yes. It's very enjoyable."

"It's an excellent form of physical exercise to be sure, but will you be able to hold out?" asked Koznishev without the least mockery.

"I've tried it. It's hard at first and then you get into the swing of it. I don't think I shall fall behind."

"Well, well! But tell me, how do the peasants take it? Amused, are they?—their master's such a queer egg!"

"I hardly think so. But it's such pleasant work, and at the same time so hard, that there is no time to think."

"And do you expect to eat with them, too? Hardly the thing to send you fried turkey and a bottle of lafitte for lunch."

"Oh, I shall come home for lunch."

The next morning Levin got up earlier than usual but he was delayed by farm affairs, so that when he got to the mowing the men were cutting the second row.

From the top of the hill he got a view of the land at the foot of it that had already been mowed; it was still

in shade and was patterned with greying streaks of freshly cut grass and black dots that were the men's coats dropped on the ground when they set out on their first row.

As he rode closer he saw the long line of men moving ahead one after another, some in coats, others in shirts, each wielding his scythe in his own way. He counted forty-two of them.

Slowly they advanced over the uneven lowland where the old dam had been. Levin recognized some of his peasants. There was old Ermil in a very long white shirt, all bent over as he swung his scythe; and there was young Vaska who had been Levin's coachman, cutting his rows with fierce sweeping strokes; and there was Prokhor, a skinny little man who had taught Levin how to mow. Now he led the line, his body erect, swinging his scythe as if it were a toy, cutting a fine broad row.

Levin dismounted, tied his horse near the road and went up to Prokhor, who took a second scythe out of the bushes and held it out to him.

"It's ready, master; razor-sharp, cuts of itself," said Prokhor, pulling off his cap with a smile and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it and tried it. As they finished their rows the gay, sweat-drenched mowers came out to the road one by one and laughingly greeted the master. All of them stole looks at him but no one said a word until a tall old man in a sheepskin and with a wrinkled beardless face came up and said to him:

"Mind, master, once you've took the reins in hand, don't fall behind!" and Levin heard the men's smothered laughter.

"I'll try not to," he said, taking his stand behind Prokhor and waiting for the moment to begin.

"Mind!" repeated the old man.

Prokhor cut into the grass first and Levin set out after him. The grass beside the road was short and Levin, who had not mowed for a long time and was made uneasy by the men's glances, mowed very badly at first even though he swung the scythe energetically. He could hear voices behind him:

"It's not set right—handle's too high, see how he's

a-bending and a-bending," said one.

"Push down harder on the heel!" called out another.

"All's well, only takes time," said the old man. "See, he's off... Eh, too broad a row you're taking, master, you'll wear yourself out... Nay, master, that's no way. It's your own grass. See how much is missed! If us did it like that, we'd feel it on our backs."

Now the grass was softer and Levin kept up with Prokhor, listening but not answering, doing his best to improve his work. They went on in this way for about a hundred paces. Prokhor advanced without a pause and without showing the least exhaustion; Levin feared that he would not be able to hold out, so tired was he already.

He felt that he was swinging the scythe with his last strength and resolved to ask Prokhor to call a halt, bu at that very moment Prokhor himself stopped, bent ove to pull up some grass, wiped his scythe with it and bega whetting the blade. Levin straightened up, drew in a dee breath and looked round. The man behind him must ha been tired too, for he stopped before he reached Lev and began whetting his scythe. Prokhor sharpened h own and Levin's and they went back to work.

They proceeded much as before. Prokhor advanc rhythmically, stroke by stroke, without stopping a without growing tired. Levin followed him and tried r to fall behind, but it became harder and harder w every step; the moment came when he was sure he co not go on, but again Prokhor stopped to whet ... scythe.

In this way they came to the end of the first row. No row thereafter cost Levin the effort this long first one did; yet when they came to the end of it and Prokhor, shouldering his scythe, slowly made his way back over the trail his feet had left in the cut hay and Levin too went back over his own trail, he felt happy even though the sweat was pouring down his face and dripping off his nose, and the back of his shirt was as wet as if it had been dipped in water. He felt happy largely because he knew now that he could hold out.

The only thing that marred his happiness was that his row was not done well. I will swing my arms less and my body more, he thought as he compared his ragged

uneven row with Prokhor's, where not a blade of grass had been missed.

Levin observed that Prokhor went quickly down the first row, which happened to be a long one, as if to put his master to the test. The following rows were easier, but even so Levin had to strain himself to the utmost to keep up with the others.

He thought of nothing and wanted nothing but to keep up and to improve his work. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythe, he saw nothing but the erect figure of Prokhor advancing in front of him, the semicircles of cut hay, the grass falling in slow waves, the flowers snipped by the blade of his scythe and the end of the row up ahead, where he could rest.

In the middle of the work he suddenly and unaccountably had a pleasant sensation of coolness on his overheated shoulders. He glanced up at the sky when they stopped to whet the scythe. A low black cloud hung overhead and big drops of rain were falling. Some of the mowers went for their coats, others like Levin were only too glad to expose their shoulders to this refreshing coolness.

They cut row after row. Long rows and short ones, rows with coarse or with soft grass. Levin lost all sense of time, he could not possibly have said whether it was early or late. His work underwent a change that brought him enormous satisfaction. Once he had got into the swing of it there were minutes when he forgot what he was doing, everything was easy, and in those minutes his rows were almost as even and well-cut as Prokhor's. But as soon as he thought of what he was doing and tried to do it better, he became conscious of the difficulties and his results were worse. They came to the end of the next row and as he was about to turn back Prokhor stopped him and, going over to the old man, murmured something to him. Both of them glanced up at the sun. What are they saying and why don't they begin another row? Levin asked himself, not knowing that the peasants had been mowing without a break for at least four hours and it was time for them to have breakfast.

"Breakfast, master," said the old man.

"Is it really time? Very well."

Levin gave his scythe to Prokhor and made f

horse, joining the men walking back to where their coats and food-baskets were lying; they crossed a wide space of rain-moist new-mown hay and only then did Levin realize he had been mistaken about the weather: his hay was getting wet.

"It will be spoiled," he said.

"Have no fear, master: 'Rain for the making, sun for the raking,'" said the old man.

Levin untied his horse and rode home for coffee. Koznishev was just getting up. Levin hurried with his coffee and went back to the meadow before his brother had time to get dressed and enter the dining-room.

5

After breakfast Levin found himself in a different position in the line of mowes: between the old man who had accosted him jocularly and now invited him to be his neighbour, and a young peasant who had got married just that autumn and was mowing for the first time.

The old man, holding himself erect, moved forward steadily, in long strides, with his toes turned out and working with precise, rhythmical movements that seemed to cost him no more effort than it costs one to swing one's arms in walking, as if piling up that high, even row were mere child's play. The sharp scythe seemed to go swishing through the succulent grass of itself, without his help.

Behind Levin came the youthful Mishka. His pleasant young face with a twist of fresh grass tied round his fore head to hold back his hair, kept grimacing from the ef fort he was putting forth, but the moment anyone looke at him it split in a smile. Apparently he would have die rather than admit he was finding the work hard.

It was between these two Levin walked. At the ve height of the hay-making Levin himself did not find hard. The sweat streaming from his pores cooled him, tl sun beaming down on his back, his head and his ba arms gave him strength and tenacity; more and mc often did he enjoy moments of unconscious effort wh he had no need to think of what he was doing. The scythe

did the work alone. These were happy moments. But even more delightful were those when, on reaching the river at which the rows ended, the old man wiped his scythe with a handful of wet grass, rinsed the blade in the fresh river water, scooped up some water in his whetstone box and offered it to Levin.

"Here, taste my beer! Good, eh?" he said, winking at Levin.

And indeed Levin thought he had never tasted anything to compare with that warm water with weeds floating in it and the rusty flavour from the tin box. This would be followed by a blissful slow walk with his hand on his shouldered scythe, in the course of which he would wipe the sweat off his brow, fill his lungs with that good air and take in the whole long line of mowers and all that was going on round about in the woods and the fields.

The longer Levin mowed the more often he experienced those moments of oblivion, when his arms no longer swung the scythe but the scythe itself drew his body—never more self-aware, never more full of vitality—in its wake. And as if by magic, with no thought given to it, the work was done, precisely and in just the right way. These were his most blissful moments.

It was hard only when he had to interrupt his unconscious movements and give his mind to the work, as when mounds had to be mowed, or spots where the sorrel had not been weeded. The old man did even this with ease. When he came to a mound he changed his movements, cutting with short strokes round all sides of it, pushing down now on the heel, now on the tip of his scythe. And while doing it he kept a watchful eye on what was ahead of him: sometimes he picked a berry and ate it or offered it to Levin, sometimes he tossed away a twig with the tip of his scythe, once he studied a quail's nest, out of which the mother bird flew from under the very blade of the scythe, again he caught a snake that came his way, lifted it on his scythe as on a pitch-fork, showed it to Levin and flung it away.

For Levin and the young fellow behind him such changes of movement were difficult. Both of them, having mastered one tense cycle of movements, were caught up

in the excitement of the performance and could not introduce a variation and at the same time observe what was ahead.

Levin did not notice the passage of time. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing he would have said about half an hour, whereas it was almost lunch time. As they were walking back over the cut grass the old man called Levin's attention to some boys and girls scarcely to be seen up on the road for the tall grass; they were coming from all directions, their arms pulled straight to their sides by the weight of the loaves tied up in kerchiefs and the jugs of kvass stoppered with rags they were bringing to the mowers.

"Look, the midges a-comin'," he said, motioning towards them; then he put a hand to his eyes and glanced up at the sun.

When they had done another two rows the old man stopped.

"Well, master, it be lunch time," he said decisively. On reaching the river the mowers walked back along the rows to their coats where the children were waiting with the food. The men sat down in groups, some under a cart, others under some willow bushes on which they tossed grass to deepen the shade.

Levin joined the group under the bushes; he had no wish to ride away.

The peasants had long since lost any sense of embarrassment in their master's presence. They made ready for lunch. Some of them washed, the younger ones bathed in the river, others prepared a comfortable place for their rest, untied the baskets and unstoppered the jugs of kvass. The old man crumbled some bread into a mug, crushed it with the handle of a spoon, poured water on it using his whetstone box as a dipper, crumbled some more bread into it, salted it, then turned to the east and murmured a prayer.

"Here, master, try my chowder," he said, lowering himself on his knees beside the mug.

The chowder tasted so good that Levin abandoned all thought of going home for lunch. He ate with the old man and talked to him about his domestic affairs, taking a lively interest in them, and told him about his own af-

fairs, everything that might be of interest to the old man. He felt closer to him than to his half-brother, his tender feelings expressing themselves in an unconscious smile. When the old man got up and murmured another prayer, then lay down under a bush with an armful of grass as pillow, Levin did likewise, and notwithstanding the flies and midges that tickled his sweaty face and body, he instantly fell asleep and only woke up when the sun had reached his side of the bush and fell on his face. The old man had been awake for some time and was setting the young lads' scythes for them.

Levin glanced round and hardly recognized the spot, so different did it look now. Most of the enormous meadow was mown and its sweet-smelling rows shone in the slanting rays of sun with a new and peculiar shine. Everything had a completely new look: the bushes by the riverside, the river itself which had been hidden from view before and now gleamed in steely coils, the peasants who were getting up after their rest and moving about, the steep wall of grass at the edge of the mown stretch, and the hawks hovering above the shorn meadowland. When he was thoroughly awake Levin began calculating how much had been mown and how much could still be done that day.

A great deal had been done by the forty-two men. The entire big meadow, which in the old days would have taken thirty serfs two days to mow, was nearly finished. Only a few corners with short rows remained uncut. But Levin, anxious to accomplish as much as possible on that day, was annoyed with the sun for rolling down the sky so quickly. He did not feel tired in the least; he only wanted to work as much and as quickly as possible.

"What do you think?—can we do Mashka's Uplands today?" he asked the old man.

"That's as God wills, the sun's not high now. Will there be vodka for the lads?"

After their rest, when the mowers were sitting up again and the smokers had taken out their pipes, the old man announced: "Master's promised vodka if we do Mashka's Uplands today, lads!"

"If we do them! Just you lead the way, Prokhor! We'll do them in a trice! Lead the way!" came the voices, and,

gobbling up the remains of their bread, the mowers made ready to go.

"Show what you can do, lads!" called out Prokhor as he began.

"Faster, faster!" said the old man, hurrying in his wake and easily catching him up. "Look sharp! I'll be a-mowing you down!"

Young and old vied with one another to see who could work faster. Despite their haste they did not spoil the grass but laid the rows neatly and orderly. In five minutes the remaining corners were cut. Before the end-men had finished their rows the leaders had thrown their coats over their shoulders and were crossing the road to Mashka's Uplands.

The sun had dropped to the treetops when with a clatter of whetstone boxes they entered the wooded ravine of Mashka's Uplands. The grass was waist-high in the middle of the hollow—soft, tender, feathery and pied with the purple and yellow flowers of cow-wheat.

After a brief consultation—had they better work it lengthwise or crosswise?—Ermilin, a huge dark-complexioned man who was another celebrated mower, took the lead. He walked the length of a row, came back and set to work and all the others followed him, mowing from top to bottom of the ravine, then up the opposite hillside to the edge of the woods. The sun slipped behind the woods. Dew began to fall and only the mowers on top of the hill were in the sun, those below where the mist was now rising and those on the other side moved in fresh dewy shadow. The work proceeded at a great pace.

The grass let out a succulent sound and pungent odour as it was clipped and fell in high-piled rows. Crowded together in the ravine, the mowers urged one another on with gay cries, with the clatter of whetstone boxes, the clash of colliding scythes and the whisk of whetstone against blade.

Levin was again working between the old man and the youth. The old man, who had donned his sheepskin jacket, was as gay and jocular and agile as ever. In the woods they kept coming upon mushrooms swelling temptingly in the rich grass. Most of the men cut them down with their scythes but every time the old man spied such a

mushroom he bent down and picked it and put it inside ıis shirt, saying: "Som'at for the old woman."

Easy as it was to cut the soft wet grass, it was hard to climb up and down the steep sides of the ravine. But even this did not deter the old man. Swinging his scythe as easily as ever, he advanced slowly up the hillside, his feet in big bast sandals taking short firm steps, and though his whole body and the trousers that had parted company with his shirt quivered with the effort, he did not miss a single blade of grass or a single mushroom and he kept on jesting with Levin and the other men. As Levin followed him, he often felt that he, Levin, and his scythe must surely go punging down the steep hillside, on which it would be hard to find purchase even without a scythe; but he managed to keep on his feet and do what he had to do. It was as if he were controlled by some outside force.

6

They mowed Mashka's Uplands and when they finished the last rows they donned their coats and marched off gaily. Levin mounted his horse, took a reluctant leave of the peasants and went home. He looked back from the crest of the hill; he could not see them for the dense mist but he could hear their jolly rough voices, their laughter and the clash of their scythes.

When Levin burst into his brother's room with a joyful greeting, his rumpled hair plastered to his sweaty forehead, his dirty shirt clinging to his chest and back, Koznishev had finished his dinner and was sipping iced lemonade as he looked through the papers and magazines just come by post.

"We did the entire meadow! It was marvellous, incredible! And how did you spend the day?" asked Levin, who had completely forgotten the unpleasant conversation of the previous evening.

"By Jove, you are a sight!" exclaimed Koznishev, displeased by this first glimpse of his brother. "The door! The door! Shut the door!" he cried. "You've already le… in a dozen!"

Koznishev could not bear flies and he only opened the windows of his room at night and took great pains to keep the door shut.

"Not a single one, I swear! If one slipped past I'll catch it. You simply can't imagine what a pleasure it was! And how did you spend the day?"

"Capitally. But you don't mean to say you've been mowing all day long? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has got everything ready."

"I'm not hungry in the least! I ate out there. But I will go and have a wash."

"Go on, go on, I will come and join you," said Koznishev, shaking his head disapprovingly. "Hurry," he added, smiling and gathering up the papers to take with him. Suddenly he himself was in a gay mood and did not wish to part with his brother. "And where were you, pray, when it rained?"

"Rain? Just a few drops. So you had a good day. I'm glad of that, I shall be back directly," and Levin hurried off to dress.

Five minutes later the brothers met in the dining-room. Although Levin had thought he was not hungry and sat down at table only to please Kuzma, he found the dinner surprisingly good. Koznishev smiled as he watched him.

"Ah, yes; a letter has come for you," he said. "Kuzma, be so kind as to bring it. But mind you close the door!"

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it out loud. Oblonsky was writing from St. Petersburg: "I got a letter from Dolly, she is in Ergushovo and it seems things are not running too smoothly. Please do me the favour of going and seeing her and offering her advice, you know all about such things. She will be so glad to see you. She is all alone, poor darling. My mother-in-law and the others are still abroad."

"Good! I shall certainly go and em," said

"Shall we go together? Dolly is c you thi

"Is it far from here?"

"Splendid! You wouldn't believe how effective such labour is as a cure for all ills. I should like to enrich medicine with a new term: *Arbeitskur.*"

"It doesnt't look as if you were in need of such a cure."

"Not I, but those with nervous complaints."

"One ought to try it, I suppose. I thought of coming and watching you at your hay-making, but it was so insufferably hot I got no further than the woods. I sat there awhile, then walked through the woods to the village where I met your old nurse and sounded her out as to how the peasants take your eccentricities. If I am not mistaken, they disapprove. She said: 'That is not a gentleman's work.' It appears that the peasants have evolved a very definite conception of what they call 'a gentleman's work'. And they do not approve of a gentleman's overstepping what they consider the dividing line."

"Perhaps, but it's a pleasure beyond anything I have ever experienced. And surely there is nothing wrong in it, is there?" asked Levin. "How can I help it if they disapprove? I don't really think it matters, do you?"

"On the whole," went on Koznishev, "I see that you are pleased with your day."

"Extremely pleased. We mowed the entire meadow. And with what a remarkable old man I made friends! You cannot imagine what a treasure he is!"

"In other words, your day was a success. So was mine. In the first place, I solved two chess problems, one of them quite amusing—you open with a pawn. I'll show it to you. And then I pondered over last evening's conversation."

"Last evening's conversation?" repeated Levin, screwing up his eyes blissfully and puffing with satisfaction after his dinner, completely unable to recall what they had talked about.

"I find you were partly right. Our disagreement consists in your asserting that personal interest is the sole motivating force and I contend that every individual who has achieved a certain level of cultivation ought to be motivated by considerations of the common good. Perhaps you are right, too, when you say it would be better if people were interested materially in public activities. On the whole, however, you are by nature too

sautière, as the French say; you would have people throw themselves into activities enthusiastically, whole-heartedly, or not at all."

As Levin listened to his brother he understood nothing and did not wish to understand anything. He only feared his brother would ask him a question that would show he had not been following him.

"That's how it is, old man," said Koznishev, patting him on the shoulder.

"Oh, yes. Quite right. And indeed, I do not insist on my point," replied Levin with an ingenuous and apologetic smile. But he thought to himself: What in the world were we arguing about? Naturally I was right and he was right and everything is tip-top. But I must go to the counting-house and give some instructions. He got up, stretched himself and smiled.

Koznishev smiled too.

"If you would like to take a walk, let's go together," he said, reluctant to part with his brother, who irradiated such freshness and buoyancy. "Come along and we can stop in at the counting-house if you need to do so."

"The deuce!" cried Levin so loudly that Koznishev was startled.

"What? What is it?"

"Agafia Mikhailovna's wrist!" said Levin, striking himself reproachfully on the forehead. "I quite forgot about it."

"It's much better."

"Even so I must go and see her. I'll be back before you've put on your hat."

His heels clattered like a rattle as he dashed down the stairs.

7

At the same time that Oblonsky went to St. Petersburg for the performing of what all government officials know to be a most natural and necessary function even though non-officials cannot understand it, a function without which no official can go on officiating, namely, the function of reminding those in the Ministry of his existence,

in the performing of which Oblonsky, having taken most of the household funds with him, spent a gay and delightful time at the races and visiting his friends in the country—at just that time Dolly and the children moved to the country so as to cut living expenses to a minimum. It was to Ergushovo they moved, the estate Dolly had received as a dowry, the one whose timber had been sold in the spring, the one that lay some twenty or twenty-five miles from Levin's estate of Pokrovskoye.

The big old manor house at Ergushovo had fallen to pieces long since, but the prince had had the lodge repaired and enlarged. Twenty years earlier, when Dolly had been a mere child, the lodge had been spacious and comfortable even though it faced the north and stood, as do all lodges, sideways to the entrance drive. Now, however, this lodge was old and dilapidated. When Oblonsky had gone in the spring to sell the woods, Dolly had asked him to inspect the house and see that all necessary repairs were made. Oblonsky, with the extreme solicitude for his wife's comfort exhibited by all guilty husbands, personally went over the house and gave instructions for doing whatever he found necessary. He found that all the furniture had to be covered with cretonne slips, curtains had to be hung, the garden had to be put in order, flowers planted and a little landing built at the pond. He overlooked a great many more important things, the neglect of which later caused Dolly no end of trouble.

Try as he might to be a solicitous husband and father, Oblonsky could not remember that he had a wife and children. He had bachelor tastes and was governed by them in all things.

On returning to Moscow he had proudly announced to his wife that all had been done, the house was as pretty as a picture, and he solemnly urged her to go and enjoy it. His wife's departure for the country suited him in every way: it was good for the children's health, it cut living expenses, and it gave him freedom. Dolly herself welcomed the move for the children's sake, especially for the sake of the little girl who had not fully regained her strength after scarlet fever, and also because it would enable her to get rid of a number of minor humiliations, such as the bills she owed the shoemaker, the fishmonger

and the man who sold them firewood. The prospect of the move was made further attractive by the hope of being with her sister Kitty, who was expected to return from abroad in the middle of summer and for whom bathing had been recommended.

Kitty had written from the waters that she looked forward to nothing so much as to spending the summer with Dolly in Ergushovo, a place made dear to both of them by childhood memories.

Dolly's first days in the country were extremely difficult. She had lived in the country in childhood and retained the impression that the country offered a refug from all the unpleasantnesses of the town, that life there if lacking the elegance of town life (Dolly easily accepte this), was at any rate cheap and convenient; everything could be obtained there, everything was inexpensive, and it was an ideal place for the children. But now, returning to the country as head of a household, she saw that things were not what she had thought them to be.

On the day after their arrival there was a heavy rain. That night it leaked into the nursery and the hall so badly that the beds had to he moved into the drawing-room. There was no cook. Of nine cows it turned out, according to the woman who took care of the cattle, that some were with calf, others had just calved, others were old and still others were hard-uddered; there was not enough butter or milk even for the children. There were no eggs. There were no young chickens, they boiled and fried old, tough, blue-skinned roosters. No women could be found to scrub the floors, they were all busy planting potatoes. The family could not go driving because the one horse was unsteady and reared in the shafts. They could not bathe in the river because the entire bank had been trampled to a mush by the cows and was open to the road. They could not even walk in the garden because the cows came through holes in the fence and there was a frightful bull that roared so loudly it must surely be dangerous. There was not enough space for their clothes; the doors of the few wardrobes either would not shut or opened of themselves whenever anyone walked past. There were no pokers or irons for the fire, no boiler for laundering, not even an ironing-board in the maids' room.

threatened to do so, a third was in need of this-or-that, a fourth showed signs of developing a bad temper, and so on, and so on. Very rare indeed were the occasions when she could feel completely relaxed. But all of Dolly's happiness lay in the cares and exertions exacted from her by her children. But for them she would have been left to the torment of thinking of her husband, who no longer loved her. Hard as it was for her to live in the constant fear of having one of her children come down with something, sad as it was to observe undesirable traits developing in them, the children themselves afforded her little joys that repaid her for her sorrows. So little were these joys as to be hardly perceptible, like gold in sand, and in her bad moments she saw only her sorrows, only the sand; but she had her good moments as well, when she saw only the joys, only the gold.

Here in the solitude of the country she became more and more aware of these joys. Often when watching her children she would try to convince herself that she was mistaken, that as a mother she could not judge her own children with an impartial eye; and still she could not help telling herself that they were charming children. All six of them, different in every way, were of a rare sort, and she was made happy by them and took pride in them.

8

At the end of May, when everything was running more or less smoothly, she received her husband's answer to the letter she had written complaining of her discomfort in the country. He begged her forgiveness for having overlooked so many things and promised to come down at the first opportunity. This opportunity did not present itself, and until the beginning of June Dolly was alone in Ergushovo.

On the Sunday of St. Peter's week she went to church with the children so that they could all take the sacrament. Dolly's free thinking in matters religious had often surprised her mother, sister and friends when the talk had turned to spiritual and philosophical questions. Dol- ... own, strange religion of metempsychosis in

which she firmly believed regardless of orthodox dogma. But with her family she strictly adhered to church ritual, not for appearances' sake only but with all her heart, and now she was concerned that her children had not taken the sacrament for nearly a year. With the full approval of Matrona, Dolly resolved that they should do it this summer, here in the country.

For some days before the event she busied herself with getting the children's clothes ready. Dresses were made, remade, laundered, hems were let down, flounces added, buttons sewn on, ribbons pressed. One of the dresses, the one for Tanya which the English governess had undertaken to make, caused Dolly no end of worry.

The English woman stitched the tucks in the wrong place and sewed in the sleeves in such a way that the dress was practically ruined. It sat so badly on Tanya's shoulders that it was painful to see. Happily Matrona thought of putting in gussets and covering them with a little cape. The dress was saved, but the matter almost led to a quarrel with the English governess. Next morning, however, all was ready and by nine o'clock—the hour at which they had asked the priest to hold the mass—the radiant, festive children were standing on the steps beside the carriage waiting for their mother.

Dolly was delayed by her toilette, but at last she emerged in a white muslin frock and got into the carriage, which was drawn, thanks to Matrona's intercession, not by Raven, the restive horse, but by the steward's Browny.

Dolly had dressed and arranged her hair with care and excitement. Formerly she had dressed for her own sake, to be pretty and make people like her, but the older she grew the less she enjoyed taking pains with her appearance—it only showed her how quickly her beauty was fading. Today, however, she again found pleasure and excitement in making herself attractive. Today she dressed not for herself, not just to look pretty, but so that she, as the mother of these charming children, should not spoil the general impression. And when she took a last glance in the looking-glass she was pleased. She was pretty. Not as pretty as she had longed to be in the old days when she attended balls, but pretty enough for the purpose she had in view.

There was nobody in the church but peasants, servants and their women folk. But Dolly saw, or thought she saw, the admiration in their faces when she and her children appeared. The children not only looked lovely in their holiday attire, but they behaved beautifully. To be sure, Alyosha did not stand as he should, he kept screwing his head round to see the back of his jacket; but even so he was a dear. Tanya conducted herself like a grown-up, keeping a watchful eye on the younger children. Lilly, the smallest, won everyone's heart by showing such wonder at everything that went on and it was impossible not t smile when, after taking the sacrament, she said in En glish, "Please, some more.„

When they got home the children were subdued, apparently aware that something solemn had taken place. Everything went well at home, too, until Grisha whistled at the lunch table and, which was worse, disobeyed the English governess and was deprived of his cake. Had Dolly been there she would not have allowed punishment to be meted out on such a day, but as it was she was bound to support the governess and to confirm the decision that Grisha was to have no cake. This cast a shadow on the general felicity. Grisha cried and said that Nikolai had whistled too and had not been punished, and that it was not for the cake he was crying—he did not care a fig for the cake—but because it was unfair. This was so distressing that Dolly resolved to go to the English governess and ask her to forgive him. But as she was passing through the hall she witnessed a scene that filled her with such joy that the tears sprang to her eyes and she herself forgave the little culprit.

She saw him sitting on the window-sill in a corner of the big hall; beside him stood Tanya with a plate in her hand. Using the excuse that she wanted to feed her dolls, Tanya had received the governess's permission to tak her cake to the nursery; she had brought it to her brothe instead. He was still crying over the injustice of his pun ishment as he ate the cake, and between sobs he kept saying: "You eat too, we'll eat it together ... together..."

At first Tanya had been moved by pity for Grisha, then by a sense of her own benevolence, and now her eyes were brimming with tears, but this did not make he

forgo the cake, she ate her portion.

The two children were frightened when they saw their mother; one look at her face, however, told them they were doing the right thing; they instantly burst out laughing and wiped their stuffed mouths with the backs of their hands, smearing their glowing faces with jam and tears.

"Good heavens! Your new clothes! Tanya! Grisha!" cried mother, trying to save their clothes and at the same time smiling blissfully, rapturously, tearfully.

The new clothes were taken off, instructions were given to put the girls in blouses, the boys in old jackets, and to hitch the horses (Browny as the shaft horse, to the steward's chagrin) to the wagon, for they were going mushrooming and bathing. Shouts of ecstasy rose in the nursery and did not subside until they all set out.

They gathered a whole basketful of mushrooms, even Lilly found a mushroom. Until that day Miss Hull had always found them and pointed them out to Lilly, but today she herself found a big fat mushroom and the event was heralded by a general shout of joy: "Lilly found a mushroom!"

Then they rode to the river, left the horses under some birch trees and went to bathe. Coachman Terenti, having tied the fly-pestered beasts to a tree, rolled himself a fag and stretched out in the tall grass under a birch, where he lay listening to the merry shrieks of the children down by the river, borne to him in an unceasing stream.

Despite the worry of looking after so many children and keeping them out of mischief, despite the difficulty of remembering to whom all these stockings, panties, and shoes belonged and not getting them mixed up, and of tying, fastening, doing and undoing countless buttons, tapes and laces, Dolly, who had always been fond of bathing and thought it of great benefit to the children, enjoyed nothing so much as taking them all to the river.

It was sheer delight to catch their plump little legs and pull stockings over them, to hold their naked little bodies in her arms and hear their squeals of joy or terror as she dipped them into the water, to see the sputtering, wide-eyed faces, now frightened, now gleeful, of her splashing cherubs.

When half of the children were back in their clothes,

some peasant women in Sunday attire who had been gathering herbs came to the bathing grounds and stood watching them shyly. Matrona called to one of them to take a sheet and a shirt that had fallen into the water and spread them out to dry. Dolly began talking to the women. At first they sniggered behind cupped hands and did not grasp what she was saying, but soon they grew bolder and talked freely, winning over Dolly by their sincere admiration of her children.

"Ah, the little beauty, white as sugar," said one of them, shaking her head as she gazed admiringly at Tanya. "But so thin!"

"Yes, she was ill."

"And him? Could it be as you bathed him too?" said another, pointing to the infant.

"Oh, no; he is only three months old," said Dolly proudly.

"Think of that!"

"Have you any children?"

"I had four; only two's left, a boy and a girl. Weaned the girl after Lent."

"How old is she?"

"Soon be two."

"Why did you nurse her so long?"

"That's our way—three Lents."

The conversation turned to the things that most interested Dolly: How was your confinement? What was the baby's illness? Where is your husband? Is he often away?

Dolly lingered with the women, so interested was she in what they said, so similar were their interests. Most gratifying of all was that the women were obviously impressed by Dolly's having so many children and such fine ones. At one point the peasant women made Dolly laugh and hurt the feelings of the English governess. The governess knew she was the cause of their laughter but did not know why. It seems that one of the young women had been watching the governess put on her clothes, and when she saw her put on a third petticoat she could not help breaking out with: "Laws! A-winding and a-winding all them skirts round her—how many more?" and everybody burst out laughing.

9

The wagon in which Dolly was ensconced among her freshly-bathed wet-haired flock, her own hair tied up in a kerchief, was approaching the house when the coachman said to her:

"Here comes a gentleman; seems to me he's the gentleman from Pokrovskoye."

Dolly peered ahead and was delighted to recognize the familiar figure of Levin coming towards them in a grey hat and coat. She was always glad to see him but today she was particularly glad that he should see her in all her glory. No one could appreciate her regality as could Levin.

The sight of her was for Levin a representation of the dreams he had woven of his own family life.

"You are like a hen with her chicks, Daria Alexandrovna."

"How glad I am to see you!" she said, holding out her hand.

"You say so, but you did not let me know you were here. My half-brother is visiting me. I got a note from Steve telling me you were here."

"From Steve?" she repeated in surprise.

"Yes, he writes that you have come and that perhaps you would allow me to help you in some way," said Levin, and having said it he suddenly felt embarrassed and broke off and walked silently beside the wagon, tearing off lime springs and chewing them. His embarrassment sprang from his fear that Dolly might resent the aid of an outsider in matters her husband ought to have attended to. Dolly was indeed displeased by her husband's manner of delegating his family responsibilities to others. She instantly saw that Levin understood her. It was for this delicacy, this fineness of understanding, that she loved him.

"Of course I knew this only meant you would be glad to see me, for which I am very grateful," said Levin. "And of course I can imagine how primitive our life here must seem, accustomed as you are to running a household in town; and so if there is anything you need, I am completely at your disposal."

"Oh, no," said Dolly. "At first we were in a muddle but now everything is running smoothly thanks to my old

nurse," she said, indicating Matrona, who saw they were talking about her and responded by smiling at Levin in a cheerful friendly way. She knew him and also knew he was a desirable suitor for their young lady and hoped it would come off.

"Won't you take a seat, sir?" she said to him. "We can move over."

"No thank you, I will walk. Children, who wants to race the horses with me?"

The children did not know Levin very well and did not remember him when they saw him, but they did not display that odd shyness and hostility children feel for grown-ups who behave artificially with them, a feeling for which they are often, sometimes painfully, punished. Artificiality in any field may deceive the cleverest, most penetrating grown-up; but even the dullest child recognizes and is repulsed by it however cleverly it is disguised. Whatever Levin's faults, artificiality was not one of them, and so the children showed him the same friendliness they read in their mother's face. The two elder ones jumped out at his invitation and trotted beside him as simply as they would have trotted beside their mother or nurse or Miss Hull. Lilly begged to join them and her mother handed her to him; he put her on his shoulder and ran off with her.

"Have no fear, Daria Alexandrovna!" he said, smiling at her gaily, "I could not possibly hurt or drop her."

He was so strong and agile and at the same time so tensely careful that the mother was reassured and smiled happily and approvingly as she watched him.

Here in the country, with these children and with Dolly, of whom he was genuinely fond, Levin fell into the mood of childish gaiety that Dolly particularly liked in him. He romped with the little ones, taught them gymnastic stunts made Miss Hull laugh at his broken English and talked to Dolly about farm affairs.

After dinner, finding herself alone with him on the veranda, Dolly spoke to him of Kitty.

"Did you know that Kitty was coming here to spend the summer with me?"

"Oh, is she?" he said, blushing; to change the subject he quickly put in: "Well, then, am I to send you those two cows? If you insist on paying me, be so good as to send me five

roubles a month—that is, if you are not ashamed of yourself."

"No, thank you. Our cows are doing very well now."

"At least let me take a look at your cows, and with your permission I shall give instructions as to how they are to be fed. Everything depends on the feeding."

He kept the conversation off the forbidden subject by expounding his theory of dairy farming, which was based on the conception of the cow as a machine for the conversion of feed into milk, and so forth.

He talked on and on, but all the time he longed to hear about Kitty, even though he was afraid to hear. He was afraid he would lose the peace of mind it had cost him such effort to achieve.

"I suppose so, but who is going to keep an eye on all this and see that it is done?" replied Dolly ruefully.

With the help of Matrona she had got things running so well that she did not want to introduce any changes; nor did she trust Levin's knowledge of agriculture: the conception of the cow as a machine for making milk seemed highly suspect; such a conception could only make trouble. She fancied that everything was much simpler: according to Matrona, one had only to give Brindle and Whiteside more food and drink and not let the cook give the kitchen slops away to the laundress's cow. All this talk about protein and vegetable diet sounded dubious and hazy. But the main thing was that she longed to talk about Kitty.

10

"Kitty writes that the only thing she wants is peace and solitude," said Dolly, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them.

"Has her health improved?" asked Levin in trepidation.

"Thank goodness she has completely recovered. I never believed there was anything wrong with her lungs."

"How glad I am!" said Levin, and Dolly fancied there was something touching and helpless in the way he said it and then looked at her without speaking.

"Come, Konstantin Dmitrich," she said, turning upon him a kindly yet slightly mocking smile, "why are you angry with Kitty?"

"Angry? I am not angry with her," said Levin.

whether I am right or not, that pride you so despise makes it impossible for me ever to think of Kitty again—quite impossible, you understand."

"There is just one other thing I must say: you realize I am speaking of my sister, whom I love as dearly as my own children. I do not say that she loved you, but I do say that her refusal at that moment proves nothing at all."

"I don't know," said Levin, springing to his feet. "If only you knew how you are hurting me! It is as if you had lost a child and people kept saying to you, 'Ah, he was this and that, and he might have lived and brought you joy, and now he is dead, dead, dead.'"

"How droll you are," said Dolly with a melancholy smile, ignoring Levin's agitation. "Yes, I understand more and more," she went on pensively. "So you will not come and see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Certainly I will not avoid her, but whenever possible I will spare her the unpleasantness of my company."

"You are very droll," repeated Dolly, gazing affectionately into his face. "Very well, let it be as if we had never spoken on this subject. Why have you come, Tanya?" she said in French to the little girl who put in an appearance.

"Where is my spade, mamma?"

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"Yes, now I understand everything," went on Dolly. "It is impossible for you to understand; you men, who are free to make your choice, always know who you love. But a young girl in a state of suspense, with all her feminine, girlish modesty, a girl who sees you men from afar and has only your word to go by—sometimes it happens, and quite naturally, that such a girl does not know what answer to make."

"Certainly not, if her heart does not tell her."

"Her heart does tell her, but consider: you men have a certain girl in mind, you call at her home, you get to know her, you wait and watch to see if she has those qualities you most value, and when you are convinced that you love her, you make her an offer—"

"It is not quite as you say."

"No matter; you make her an offer when your love is pe or when the scale tips in favour of one of two whom you have been considering. But a girl is not asked. It is supposed that she makes her own choice but in fact she annot choose, she can only say yes or no."

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"Daria Alexandrovna," he said, "that is how gowns are chosen and I don't know what all, but certainly not love. The choice has been made and a very good thing. There can be no going back."

"Ah, that pride again!" said Dolly, as if despising him for the baseness of such a feeling as compared with that other feeling known only to women. "At the moment when you made Kitty your offer she was in precisely that state in which she was unable to give an answer. She was uncertain. Uncertain whether it was to be you or Vronsky. She saw him every day, she had not seen you for a long ime. If she had been older—for me, for instance, there ould have been no uncertainty about my choice. I have ways disliked him, and I proved to be right."

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"Daria Alexandrovna," he said, reddening to the roots of his hair, "I am astonished that you, kind as you are, should not show more feeling. How can you not spare me when you know–"

"What do I know?"

"You know that I made Kitty an offer and was refused," said Levin, and all the tenderness he had felt for Kitty but a moment before was supplanted in his heart by anger and resentment.

"Why do you think I know this?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"Ah, there you are mistaken: I did not know, though I may have guessed it."

"There! Well, now you know it."

"I only knew that something had happened that caused her great suffering and that she asked me never to speak to her about it. If she did not tell me, you can be sure she did not tell anyone. What actually took place? Tell me."

"I have told you."

"When did it happen?"

"The last time I was at your parents' house."

"Do you know what I would say to you?" said Dolly. "It is for her I feel sorry–terribly, terribly sorry. You only suffer from hurt pride–"

"Perhaps," said Levin, "but–"

She interrupted him.

"But oh, how terribly sorry I am for her, the poor darling! Now I understand everything."

"Daria Alexandrovna," he said, getting up. "Forgive me but I must go. Goodbye."

"Oh, no, not yet," she said, seizing him by the sleeve. "Not yet. Sit down."

"Pray, pray, do not speak of this any more," he said, sitting down and at the same time feeling that a hope he had considered buried was stirring and lifting its head within him.

"If I were not so fond of you," said Dolly with moist eyes, "and if I did not know you as well as I do know you..."

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Now nothing in Dolly's home seemed as charming to him as it had seemed before.

Why should she speak French to her children? he thought. How unnatural and affected! And the children feel it. Learning French, unlearning to be natural, he said to himself, unaware that Dolly had weighed this in her mind twenty times and nonetheless had found it essential to teach her children by this means even at the expense of naturalness.

"Why must you go? Do stay a little longer."

Levin stayed for tea but his gaiety had vanished and he felt ill at ease.

When tea was over he went into the hall to ask that his horses be brought round, and when he went back into the room he found Dolly upset, with tears in her eyes. In Levin's absence an incident had occurred that spoiled all the joy of the day and the pride she had taken in her children. Grisha and Tanya had fought over a ball. Hearing cries coming from the nursery, she had run there and seen a terrible sight. Tanya was holding Grisha by the hair and Grisha, his face distorted with rage, was pounding her with his fists. Something snapped in Dolly's heart when she saw them. It was as if the light had gone out of her life; she realized that these children in whom she had taken such pride were not only ordinary children but even bad ill-bred children, with coarse animal propensities—wicked children.

She could think and speak of nothing else and could not help telling Levin of her misery.

He saw that she was miserable and tried to comfort her, saying that this did not prove anything evil, that all children fought; but as he said it he thought in his heart: I will not be affected and speak French with my children, and my children will not be like these; if children are not spoiled, not distorted, they are delightful. Oh, no; my children will not be like these.

He said goodbye and drove away, and she made no attempt to keep him.

11

In the middle of July the village elder from the estate of Levin's sister, some fifteen miles from Pokrovskoye, came to him to report on the haymaking there. The hayfields were the main source of income from his sister's estate. In former years the peasants had paid seven rubles an acre for the hay. When Levin had taken over the supervision of the estate he examined the meadows and decided the grass was worth more, so he had raised the price to eight rubles an acre. The peasants had refused to pay this price and, as Levin suspected, had kept away other buyers. Then Levin had gone there himself and ordered that the mowing be done partly by hired labour and partly

sharing basis. The peasants had placed every possible obstacle in the way, but Levin had prevailed and in the first year he received almost twice as much for the hay. The third year (the preceding one), the peasants opposed him in the same way but the grass was cut on the same basis. This year the peasants had agreed to do all the mowing for one-third of the hay-harvest, and now the elder had come to announce that the hay was all cut and that he, fearing rain, had summoned the counting-house clerk and in his presence had divided the hay, assigning eleven stacks as the master's share. The evasive answers the elder gave to his question as to how much hay had been cut on the main field, the man's haste in dividing up the hay without informing him, and the man's whole manner suggested to Levin that something underhand was going on, and he decided to ride over and look into the matter himself.

He arrived in the village at the lunch hour. Leaving his horse in the stable of an old man who was his friend and whose wife had been his brother's wet-nurse, he sought him out in the apiary, hoping to learn from him the particulars of the haymaking. Parmen, as this handsome, talkative old man was called, greeted Levin cordially, showed him his hives, told him all about his bees and the year's swarming; but when Levin asked him about the mowing he replied vaguely and reluctantly. This only confirmed Levin's suspicions. He went to the meadow and looked at the haystacks. There could not possibly have been fifty cartloads of hay to each stack, and to expose the peasants' fraud Levin had them summon the carts that had carried the hay, take down one stack and have it removed to the barn. It turned out there were only thirty-two cartloads to the stack. Despite the elder's assertion that hay was compressible and had shrunk in the stack, and his swearing it had been divided up honestly, Levin insisted that the division had been done without his orders and for that reason he could not accept these eleven stacks as his portion on the basis of fifty cartloads to a stack. After much bickering it was decided that the peasants themselves were to accept these eleven stacks as fifty cartloads each and the master's portion was to be meted out all over again. The negotiations and the re-measuring of the

hay lasted until late in the afternoon. When the last hay had been apportioned Levin left the clerk to finish things up and he himself sat down on a haycock to enjoy a view of the meadow swarming with peasants.

In front of him in a bend of the river beyond a bog, a colourful line of peasant women were moving ahead to the cheerful accompaniment of their own chatter, deftly turning the scattered hay into wavy rows standing out greyly against the green background of stubble. Behind the women came the men with pitchforks, transforming the rows into tall and spreading haycocks. Carts were clattering over the cleared field to the left and one after another the haycocks disappeared, caught up on forks to make mountainous cartloads of fragrant hay that hung down over the horses' hind quarters.

"If only the weather holds! Good hay it will be!" said Parmen as he sat himself down beside Levin. "There's hay for you! And how the folks is working!—like ducks gobbling up grain!" he added, pointing to the disappearing haycocks. "They've cleared a good half of the field since lunch-time."

"Come for your last load?" he called out to a youth who drove past standing in the front of a cart and flipping the ends of rope reins.

"The last, pa," called back the youth, pulling up the horse and turning to smile at a red-cheeked girl who gaily returned his smile from where she was sitting in the back of the cart; the next instant the youth whipped up the horse again.

"Your son?" asked Levin.

"My youngest," said the old man with a smile.

"Fine lad."

"He'll do."

"Married?"

"Been married three years come Advent."

"Any children?"

"Children! For a whole year he had no knowledge of nothing, him so shy," said the old man. "There's hay for you! *Never was hay like it!*" he exclaimed, evidently anxious to change the subject.

Levin turned his attention to Parmen's son Ivan and his wife. They were loading a stack on a cart not far away.

but this happy mood. Just before dawn everything grew quiet. Nothing was to be heard but little night sounds: the ceaseless croaking of the frogs in the marsh and the snorting of the horses in the meadow, now swathed in the mists of early morning. Suddenly rousing, Levin got up off the hay. A glance at the stars told him the night was over.

So what am I to do? And how am I to do it? he asked himself, trying to formulate all he had felt and meditated upon in that short night. All he had felt and meditated upon comprised three trains of thought. One concerned his renunciation of his old way of life, the renunciation of his fruitless knowledge and of his superfluous education. It pleased him to renounce these things, he did it simply and easily. The second train of thought concerned the sort of life he would like to live. He had no doubt as to the purity, simplicity and rightness of this sort of life and was sure he would find in it the satisfaction and composure, as well as the sense of worth that his present life did not offer, as he was painfully aware. The third centred in the problem of how he was to make the transition from the old to the new way of life. No clear solution presented itself. Ought he to take a wife? Ought he, must he, work? Ought he to give up Pokrovskoye? Buy land? Become a member of a peasant community? Marry a peasant girl? How am I to do it? he asked himself again and again and found no answer. I have not slept all night and so I cannot expect to find a lucid answer, he consoled himself. I will think it out later. One thing is certain: this night has decided my fate. All my former dreams of family life are nonsense, are not the thing. Everything is much simpler and better.

How lovely! he thought, looking at what appeared to be a cockle-shell formed of nacreous clouds in the middle of the sky just above his head. How lovely everything appears on this loveliest of nights! When could that shell have taken form? Just a moment ago I glanced up and there was not a sign of it—nothing but two white streaks of cloud. In just such an imperceptible way have my views of life changed.

He left the meadow and walked down the highroad towards the village. A wind arose and everything looked grey and cheerless. It was the misty moment that usually precedes the sinrise—the sunrise, bringing the complete

left in the sky. Up in those inaccessible heights a mysterious transformation had been wrought. Not a trace of the shell was left; instead, half the sky was covered with a carpet of fleecy white clouds that kept breaking up into smaller and smaller ones. The sky itself was dazzlingly blue and answered his appealing look with a gaze as tender as before and as distant.

No, he said to himself, good as a life of simplicity and labour may be, it is not for me. I love *her*.

13

None but those who were closest to Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin knew that this apparently cold, rational man had a weakness that ran counter to his general character. Karenin could not bear to see a woman or child cry. The sight of tears caused him such distress that he completely lost the ability to think. His secretary and his office superintendent were aware of this and warned all women who came to him with petitions that everything would be lost if they resorted to tears. "He will become angry and not even listen to you," they said. And it was true that Karenin gave vent to the agitation caused by the sight of tears in a burst of anger. "I can do nothing—nothing at all! Be kind enough to leave my office!" he usually cried in such cases.

When, on the way home from the races, Anna had told him what her relations with Vronsky were and then had covered her face with her hands and wept, Karenin had been deeply shaken in spite of his righteous indignation. Sensible of this, and also sensible that the situation was not one permitting a display of feeling, he had tried to suppress all signs of life, he did not stir, he did not look at her, and this turned his face into that death-mask that so shocked Anna.

When they got to the house he helped her out of the carriage and with great effort succeeded in taking leave of her with the usual courtesy and in pronouncing words that in no way obliged him: he said he would inform her of his decision on the morrow.

His wife's confession, confirming his worst suspicions, caused him cruel pain. The pain was augmented by the

strange feeling of compassion for her evoked by her tears. But when he found himself alone in the carriage he was surprised and relieved to discover that he felt completely free of his compassion, as well as of the doubt and jealousy that had tormented him of late.

He felt like a person who has got rid of a tooth that has been aching for a long time. After fearful pain and the sensation of having something enormous, something bigger than his head, pulled out of his jaw, the sufferer is hardly able to believe the good fortune of being rid of that which had poisoned his life and been the centre of all his thoughts for so long, of being able to return to a normal life, to think of things other than the tooth. It was *this* relief Karenin experienced. The pain had been strange and terrible, but it had passed; he could now live and think of things other than his wife.

A depraved woman, without honour, without heart, without religion. I have always known and always seen it, but I tried to deceive myself out of pity for her, he told himself. And he really fancied he had always seen it; he bethought himself of the particulars of their life together, which formerly had in no way seemed objectionable—now these particulars clearly showed him that she had always been depraved. I made a mistake in joining my life to hers; but there was nothing reprehensible in this mistake and so I cannot feel miserable. It is not I who am at fault, he told himself, it is she. I can have nothing more to do with her. She no longer exists for me.

He stopped caring about what would become of her and of their son, towards whom his feelings had changed just as they had changed towards her. The one thing he cared for now was how he could best, most decorously and conveniently for himself, which meant most justly, shake off the mud she had splashed on him in falling, and continue to pursue his course of honourable, useful activity.

I cannot feel miserable because a despicable woman has sinned; I must only find the best way out of the unpleasant position in which she has put me. And I shall find it, he said to himself, his scowl growing blacker and blacker. I am not the first and not the last; and through his mind streamed a host of examples, beginning with Menelaius and his *Fair Helen* (so recently revived in

everyone's memory by the operetta). Daryalov, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanov, Count Paskudin, Dram... Yes, even Dram, such an honest, capable man... Semyonov, Chagin, Sigonin... He recalled them all. Perhaps a certain amount of unjust riducule fell upon these gentlemen, but I always looked upon them as unfortunate and always sympathized with them, he said to himself, although it was untrue; never had he sympathized with those who were unfortunate in this particular way; indeed, the more often he heard of husbands deceived by their wives, the higher he rose in his own estimation. It is a misfortune that can come to anyone. And now it has come to me. The only thing is to make the best of it. And he went over in his mind the different ways in which those men who had found themselves in his present position had behaved.

Daryalov had fought a duel.

In his youth Karenin had been attracted by the idea of fighting a duel just because he was not courageous by nature and knew it. He was horrified by the mere thought of having a pistol pointed at him and never in his life had he handled a weapon. It was this horror that in his youth had made him dream of fighting duels and of being in situations that placed his life in peril. Later, when he won success and a firm position in the world, he forgot the feelings of his youth; but now these old feelings asserted themselves and the fear of being a coward was so strong in him that he considered for long and from all sides the possibility of fighting a duel, enamoured of the idea even though he knew that under no circumstances would he fight one.

Unquestionably, he ruminated, our society is still so savage (unlike English society), that many people (among them people whose opinion Karenin valued) would be inclined to take a favourable view of such a duel; but what would I gain by it? Let us assume I challenge him to a duel, he went on to himself, and as he vividly imagined the night he would spend after delivering the challenge, and saw the pistol aimed directly at him, he shuddered and knew he could never go through with it. Let us assume I challenge him to a duel. Let us assume I am given instructions and am led to my place; I pull the trigger, he said to himself, closing his eyes, and the result is—I kill

him, said Karenin to himself at which he shook his head vigorously to drive away such a foolish thought. What sense is there in killing a man to determine one's relations with a guilty wife and one's son? I am still left with the problem of what I am to do with her. And it is more than probable, is well-nigh certain, that I myself will be killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, will become the victim: killed or wounded. That is even more senseless. Moreover, it would be dishonest for me to challenge a man to a duel. Do I not know beforehand that my friends would never allow me to fight a duel–would never allow the life of a statesman so needed by his country to be exposed to danger? So how does it turn out? It turns out that I, knowing beforehand that the matter will never be allowed to come to a head, make the challenge only for the sake of the false brilliance it will lend my person for the nonce. That would be dishonest, that would be hypocritical, that would be an attempt to fool myself and others. A duel is senseless and nobody expects such a thing of me. My purpose must be to preserve the good reputation that is necessary for the unobstructed pursuit of my activities. Karenin had always attributed great importance to his public activities and now they seemed more important than ever.

Having thoroughly considered the question of a duel and rejected it, Karenin turned to the question of a divorce, a solution chosen by certain of the gentlemen he recalled. He went over in his mind all the cases of divorce known to him (there were very many of them in the fashionable world in which he moved), and there was not one of them whose purpose coincided with Karenin's purpose. In every case the husband had either handed over or sold his unfaithful wife to her lover, and the guilty woman who, because of her guilt, had no right to remarry, had entered into a false, pseudo-legal relationship with her new spouse. In his case, Karenin saw no possibility of a satisfactory divorce–that is, of a divorce that would be no more than a renunciation of his guilty wife. He saw that the complicated conditions of his world made it impossible to obtain those coarse proofs of guilt which the court required for convicting an unfaithful wife: he also saw that even if those proofs were obtained, the refinement of his world would not permit of the presentation of them, for the pre-

sentation of them would lower him in the public eye more than it would lower her.

The attempt to get a divorce would lead only to a scandalous trial that would play into the hands of his enemies, give rise to calumny and shake him out of his high position. His main purpose, which was to determine a future relationship causing the least possible damage to his position, could not be achieved by divorce. Furthermore a divorce, or even an attempt to get a divorce, clearly meant the severing of the wife's relations with her husband, leaving her free to join her lover. And even though Karenin fancied that he now looked upon his wife with contemptuous indifference, he did actually have one very strong feeling in regard to her: an unwillingness to facilitate her joining Vronsky; an unwillingness that she should, in fact, profit by the sin she had committed. The very thought of such a thing was so painful that he groaned inwardly and shifted his seat in the carriage and scowled and spent a long time wrapping up his skinny legs, grown ice-cold, in a fleecy rug.

Instead of getting a legal divorce I could do as Karibanov, Paskudin and that kindly Dram did: I could separate from my wife, he went on when he had regained his composure. But this measure would bring as much disgrace as a divorce would, and what was more important, it would throw his wife into Vronsky's arms just as a divorce would do. "No, it is impossible, impossible," he said out loud and took to wrapping up his legs again. "I cannot be unhappy, but he and she must not be made happy."

The jealousy he had suffered during the period of uncertainty had come to an end the moment the tooth had been painfully extracted by his wife's confession. But this feeling had been supplanted by another, by the desire that she should not triumph and, even more, that she should pay for her crime. He did not acknowledge this feeling, but in the depths of his soul he wanted her to suffer for having damaged his peace and his honour. After reviewing in his mind once more the conditions of a duel, a divorce and a separation and rejecting all three measures, Karenin was convinced that there was only one solution: to keep her with him, concealing what had happened from society

and using every means at his disposal to end her liaison and, most important of all (although this he did not admit even to himself), to punish her. I must tell her my decision, which is that; having thoroughly considered the unfortunate position in which she had placed her family, I maintain that the best measure for both sides is the superficial preservation of the *status quo*, which I agree to preserve, but only on condition that she strictly conform to my demand that she break off all relations with her lover. When this decision was finally arrived at, another and most important idea occurred to him in corroboration of it: only in making such a decision do I act in accordance with religion, he said to himself; only in making such a decision do I not thrust my guilty wife from me but afford her the opportunity of reforming, and I even undertake—however difficult it may be for me—to devote part of my strength to reforming and saving her. Even though Karenin knew that he could not exert any moral influence over his wife and that nothing would come of his efforts to reform her but lies and deceit; and even though Karenin had not once sought guidance in religion throughout all this trying period; now that his decision accorded with the demands of religion, or so he assumed, the religious sanction of his decision consoled and completely satisfied him. It gave him pleasure to think that in a matter of such vital importance no one could accuse him of not acting in accordance with the precepts of a faith whose banner he held high even in these times of general coolness and indifference. As he elaborated his decision in his mind, he did not see why his relations with his wife should not remain almost the same as they had always been. Certainly he could never hold her in esteem again, but there was not and could not be any reason why he should be made to suffer and his life should be disrupted just because he had a wicked and unfaithful wife. Yes, time will pass—time the great healer—and our relations will again be what they once were, Karenin said to himself. That is, they will be what they once were in so far as I will feel no disruption of the even course of my life. She is bound to be unhappy, but I am not to blame and so I cannot be unhappy.

14

As the carriage approached St. Petersburg Karenin not only held firmly to his decision but even composed in his mind a letter to be sent to his wife. On entering the hall he glanced at the letters and papers come from the ministry and had them brought to him in his study.

"Dismiss the horses and admit no one," he said in reply to the porter's question, stressing the words *admit no one* with a relish indicating he was in a good humour.

On entering his study Karenin walked the length of it twice and stopped beside the enormous writing-table on which his valet had already lighted six candles; he cracked the knuckles of his fingers, sat down and rearranged the appointments on the table. Then he placed his elbows on it, tipped his head, considered a moment, and began to write, not pausing for a second. He wrote the letter without any salutation and in French, addressing his wife with the formal pronoun *vous*, which sounds less cold in French than the corresponding form does in Russian.

"In our last conversation I expressed my intention of informing you of my decision as to the matter of our conversation. Having given it careful consideration, I am now writing to carry out my promise. My decision is the following: whatever your conduct has been, I do not consider that I have a right to break those ties with which a higher power has bound us. A family cannot be destroyed by a whim, by arbitrary will, or even by a sin committed by the husband or wife; our life must go on as before. This is expedient for me, for you, and for our son. I do not doubt but that you have repented and will go on repenting of that which has given rise to the writing of this letter, and that you will support me in the effort to uproot the cause of our dissension and to forget the past. If this be not so, you yourself can foresee the consequences for you and your son. I hope to speak of this in more detail when we meet. Inasmuch as the summer season is drawing to a close, I would ask you to return to St. Petersburg as soon as possible, not later than the Tuesday. All necessary arrangements for your arrival will be made. I would have

you know that I attach particular importance to your complying with this request.

A. Karenin

"P. S. Enclosed you will find money that may be required for your expenses."

He read what he had written and was pleased with it, especially with the postscript as to money; the letter did not contain a harsh word or a rebuke, yet it was not ingratiatory. The main thing was that it threw out a golden bridge for return. He folded it and pressed down the fold with a massive ivory paper-knife, and when he had put it in an envelope along with the money he rang the bell, experiencing the pleasure always afforded him by the handling of his handsome desk appointments.

"Give this to the courier and have him deliver it tomorrow to Anna Arkadievna at the *dacha*," he said, getting up.

"Very well, Your Excellency; will you take tea in the study?"

Karenin replied he would take tea in the study. Then, still playing with the massive paper-knife, he went over to the armchair where the lamp had been lighted and the French book he was reading on Eugibbian inscriptions was waiting for him. Above the armchair in an oval gilt frame hung a splendid portrait of Anna painted by an eminent artist. Karenin glanced up at it. The unfathomable eyes looked at him arrogantly, mockingly, as they had looked at him on the evening of their last conversation. Unspeakably arrogant and defiant was the effect produced on Karenin by the artist's consummate rendering of the black lace scarf on her head, of her black hair and her beautiful white hands with a third finger covered with rings. He gazed at the portrait a moment, gave a shudder that shook his lips, murmured "brrr!" and turned away. He hastily sat down and opened his book. He tried to read but was unable to revive the lively interest he had taken in Eugibbian inscriptions. He stared at the page and thought of other things. He thought not of his wife but of a complication that had recently arisen in his state duties and that at the moment eclipsed all his other official interests. He felt that now as never before did he see

to the bottom of this complication and a fundamental idea—yes, he could assert this without boasting—a fundamental idea was being born in his mind that would untangle the knot, advance him in his public career, confound his enemies and thereby bring immeasurable benefit to the state. As soon as his man had laid out the tea things and left the room, Karenin got up and went to the writing-table. He pulled over a portfolio of current business and with a faint smile of self-approbation took a pencil out of the holder and lost himself in a study of the papers he had sent for: complicated data referring to the complication. The complication was as follows. Karenin's most salient feature as a statesman, a feature characterizing him and distinguishing him from his associates, albeit a feature necessarily shared by all rising functionaries, the one feature which, together with his reserve, honesty, self-confidence, and dogged ambition, had made his career, consisted in his contempt for red-tape, his curtailing of paper-work, his direct treatment of vital matters whenever possible, and his love of economy. It so happened that at the celebrated Commission of the 2nd of June, harsh criticism was levelled at Karenin's ministry for its mismanagement of the irrigation of fields in Zaraisk Gubernia, a notorious example of red-tape and needless expenditure. Karenin knew that the criticism was just. The irrigation of fields in Zaraisk Gubernia had been begun by Karenin's predecessor. It was undeniable that much money had been expended and was still being expended on the project without any noticeable results and it looked as if nothing would come of it. As soon as Karenin had taken over he had understood this and had meant to interfere; but at first, before he felt firm ground under his feet, he knew that too many influential people were involved, it would not be prudent to investigate it; later, engrossed in other things, he had simply forgotten about it. Like all other projects, it went on of itself, by inertia. (Many people were fed by it, a certain exemplary and musical family in particular: all the daughters played stringed instruments: Karenin knew this family and had even given away one of the older girls.) In Karenin's opinion the raising of this question by a hostile ministry was unjust, for every ministry had similar projects going, which for judicious

reasons nobody looked into. But since the glove had been thrown down he boldly picked it up, demanding that a special commission be appointed to study and verify the work of the Commission for Irrigating Fields in Zaraisk Gubernia, and now he would give no quarter to those gentlemen, you may be sure. He demanded the appointing of a special Commission for Improving the Conditions of Minor Nationalities. The question of improving the conditions of minor nationalities had been brought before the Commission on the 2nd of June quite by chance, but Karenin had energetically taken it up as a matter so badly neglected that it allowed of no deferment. In the Commission this question became a bone of contention among various ministries. A ministry antagonistic to Karenin tried to show that the conditions of the minor nationalities could not be better and that the measures proposed to improve these conditions would serve only to deteriorate them, and that if any evils were to be found they arose solely from a failure on the part of Karenin's ministry to enforce the law. Now Karenin meant to demand: in the first place, the appointment of a new commission to study the conditions of the minor nationalities on the spot; in the second place, if the conditions of the nationalities turned out to be such as pointed by the official documents in the hands of the present commission, the appointment of another commission for investigating the causes of the deplorable conditions of minor nationalities a) politically, b) administratively, c) economically, d) ethnographically, e) materially, f) religiously; in the third place, the submitting of a report by the hostile ministry enumerating the measures taken by this ministry in the past ten years for the purpose of improving the deplorable conditions prevailing among the minor nationalities; and fourthly, the obliging of the hostile ministry to offer an explanation of why it had acted in direct opposition to the purpose of the basic and fundamental law laid down in vol. II, art. 18 and the appendage to art. 36, as evidenced by Commission files Nos. 17015 and 18308 of 5 December, 1863 and 7 June, 1864.

A flush of reviving life came to Karenin's cheeks as he hastily jotted down the outline of his attack. When he had covered the entire sheet with writing he got up, rang the

bell and gave his man a note to his office superintendent asking for additional data. He then got up and took a turn about the room, glanced up at the portrait again, frowned and gave a contemptuous smile. He sat down and picked up his book, finding that his interest in Eugibbian inscriptions had returned, and at eleven o'clock he retired for the night. When, lying in bed, he recalled what had taken place between him and his wife, things did not look so black as they had done before.

15

Although Anna had opposed Vronsky stubbornly and indignantly whenever he had insisted that her position was intolerable and urged her to tell her husband everything, deep in her heart she knew her position was false and dishonourable and longed to change it with all her soul. So agitated had she been as they rode back from the races that she had told her husband everything, and, notwithstanding the pain it had caused her, she was glad. When her husband had gone she told herself she was glad, that now everything would fall into its proper place and at least there would be no more lies and deception. She was sure that from now on there would be nothing ambiguous in her position. It might be wicked, the new position, but at least it would be definite—no longer false and dubious. The pain she had caused herself and her husband by telling him would now, she thought, be rewarded by having everything made clear. That same evening she saw Vronsky, but she did not tell him what had taken place between her and her husband, although she ought to have told him if everything was to be made clear.

When she woke up the next morning the first thing she remembered were the words she had spoken to her husband, and these words seemed so terrible to [illegible] hat she ould not understand now ... e coul[illegible] ... ught erself to utter them, nor ... imagi[illegible] ... uld e the consequences of ... y ha ... en nd Karenin had gone aw ... nm[illegible] ronsky and did not tell ... h ry moment he left I wa ... l m, but I c[illegible] ed my m

that I had not told him immediately. Why was it that I did not tell him even though I wanted to do so? In reply to this question a hot blush of shame spread over her face. She knew what had kept her from telling him: she was ashamed. Her position, which seemed to have been made clear on the previous evening, suddenly appeared to be not only ambiguous but hopeless. She shrank at the thought of the disgrace of it, which she had never considered before. When she thought of what her husband might do the most frightful ideas came into her mind. She imagined that her husband's man of business would come and turn her out of the house, that her disgrace would be proclaimed to the entire world. She asked herself where she would go, and could find no answer.

When she thought of Vronsky she fancied he no longer loved her, that he was growing tired of her, that she could not offer herself to him, and this set her against him. She fancied that the words she had said to her husband and which she kept repeating in her mind had been said to everyone and that everyone had heard them. She could not look people in the face. She could not make herself call her maid and even less could she go downstairs to her son and his governess.

Her maid, who had been listening at the door for some time, came in without being called. Anna glanced at her inquiringly and flushed with fear. The maid apologized for entering, saying she thought her mistress had rung for her. She brought Anna her clothes and a note. The note was from Betsy reminding her that Liza Merkalova and Baroness Stoltz were calling on her that morning with their admirers Kaluzhsky and old Stremov, for a game of croquet. "Come if only to watch, as a study in morals. I am expecting you," she ended.

Anna read the note and heaved a deep sigh.

"Nothing; there is nothing I need," she said to Annushka, who was rearranging the vials and brushes on the dressing-table. "Run along, I will dress myself and come down. I need nothing, nothing at all."

Annushka went out but Anna did not begin dressing, she went on sitting there with head and arms drooping listlessly, and from time to time a shudder passed through her, as if she were about to say something or do some-

thing, but again she sank back into a state of apathy. She kept murmuring to herself incessantly, My God! My God! But neither *my* nor *God* held any meaning for her. The idea of turning to religion for aid in her predicament was as incongruous as to turn to Karenin, even though she had never doubted the religion in which she had been brought up. She knew religion could aid her only if she renounced that which constituted the whole meaning of her life. Not only was she miserable but she was beginning to be alarmed by the spiritual state she found herself in for the first time. She felt that everything in her soul was double, split in two, as images become double when the eyes are overtired. There were moments when she did not know what she feared and what she wanted. She did not know whether she feared or wanted what had happened, or what was going to happen; she did not know what it was she wanted, she simply did not know.

Dear me, what am I doing? she said as she suddenly felt pain on both sides of her head and discovered she had been clutching her hair at her temples. She sprang up and began pacing the floor.

"Coffee is ready and mademoiselle and Sergei are waiting," said Annushka, reappearing and finding Anna just as she had left her.

"Sergei? How is Sergei?" she asked with sudden animation, recollecting her son's existence for the first time that morning.

"Seems he's been naughty," replied Annushka with a smile.

"In what way?"

"You put away some peaches in the corner cupboard and he took and ate one."

The mention of her son wrenched Anna out of her hopeless mood. She remembered the partly sincere if greatly exaggerated role she had been playing for the last few years, the role of a mother living for her child alone; and she realized with joy that even in the position in which she found herself there was something left to her quite apart from her relations with her husband or Vronsky. This something was her son. Whatever her situation, she could not leave her son. Let her husband put her to shame and turn her out of the house, let Vronsky grow cold

towards her and go on living his independent life (again she thought of him with bitterness and reproach), never would she leave her son. She had a purpose in life. And she must take measures, take active measures to secure her position with her son, to prevent his being taken away from her. And she must do it quickly, as quickly as possible, before they had time to take him away from her. She must go away with her son. That was it; that was the one thing she must do now. She must be calm and find a way out of her present agonizing position. The thought of direct action in regard to her son, of immediately taking him away somewhere, served to calm her.

She dressed quickly, went downstairs and walked with a firm step into the drawing-room where coffee and Sergei and his governess were waiting for her as usual. Sergei, all in white, was standing by the table under the looking-glass, head and back inclined, his face wearing an expression of concentration which was familiar to her and made him resemble his father; he was doing something with flowers he had brought in.

The governess was looking sterner than usual. Sergei called out almost in a shriek, as he often did, "Mamma!", then he stopped uncertainly as if not sure whether he should drop the flowers and go over to his mother or finish the wreath and take it to her.

The governess said good-morning and launched on a long and detailed account of Sergei's misdemeanour, but Anna did not listen, she was wondering whether she should take the governess with them or not. No, I shall not take her, she decided. I shall go alone with my son.

"Yes, it was very naughty," said Anna, and taking him by the shoulder she looked at him not sternly but timidly, which confused and delighted him, and she kissed him. "Leave us alone," she said to the astonished governess, and without letting go of him she sat down at the table set with the coffee things.

"Mamma! I ... I ... didn't mean..." he began, trying to guess from the expression of her face what woud be the consequence of his taking the peach.

"Sergei," she said as soon as the governess had left, "it was wrong of you, but won't ever do it again, will you? Do you love me?"

She felt the tears welling up in her eyes. How can I help loving him? she said to herself, looking deeply into his frightened yet happy eyes. Can it be that he will take his father's side to punish me? Can it be that he will not pity me? The tears were now rolling down her cheeks and to hide them she hurriedly got up and went out on the veranda.

Cold clear weather had set in after the thunder-storms of preceding days. The air was sharp despite the bright sunshine sifting through the washed leaves.

She shuddered from the cold and from the horror that clutched her heart with renewed force out in the fresh air.

"Go in, go in to Mariette," she said to Sergei who came out after her, and she began walking up and down on the straw matting of the veranda. Can it be they will not forgive me, will not understand that it could not have been otherwise? she asked herself.

She stopped and looked up at the tops of the aspen-trees with their washed leaves glistening in the bright cold sun, and she knew that nobody would forgive her, that now everyone would be as merciless to her as that sky and those leaves. And again she was aware of the splitting of her soul. Stop it. Don't think, she said to herself. You must get ready to go away. Go where? When? Whom shall I take with me? Ah, to Moscow. By the evening train. Just Annushka and Sergei, and the barest necessities. But first I must write each of them a note. She went quickly into the house, to her boudoir, opened her writing-desk and began a letter to her husband:

"After what has happened I cannot remain in your house any longer. I am going away and taking my son with me. I am not acquainted with the law and therefore do not know with which parent the child should remain; but I am taking him with me because I cannot live without him. Be generous, I beseech you, and allow me to keep him."

Up to that point she had written quickly and naturally, but the appeal to his generosity, in which she did not believe, and the necessity of ending the letter in a way that would move him, made her pause.

"I cannot speak of my guilt and my repentance because—"

Again she stopped, finding that her thoughts had become scattered.

No, she said to herself, I needn't write that. She tore up the letter and rewrote it, leaving out the appeal to his generosity.

A second letter had to be written to Vronsky. "I have told my husband everything," she began, but she could not go on. It sounded so crude, so unladylike. And besides, what can I say to him? she asked herself. Once more a blush of shame suffused her face. She recalled his serenity, and her resentment made her tear the sheet containing that single sentence into small pieces. Nothing is required, she said to herself and closed her writing-desk. She went upstairs, told the governess and servants that she was going to Moscow that very day, and began packing her things.

16

Porters, gardeners and footmen walked through all the rooms of the *dacha* with things in their arms; cupboards and wardrobes stood open; twice they had sent to the shop for more cord; the floors were strewn with newspapers; sacks, trunks and several bundles tied up in blankets were carried out into the hall. The carriage and two hired cabs were waiting at the steps. Anna, who had forgotten her trouble in the excitement of packing, was standing beside a table in her boudoir getting ready her travelling-bag when Annushka drew her attention to the sound of a coach drawing up at the door. Anna glanced out of the window and saw Karenin's courier standing on the steps and ringing the doorbell.

"Go and find out what he has brought," she said, sitting down and folding her hands in her lap, calmly prepared for whatever was to come. The footman brought a bulging packet addressed in Karenin's hand.

"The courier has orders to wait for an answer," he said.

"Very well," she said, and as soon as the man had gone out of the room she tore open the packet with trembling fingers. Out of it fell a bundle of bank-notes with a strip of paper pasted round them to hold them together. She extricated the letter and began reading it from the bottom: "All necessary arrangements for your arrival ... I attach particular importance to your complying..." She ran her

eyes up, towards the beginning, read all of it and then re-read it from the beginning. When she finished she felt that she was cold all over and that a calamity had befallen her of a magnitude she had not anticipated.

That very morning on waking up she had regretted having told her husband; her one wish was that her words had remained unspoken. And here was a letter that declared her words unspoken, that turned her wish into fact. And this letter seemed more terrible than anything she could have conceived.

He's right! He's right! she repeated. It goes without saying that he is always right, he is a Christian, he is generous! Oh, base, odious man! And no one understands it but me, and no one ever will; and I cannot explain it. They say he is pious, upright, honourable, wise, but they do not see what I see. They do not know that for eight years he has stifled me, has stifled everything that was alive in me, not once has he looked upon me as a live woman in need of love. They do not know that at every step he has humiliated me and been highly pleased with himself. Did I not try, did I not do everything in my power to justify the life I led? Did I not try to love him, to love my son when I could no longer love my husband? But the time came when I could deceive myself no longer: I was alive and it was not my fault if God had made me a woman who had to love and live. And what has he done? If he had killed me or killed him, I could have borne it, I would have forgiven anything, but no, he...

How could I have failed to guess what he would do? He has done the only thing that could be expected of one so low. He will still be in the right when he pushes me, already ruined, lower and lower. Words from his letter came to her mind: "You yourself can foresee the consequences for you and your son..." That is a threat to take my son away from me, and according to their stupid laws I suppose he can do it. And I know why he said it. He does not believe I love my son, or else he holds my love for him in contempt—he has always mocked it—but he knows I will not give up my child, that I cannot give him up; without him there can be no life for me even with the man I love. If I left my son and ran away I would be acting like the most shameful and corrupt of women; that

he knows, and he knows I could never bring myself to do it.

Another sentence from the letter came to her: "Our life must go on as before." Ah, it was painful before, it has become insufferable of late, what will it be like now? And he knows everything; he knows I cannot repent that I breathe, that I love; he knows nothing but lies and deceit can come of what he proposes; but he must go on torturing me. I know him, I know that he delights in everything false, it is his element, as a fish swims and delights in water. But I will not give him this delight, I will rip up the web of lies he would entangle me in, let come what may. Anything is better than lies and deceit!

But how? My God! My God! Was ever a woman so distraught?

"No, I shall end our ties, end them!" she cried, springing to her feet and gulping down her tears. She went to the desk to write him another letter, but in her heart of hearts she knew she had not the strength to end anything, had not the strength to extricate herself from her position, however false and dishonourable it was.

She sat down at the desk but instead of writing she put her arms on it and her head on her arms and wept, wept out loud, with heaving breast, as little children weep. She wept because her hope of defining and making clear her position was blasted forever. She knew now that all would remain as it had been, only worse than it had been. She knew that her position in society, which only that morning had seemed of so little consequence, was dear to her and that she was incapable of exchanging it for the shameful position of a woman who has left her husband and child to join her lover; she knew that however she tried, she could not be stonger than her own self. She would never know what it meant to enjoy her love freely but would always be a sinful wife under constant threat of exposure, deceiving her husband for the sake of a shameful liaison with a man who lived his own life apart from hers, a life to which she could never join her own. She knew that this was how it would be and the knowledge was so terrible that she could not even imagine how everything would end. And so she wept without restraint, as little children weep when they have been punished.

The sound of the footman's steps made her take herself in hand and she hid her face from him by pretending to write.

"The courier wants his answer," said the footman.

"Answer? Ah, yes," said Anna. "Let him wait. I will ring."

What can I write? she wondered. What can I decide by myself? What do I know? What do I want? What do I seek? Once more she felt that her soul was splitting in two, and again she was frightened by the sensation and seized on the first thing that presented itself to her as a means of distracting her mind from thoughts of herself. I must see Alexei (that was what she called Vronsky when she thought of him). Perhaps he can tell me what I ought to do. I will go to Betsy's; I may find him there, she said to herself, forgetting that when she had told him on the previous day that she would not go to Princess Betsy's he had said that then he would not go either. She went to the desk and wrote to her husband: "I have received your letter. A." She rang the bell and gave it to the footman.

"We are not going," she said to Annushka when her maid came in.

"Not going at all?"

"Not today, but don't unpack until tomorrow, and keep the carriage. I am going to call on the princess."

"What dress shall I bring?"

17

The game of croquet to which Princess Betsy Tverskaya had invited Anna was to be played by two ladies and their admirers. The two ladies were the leading figures in a select new Petersburg circle which called itself, in imitation of some other imitation, *les sept merveilles du monde*. These ladies belonged to a set which, though of the highest society, was antipathetic to the set in which Anna moved. Furthermore Stremov, an elderly man of great influence in St. Petersburg and an admirer of Liza Merkalova, was Karenin's enemy in official life. For all these reasons Anna had not wished to go to Betsy's and had refused to do so, as intimated in Betsy's note to her. Now, however, Anna

did wish to go because she hoped to see Vronsky there.

Anna arrived at Princess Betsy's before the others. On the steps she ran into Vronsky's valet with side-whiskers brushed out like a *Kammerjunker's*. When they reached the door he took off his cap and stepped aside to let her enter. Anna recognized him and all of a sudden remembered Vronsky's having said on the preceding day that he would not come. Very likely his valet was bringing a note to that effect.

While she was taking off her cloak in the hall she heard him say as he gave in the note, even pronouncing his rr's like a *Kammerjunker*: "To the princess from the count."

She longed to ask him where his master was. She longed to go back home and send Vronsky a note asking him to come to her. She longed to go to him herself. But she could do none of these things: already she heard the ringing of bells announcing her arrival and Princess Betsy's footman was standing half-turned to her in the open doorway waiting for her to enter the inner rooms.

"The princess is in the garden, she will be told of your arrival. Would you care to join her in the garden?" said another footman in another room.

She felt as confused and uncertain here as at home, even more so because she could do nothing about it, she could not see Vronsky and had to remain with people she found uncongenial, especially in her present state of mind. But she was wearing a gown that became her, as she knew; she was not alone but in her accustomed milieu with its atmosphere of pompous idleness; and she found it easier to be here than at home because she had no need to think of what to do here, things were done of themselves. When Betsy came towards her in a white gown of an elegance that fairly took her breath away, Anna smiled as she always did. With Betsy were Tushkevich and a young lady, a relation, who was spending the summer with this famous princess, to the immense satisfaction of her provincial parents.

There must have been something unusual in Anna's appearance, for Betsy instantly remarked on it.

"I did not sleep well," said Anna, glancing at the footman coming towards them and bringing, as she supposed, Vronsky's note.

"How glad I am you have come!" said Betsy. "I a
tired and was just about to have a cup of tea before m
visitors came. Perhaps," she said to Tushkevich, "you an
Masha would go and try out the croquet ground wher
it has been mown? You and I—" turning back to Ann
with a smile and giving the arm in which Anna was hold
ing her sunshade a little squeeze, "—will have time for con
fidences over our tea, we'll have a cosy little chat, will
we not?"

"That will be nice, especially since I cannot stay long. I must go and see old Dame Vrede, I have been promising to go for ages," said Anna, and though the telling of lies was foreign to her nature, she now told them in company easily and naturally and even with relish. Why she had spoken of an intention she had not even dreamed of a moment before, she could not have said. She spoke of it only because she had to be free to find a means of seeing Vronsky, once he was not here. She could not have said why she chose old Dame Vrede from among all the other people to whom she owed calls, but as it turned out later she could not have hit upon a better way of meeting Vronsky if she had racked her brains inventing all sorts of devious means.

"I will not let you go for anything," said Betsy, looking intently into Anna's face. "Indeed I should be offended if I were not so fond of you. One might think you were afraid of being compromised by my society. Tea if you please in the small drawing-room," she said, narrowing her eyes as she always did when speaking to servants. She took the note from the footman and read it. "Alexei is up to his tricks again," she said in French. "Says he cannot come." She added this in the most natural voice, as if t never occurred to her that Vronsky could be more to Anna than just another croquet player.

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all women. And it was not the necessity of hiding them, nor the reason for hiding them, but the process of hiding them that fascinated her. "I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said "Stremov and Liza Merkalova are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere and *I*—" she put special emphasis on the *I* "—have never been severe or intolerant. I simply have not the time for it."

"But perhaps you do not wish to be with Stremov? Oh, let him and Alexei Alexandrovich fly at each other as much as they like in the Commission, that has nothing to do with us. In company he is the most delightful person I know and he simply adores croquet. You shall see. And however ludicrous his position as an old man in love with Liza may be, it is wonderful how he manages to escape appearing ludicrous. He is a darling. Are you acquainted with Sappho Stoltz? She is something new, absolutely new!"

As Betsy chattered away, Anna could perceive from the sharpness and sparkle of her eye that she had guessed what was needed and was busy with some scheme. They were in her small study.

"But I must reply to Vronsky's note," and Betsy sat down at the writing-table, dashed off a few lines and put the sheet in an envelope. "I have asked him to dine with us. One of my ladies is without a gentleman. Read it and see if it will bring him. Sorry, but I must leave you for a moment. Seal it and send if off," she threw back from the door. "I must give a few instructions."

Without a moment's thought Anna went to the table and, without reading the note, added at the bottom of it: "I must see you. Come to Dame Vrede's garden. I shall be there at six." Anna sealed it and when Betsy came back she sent if off in Anna's presence.

At the tea-table which was brought into the cool little drawing-room the two ladies did have the cosy little chat Betsy had promised. They poked their fingers into the lives of all the guests who were expected, especially Liza Merkalova's.

"She is charming; I have always liked her," said Anna.

"So you should. She is mad on you. Yesterday she came to me after the races and was terribly upset to find you

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Anna was aware that Betsy knew everything, but the way in which Betsy spoke of Vronsky in her presence always convinced her for the moment that she knew nothing.

"Ah," said Anna casually, as if she found the matter of little interest, and went on smiling. "How could your society compromise anyone?" This playing with words, this hiding of secrets, gave Anna the same pleasure it gives

all women. And it was not the necessity of hiding them, nor the reason for hiding them, but the process of hiding them that fascinated her. "I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said "Stremov and Liza Merkalova are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere and *I*—" she put special emphasis on the *I* "—have never been severe or intolerant. I simply have not the time for it."

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"She is charming; I have always liked her," said Anna.

"So you should. She is mad on you. Yesterday she came to me after the races and was terribly upset to find you

had gone. Says you are a heroine out of a novel and if she were a man she would do a thousand foolhardy things for your sake. Stremov says she does them anyway."

"But tell me ... I have never been able to understand..." Anna made a little pause and went on in a tone that clearly indicated she was not asking an idle question but one bearing more weight than perhaps it ought to bear. "Do tell me what her relations are with Prince Kaluzhsky—Mishka, I believe they call him. I don't often see them. What are they?"

Betsy smiled with her eyes and gazed at Anna steadily.

"A new way of behaving," she said. "They are all doing it. Flinging caution to the winds. But there are ways and ways of flinging."

"I see, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?"

Betsy suddenly burst into unrestrained laughter, a thing she rarely did.

"You are usurping Princess Myakaya's rights. That is the question of an *enfant terrible*," and Betsy, as if wanting to stop herself but unable to do so, again burst into the contagious laughter that people laugh who do not laugh often. "You had better ask them," she gasped between paroxysms.

"You are making a joke of it," said Anna, laughing in spite of herself. "But I could never understand it. I cannot understand her husband's part in it."

"Her husband? Liza Merkalova's husband carries her shawl for her and is always ready to serve her. As for what goes on beyond this, nobody inquires. As you know, people in polite society never mention or even think about certain details of the toilette. The same thing applies to this."

Anna hastened to change the subject.

"Will you be at Madame Rolandaki's celebrations?" she asked.

"I hardly think so," replied Betsy, and without looking at her friend she began painstakingly pouring fragrant tea into transparent little cups. She pushed Anna's cup towards her and took out a lady's cigarette, which she put into a silver holder and lighted.

"I dare say I should consider myself fortunate," she began without a sign of her former levity, as she lifted her

Betsy hurried to introduce her to Anna.

"Only fancy—we almost ran over two soldiers!" the lady instantly began to tell them, smiling, blinking, and jerking her tail, which she had swung too far to the side. "I was riding beside Vaska... Oh, yes, you have not met him." She introduced the young man, blushing and laughing gaily at her breach of etiquette in calling him Vaska to one who was not acquainted with him.

Vaska bowed to Anna once again but said nothing to her. He turned to Sappho:

"You have lost the wager. We got here first. Pay up," he said with a smile.

Sappho laughed even more gaily.

"Not now, surely," she said.

"Well then, I shall get it later."

"Very well. Oh, dear!" she said suddenly to the hostess. "How stupid of me! I almost forgot! I have brought a visitor. Ah, here he is."

The unexpected visitor whom Sappho had brought and almost forgotten was, however, of such consequence that despite his youth the two ladies rose to meet him.

He was one of Sappho's latest admirers; now he, like Vaska, followed at her heels.

A little later Prince Kaluzhsky arrived, and Liza Merkalova with Stremov.

Liza Merkalova was a slim dark lady with a languorous oriental face and beautiful eyes which everyone called fathomless. Her dark dress harmonized with her particular type of beauty (as Anna saw and appreciated at once). Liza was as soft and listless as Sappho was sharp and alert.

But to Anna's taste Liza was a great deal [illegible] attractive. Betsy had told her th[illegible] had [illegible] of an ingenuous child, bu[illegible] not [illegible] was spoiled and [illegible] True, she adopted the [illegible] she had her swains [illegible] if [illegible] devoured her with th[illegible] other ol[illegible] had [illegible] those a[illegible] first [illegible] of [illegible]

languid yet impassioned look of those eyes with the dark circles under them could not but impress the beholder with their utter sincerity. On gazing into them one had the feeling that one knew all there was to know of their owner, and knowing it, loved her. As soon as she saw Anna her face lighted up.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said, going over to her. "Just when I wanted to join you at the races yesterday you went away. I particularly wanted to see you yesterday. Was it not awful?" she asked, turning upon Anna that gaze that seemed to reveal her whole soul.

"Yes, I never thought it could he so thrilling," replied Anna, colouring.

Just then everybody got up to go out into the garden.

"I am not going," said Liza, smiling and sitting down beside Anna. "You are not going either, are you? How could anyone want to play croquet?"

"Oh, but I enjoy it," said Anna.

"There, you see? Tell me what you do to keep yourself from being bored. One has only to look at you to feel cheered. You enjoy life, but I am bored."

"Bored? Why, yours is the jolliest set in Petersburg," said Anna.

"Then perhaps it is even more boring for those who are not in our set; for us, certainly for me, nothing is jolly; only terribly, terribly boring."

Sappho, smoking a cigarette, went outside with her two young men. Betsy and Stremov stayed behind to have tea.

"Why boring?" said Betsy. "Sappho just told me they had a glorious time at your house last night."

"It was abysmally dull," said Liza. "We all went to my house after the races. The same old thing, the same old thing. We just lolled about on sofas all evening. What fun is there in that? Do tell me what you do to keep from being bored," she said to Anna again. "One only has to look at you to see that you can be happy or unhappy, but never bored. Tell me how you do it."

"I do nothing," said Anna, made to blush again by these insistent questions.

"That's the best thing," said Stremov, intruding in the conversation.

Stremov was a man of about fifty with greying hair, yet still fresh in appearance, not at all good-looking but with a face showing character and intelligence. Liza was his wife's niece and he spent all his free time with her. As a clever man-of-the-world he tried to be particularly amiable with Anna Karenina just because she was the wife of his political enemy.

" 'I do nothing'," he echoed, smiling subtly. "That is the best remedy. I have always told you," he said, turning to Liza Merkalova, "that to keep from being bored you must not allow yourself to think you will be bored. It is the same as not allowing yourself to fear you will not fall asleep when you suffer from insomnia. Anna Arkadievna has just said the same thing."

"I should be very glad to have said it because it is not only wise but true," smiled Anna.

"Yes, but tell me, pray, why a person cannot fall asleep and why he cannot help being bored?"

"To fall asleep one must work, and to have a good time one must also work."

"Why should I work if no one wants my work? I don't know how to pretend and I don't care to."

"You are incorrigible," said Stremov, turning back to Anna.

Since he rarely saw Anna he had nothing to say to her but commonplaces, but he said these commonplaces (as to when she intended moving back to St. Petersburg and how sincerely Countess Lydia Ivanovna admired her) in a way indicating he wanted nothing so much as to please her and show his esteem for her, if not something more.

Tushkevich came in to announce that everyone was waiting for the croquet players.

"Oh, please don't go," said Liza Merkalova when she heard that Anna intended leaving. Stremov supported Liza.

"Dame Vrede will be too great a contrast after our company," he said. "And besides, your visit will only afford her an excuse to gossip, whereas here you inspire us to loftier things, quite the opposite of gossip," he said to her.

For a moment Anna hesitated. The compliments of this clever man, the artless, child-like admiration for her that Liza Merkalova evinced, and all this familiar fashionable atmosphere made things easy for her, whereas what lay

ahead was so hard that for a moment she wondered if she should not remain, if she should not defer the dreaded moment of telling Vronsky everything. But when she thought of what awaited her if she went home alone without having come to any decision, and when she remembered that moment, terrible even to recall, when she had sat painfully clutching her hair, she took leave of them all and rode away.

19

Vronsky, despite his leading what appeared to be a life of frivolity, was a man who liked to keep his affairs in order. At one time in his youth, when he was still in the Corps of Pages, he had suffered the indignity of being refused a loan of money to relieve a temporary embarrassment, and he had made sure that he should never suffer such an indignity again.

In order to keep track of his money he would isolate himself from time to time, five times a year or so, and balance his accounts. He called it "totting up", or *faire la lessive*.

On waking up on the morning after the races, Vronsky put on his uniform without shaving or bathing, spread out money, bills and letters on the table and set to work. When Petritsky woke up and saw his friend at the writing-table, he dressed quietly and went out so as not to disturb him, knowing how irascible he was on such occasions.

Every person, knowing in detail the circumstances in which he finds himself, unconsciously assumes that they are peculiarly complicated and hard to cope with; it never occurs to him that others may encounter similar complications in their personal circumstances. So it was with Vronsky. Not without a sense of pride, and not entirely without grounds, did he believe that anyone else in his circumstances would long since have become sadly entangled and driven to lamentable extremes. Vronsky was aware that the moment had come when he must make a reckoning and elucidate his circumstances if he was not to get into just such a fix.

The task he undertook first, as the easiest, was the elucidation of his financial state. In his fine handwriting he

wrote down all his debts on a sheet of note-paper and the total came to seventeen thousand rubles and some hundreds (he dropped the hundreds to make things clearer). When he had counted his money on hand and in the bank he found that he had one thousand eight hundred rubles, with nothing more to look forward to before the New Year. Having once more glanced through his debts, he arranged them in three lists. In the first he put debts that must be paid immediately, or at least for which the money must be kept on hand so that they could be paid on demand without a moment's delay. These debts came to about four thousand rubles: one thousand five hundred for a horse and two thousand five hundred to pay a card debt acquired by his young friend Venevsky, who had lost to a sharper in Vronsky's presence and for whom Vronsky had stood surety; Vronsky had wanted to pay up at the time (he had the money with him) but Venevsky and Yashvin had insisted that they themselves would pay it since Vronsky had not even been playing. That was all very well, but Vronsky knew that in the dirty business in which he had taken part merely by saying he would stand for Venevsky, he must keep this two thousand five hundred ready to throw in the swindler's face and be rid of him once and for all. Accordingly, this first and most important list came to four thousand rubles. The second list, which came to eight thousand, consisted of less pressing debts. They were mostly for the racing stables, bills for hay and oats, sums owing to the English jockey, the saddler, and others. He must pay at least two thousand on these accounts to feel at ease. The last list of debts—to shops, inns and his tailor—hardly required thinking of. It turned out, then, that he must have at least six thousand rubles for current expenses and he had only one thousand eight hundred. For a gentleman with an annual income of one hundred thousand, as everyone supposed Vronsky had, such debts could present no difficulty. But the fact was that he had nothing like one hundred thousand. His father's enormous property, which alone brought in a yearly income of as much as two hundred thousand rubles, was not divided between the two brothers. When his elder brother, already greatly in debt, married Princess Varya Chirkova, daughter of a Decembrist, with no fortune what-

notes according to the accounts they were to cover. This done, he wrote a curt and cold answer to his mother's letter. Then he took three letters received from Anna out of his pocket-book, re-read them, burnt them, and, recalling the conversation he had had with her on the preceding day, became lost in thought.

20

Life was made easy for Vronsky by his having a set of rules definitely determining what he should do and what he should not do. This set of rules covered a very small sphere of circumstances it is true, but then they were incontestable, and since Vronsky never went outside of this sphere he never experienced any uncertainty as to what he should do. These rules laid down incontestably that: one must be sure to pay a card-sharp but need not pay the tailor; one must not lie to men but may lie to women; one must not deceive others but may deceive a husband; one must never forgive an insult but one may deliver an insult; and so on and so forth. These rules may have been unreasonable and even unethical, but they were incontestable and as long as he adhered to them he was at ease and could hold his head high. But of late, involved as he was with Anna, he began to feel that his set of rules did not cover all circumstances and that the future might bring problems and perplexities as to which he had nothing to guide him.

His prevailing attitude towards Anna and her husband was clear and simple. It was clearly and precisely defined in the set of rules to which he held.

She was an honourable woman who had bestowed her love on him and he loved her and therefore she was a woman deserving as much if not more esteem than a lawful wife. He would have had his arm cut off rather than allow himself by word or suggestion to humiliate her or even fail to accord her the very highest regard a woman could be entitled to.

His attitude towards society was also clear. Anyone might know or suspect, but no one dared speak. He would force anyone who did speak to hold his tongue and respect the non-existent honour of the woman he loved.

His attitude towards her husband was clearest of all. From the moment that Anna had fallen in love with Vronsky, he considered that he alone had an unassailable right to her. Her husband was but a superfluous and interfering element. Undoubtedly his position was unenviable, but what was to be done? The only right left to the husband was the right to demand satisfaction, weapon in hand, and Vronsky was prepared for this at any moment.

But lately new relations had developed between him and her which frightened Vronsky by their indefiniteness. Only the day before she had told him she was with child. He felt that this circumstance and what she expected of him required behaviour on his part not fully defined by the set of rules that governed his life. The fact is that he had been taken completely unawares and in that first moment his heart had demanded that she should leave her husband. And that is what he had said, but now that he had had time to think it over, he clearly saw that it would be better to avoid such a thing. Yet even as he told himself this, he wondered whether it would not be wrong.

If I told her to leave her husband it was tantamount to saying come to me. Am I prepared for that? How can I take her away now that I have no money? I might, perhaps, arrange it... But how can I go away with her when I am in the service? Before demanding such a thing I ought to make the doing of it possible, that is, have money and resign from the army.

Again he became lost in thought. The question of resigning from the army led to another consideration, a secret one, known to him alone, which had ever been the main, if unacknowledged, interest of his life.

Success had been the dream of his childhood and youth, a dream he had not confessed even to himself but which was so strong in him that now it pitted itself against his love. The first steps he had taken in society and in the service had been successful, but two years before he had made a crude error. To demonstrate his independence and to gain by so doing, he had refused a promotion offered him, expecting that his refusal would enhance his value. It turned out he had been over-bold and was passed over. Having, whether he liked it or not, placed himself in a position of independence, he accepted it, behaving with ex-

treme tact and good sense, as if he bore no man a grudge, was unaware that anyone had injured him, and wanted nothing but to be left alone and enjoy himself. As a matter of fact, he had not been enjoying himself for over a year, ever since he had made that trip to Moscow. Now he felt that the air he had assumed of an independent man capable of doing anything but caring to do nothing, was wearing thin; that many were beginning to look upon him as one incapable of doing anything but be a good-natured fellow. By attracting so much attention and causing so much talk, his connection with Madame Karenina had conferred upon him a certain glamour and for a time had eased the gnawings of ambition; but these gnawings had begun again with redoubled strength in the previous week. A certain Serpukhovsky, a gentleman of the same social position and belonging to the same set as Vronsky, once his childhood playmate, later a classmate in the Corps of Pages who had been his rival in studies, in sports, in mischief and in ambition, had recently returned from military service in Central Asia, where he had been promoted through two ranks and been granted distinctions rarely bestowed on so young an officer.

As soon as he arrived in St. Petersburg he was spoken of as a newly risen star of the first magnitude. This classmate of Vronsky's, of his own age, was already a general and was marked for an appointment that might influence the entire political course of the country, whereas Vronsky, for all his independence and glamour and being loved by an enchanting woman, was only a cavalry captain allowed to enjoy as much independence as he pleased.

Obviously I do not and cannot envy Serpukhovsky, he said to himself, but his elevation further proves to me that if a person like me only bides his time he can make a career for himself very quickly. Three years ago he was in the same position I am in now. For me to resign now would mean burning my bridges. If I do not resign I lose nothing. She herself has said she does not want anything to be changed. So long as I have her love I cannot possibly envy Serpukhovsky.

Slowly twisting his moustache, he got up and took a turn about the room. His eyes had a special shine and he was in that calm, sure, happy frame of mind that always

possessed him when he had made his position clear to himself. Things looked as bright and lucid as they did after every "totting up". He shaved, took a cold bath, dressed and went out.

21

"I've come for you. Your totting took longer than usual this time," said Petritsky. "Finished?"

"Quite," said Vronsky, smiling with his eyes alone and twisting the ends of his moustache as cautiously as if he feared any quick or reckless movement might upset the order to which he had brought his affairs.

"You always look as if you had just come from the bathhouse afterwards," said Petritsky. "I've been sent by Demin" (that was their regiment commander). "They're waiting for you."

Vronsky made no reply; he was looking at his friend but thinking of something else.

"What's that? Music?" he said, listening to the familiar sound of a brass band playing polkas and waltzes. "Why the festivities?"

"Serpukhovsky has come."

"Oh," said Vronsky. "I hadn't heard."

The smile in his eyes brightened.

Having told himself that he was happy in his love, that he had sacrificed his ambition to it, having at least chosen to play such a role, Vronsky was incapable of envying Serpukhovsky or resenting his not having sought him out first of all when he got to the regiment. Serpukhovsky was his good friend and he was glad he had come.

"I am very glad."

The regiment commander Colonel Demin was quartered in a big manor house, on the lower veranda of which a large crowd had gathered. The first thing Vronsky noticed when he entered the courtyard was a group of singers in uniform standing near a barrel of vodka, and the huge figure of their jovial colonel surrounded by officers. The colonel came down to a lower step of the veranda, waved his hands and shouted orders to some soldiers standing off to one side, hardly able to make himself heard above the

band playing an Offenbach quadrille. Vronsky made for the veranda along with some soldiers, a quartermaster and a few subalterns. The colonel then went over to a table, came back to the steps with a wine-glass in his hand and proposed a toast: "To the health of our former comrade, now a brave general—Prince Serpukhovsky! Hurrah!"

The smiling Serpukhovsky stepped out from behind the colonel with a glass in his hand.

"You seem to be getting younger every year, Bondarenko," he said to a youthful-looking red-cheeked quartermaster standing directly in front of him, who was now doing his second term in the service.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovsky for three years. He had matured and had grown side-whiskers, but he was as slim and well-built as ever and distinguished rather for a certain gentleness and nobility of face and form than for handsomeness of feature. One change that Vronsky remarked in him was that quiet constant glow to be seen on the faces of those who have achieved success and know that everyone is aware of their success. Vronsky was familiar with this glow and recognized it the minute he set eyes on Serpukhovsky.

Serpukhovsky caught sight of Vronsky as he was coming down the steps. His face lighted up with a glad smile. He threw back his head and held up his glass in greeting to Vronsky and indicated by a gesture that he could not help going first to the quartermaster, who was straining forward with his lips pursed for a kiss.

"Here he is!" called out the colonel. "And Yashvin tried to tell me you were in one of your bad moods."

Serpukhovsky kissed the fresh moist lips of the gallant quartermaster and, wiping his mouth on his handkerchief, went over to Vronsky.

"How glad I am!" he said, shaking his hand and drawing him aside.

"Look after him!" the colonel called to Yashvin, indicating Vronsky, and he himself went down to join the soldiers.

"Why weren't you at the races yesterday? I expected to see you there," said Vronsky, studying Serpukhovsky.

"I was there but I came late. Excuse me," he said, turning away for a moment to speak to his adjutant. "Please

see that this is given to the men from me—divide it up evenly among them."

Hurriedly he took three one-hundred ruble notes out of his pocketbook, colouring as he did so.

"Vronsky! Will you have a bite? Or a drink?" asked Yashvin. "Hey, there! Bring the count some food! Here, drink this."

The merry-making at the colonel's house went on for long. Everybody drank a lot. They tossed Serpukhovsky into the air. Then they tossed the colonel. Then the colonel danced with Petritsky in front of the singers. Then the colonel, somewhat exhausted, sat down on a bench in the courtyard and began proving to Yashvin the superiority of the Russians over the Prussians, especially in cavalry attacks, and for a while the merry-making died down. Serpukhovsky went inside to wash his hands and in the washroom he found Vronsky dousing himself with cold water. He had taken off his tunic and was holding his sunburnt neck under the tap and rubbing it and his head vigorously. When he finished he went over to Serpukhovsky. They sat together on a little seat and began a conversation of great interest to both of them.

"I have heard all about you from my wife," said Serpukhovsky. "I'm glad you see her often."

"She is a friend of Varya's and they are the only women in Petersburg I enjoy seeing," replied Vronsky, smiling. He smiled because he anticipated the turn the conversation was sure to take and this pleased him.

"The only ones?" Serpukhovsky smiled back.

"I have heard about you too, not only from your wife," said Vronsky, parrying the insinuation with a stern look. "I was delighted to hear of your success, but not in the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovsky smiled. It was evident that he liked to hear this opinion of himself and he found no reason for hiding it.

"I, on the contrary, must honestly own that I expected less. But I am glad, immensely glad. I am ambitious, that is my weakness and I admit it."

"Perhaps you would not admit it if you had not won success," said Vronsky.

"I think I would," said Serpukhovsky, smiling again.

"I do not say that life would not be worth living without it, but it would be dull. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I fancy I have certain abilities in my profession and that any power that falls into my hands, if so it does, will be used to better advantage than it would be used by a great many people I know," said Serpukhovsky with a glowing awareness of his success. "And for that reason the closer I come to power the better I like it."

"I dare say that is true for you but not necessarily for others. I once held the same view, but as time goes on I find one cannot live only for that," said Vronsky.

"Ah, now we've come to it!" laughed Serpukhovsky. "I began by saying I have heard all about you, and about your refusing that promotion. Of course I approve. But there are different ways of doing a thing; I think you were right in refusing but wrong in your way of doing it."

"What's done is done and you know I never regret what I do. And besides, everything is first-rate with me."

"First-rate for the time being. But this sort of life will not satisfy you for long. I would not say such a thing to your brother—he's a simple fellow, like our host here—Ah, there he goes!" he added, listening to the cries of Hurrah! "He's happy, but that sort of thing cannot satisfy you."

"I don't say it can."

"And that's not all. People like you are needed."

"By whom?"

"By whom? By society. Russia needs people, needs a party, otherwise everything will go to the dogs."

"A party? Bertenev's party against the communists?"

"Bah!" said Serpukhovsky, making a face to show his disgust that he could be suspected of such foolishness. "*Tout ça est une blague*. We've always had and always will have such things. There are no communists. But wily people always have to invent some dangerous party. That's an old trick. No, what we need is a powerful party of independent men like you and me."

"What do you mean?" asked Vronsky, and he named a number of men in power. "Why should they not be called independent?"

"Because they do not have, or at least have not had from birth, independent fortunes and estates, were not born

'close to the sun' as you and I were. They can be bribed with money or favours. In order to hold on they must invent a new course. And so they advance some idea or some course which even they do not believe in and which only makes mischief; and all these courses are nothing more or less than a means of providing themselves with a house and income at state expense. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça* when you look at the cards they hold. I may be worse, more stupid, than they are, but I hardly think so. The main thing, however, is that I have one very important advantage over them: it is harder to buy people like me. And such people are needed now more than ever before."

Vronsky listened attentively. He was impressed not so much by what Serpukhovsky was saying as by his attitude to state affairs, by his intention of opposing the powers that be, by his having towards them definite sympathies and antipathies, whereas he, Vronsky, had no interests in the service beyond the interests of his regiment. Vronsky also appreciated how powerful Serpukhovsky could become because of his undeniable ability to think things out and get to the root of them, because of his intelligence and his gift of words, so rarely to be met within his circle. And he could not help envying him, even though he was ashamed of his envy.

"There is one important thing I lack for this," said Vronsky. "I lack the love of power. I used to have it but no more."

"Begging your pardon, that is not true," said Serpukhovsky with a smile.

"No, it is true, it is true—now," added Vronsky to be honest.

"Ah, true *now*; that is another thing; but that *now* will not last forever."

"Perhaps not," replied Vronsky.

"You say *perhaps*," went on Serpukhovsky, as if guessing his thoughts, "and I say for *sure*. That is why I wanted to see you. You did what you had to do. I understand that. But you must not overdo it. I only ask you to give me *carte blanche*. I shall not offer you my patronage—although I don't know why I should not—how often have you patronized me! But I hope our friendship is above this. Yes," he said, smiling at him as tenderly as a woman, "give me

terre. Coming, coming!" he said to a servant who entered. But the servant had not come to call them. He had come to give Vronsky a letter.

"A man brought this from Princess Betsy Tverskaya."

Vronsky unsealed the envelope and coloured.

"I have a headache, I am going home," he said to Serpukhovsky.

"Well, then, goodbye. Do you give me *carte blanche*?"

"We shall speak of it later. Now that you are in Petersburg I will find you."

22

By now it was almost six o'clock and so as not to be late and not to use his own horses, which everybody recognized, Vronsky got into Yashvin's hired carriage and ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could. The old four-seated vehicle was roomy and he sat in a corner, put his feet on the front seat and gave himself up to his thoughts.

A vague sense of the order to which he had brought his affairs; a vague remembrance of Serpukhovsky's amity and the flattery of his considering him a man who was needed; above all, his anticipation of this rendezvous—all these combined to fill him with the joy of life. So strong was the feeling that he found himself smiling. He dropped his legs, put one foot on his knee and felt the calf of his leg, which had been bruised in his fall of the preceding day; then, throwing himself back in the seat, he took two or three deep breaths.

Splendid! Everything is splendid! he said to himself. Many times before he had been joyfully aware of his body, but never before had he been so in love with it—with his body—as he was now. It gave him pleasure to feel the slight pain in that strong leg, pleasure to feel the working of his chest muscles as he breathed. The same cold clear air of late August that so depressed Anna, had an invigorating effect on him and refreshed his face and neck, still stinging from the cold water. The scent of the brilliantine on his moustache was particularly pleasant in the fresh air. All that he saw from the carriage window, everything in that cold clear air, in the pale light of the sunset, was as

fresh and strong and cheerful as was he himself: the roofs of the houses gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, the sharp angles of fences and the corners of buildings, the forms of the people and vehicles they occasionally met, the motionless green of trees and grass, the potato fields ploughed into even furrows, the slanting shadows cast by houses, trees and bushes, even by the potato furrows. All was as lovely as a painted landscape just finished and varnished.

"Whip them up, whip them up!" he said putting his head out of the window and drawing a three-ruble note out of his pocket for the coachman, who glanced round. The coachman's hand fumbled with something in the light of the lantern, then the whip cracked and the carriage leaped ahead over the smooth highroad.

I want nothing, nothing but this happiness, he said, fixing his eyes on the bone bell-button between the windows and conjuring up a picture of Anna as he had last seen her. The more I see of her, the more I love her. Ah, here is the Vrede garden. Where could she be? Where? How shall I find her? Why should she have chosen this place and written to me on Betsy's note? Only now did he ask himself these questions, but there was no time to consider them. He dismissed the carriage before they reached the gate, opened the door, jumped out before it stopped and struck out along the tree-lined lane leading to the house. There was no one in the lane, but on glancing to the right he caught sight of her. Her face was hidden by a veil but his delighted eyes took in her walk—a very special walk, peculiar to her alone—and the slope of her shoulders, and the way she had of holding her head, and something like an electric shock passed through him. With renewed force he was conscious of his own body, the whole of it, from the springy movements of his legs to the movements of his lungs as he breathed, and a tingling sensation came to his lips.

She came up to him and gripped his hand tightly.

"Are you not vexed with me for sending for you? I had to speak to you," she said, and instantly his mood was changed by the glimpse he caught through her veil of the grave set of her lips.

"Vexed? But why are you here, and how did you get here?"

"That is of no importance," she said, putting her arm in his. "Come, I must speak to you."

He understood that something had happened and that this meeting would not be joyful. In her presence he had no will of his own; without knowing the reason for her alarm he was already infected with it.

"What is it? What has happened?" he asked, squeezing her arm with his elbow and searching her face for an answer.

She walked a few steps in silence, mustering her courage, then suddenly she stopped.

"I did not tell you yesterday," she began, breathing quickly and heavily, "that on the way home with Alexei Alexandrovich I told him everything ... told him that I could not be his wife ... told him ... in a word, everything."

He listened, unconsciously bending over as if by doing so he could relieve her of some of her burden. But as soon as she had finished he straightened up and his face assumed a proud and grave look.

"That is better," he said. "Yes, yes, a thousand times better, even though I know how hard it must have been for you."

She was not listening to his words, she was reading his thoughts in the expression of his face. She could not know that the expression of his face reflected the first thought that had struck him: that a duel was inevitable now. The idea of a duel had never occurred to her and therefore she attributed that fleeting expression of grimness to something quite different.

When she received the letter from her husband she knew in her heart that everything would be as it had been, that she would not have the courage to give up her position in society, abandon her child and join her lover. The morning she had spent at Betsy's only confirmed this. And yet she had set much store by this meeting with Vronsky. She had hoped it would bring about a change in her position, rescue her from it. If when he learned everything he should say resolutely, impassionedly, without a moment's hesitation, "Leave everything and come away with me!" she would leave her boy and go with him. But the news did not call forth the response she had hoped for: he responded as

if he had received an insult.

"It was not hard for me in the least. It came about of itself," she said impatiently. "And.. here—" She drew her husband's letter out of her glove.

"I understand, I understand," he interrupted, taking the letter but not reading it, eager to soothe her. "The only thing I desired, the only thing I asked, was that you should break with everything and allow me to devote my life to your happiness."

"Why should you tell me that?" she said. "Can I doubt it? If I doubted it—"

"Who is that?" said Vronsky suddenly, noticing two laides coming towards them. "They may know us," and he hurriedly turned into a side path, drawing her with him.

"Oh, I don't care!" she said. Her lips were quivering and he thought she looked at him with strange animosity from under her veil. "That, I tell you, has nothing to do with it, I cannot doubt that. But see what he writes. Read it." She stopped again.

And again, as when he first heard of her break with her husband, Vronsky, on reading the letter, was concerned mostly with his own position in respect to the insulted husband. As he stood there with the letter in his hand he could not help thinking of the challenge he would surely receive today or tomorrow, and of the duel, and of how he, with the same cold proud look which his face wore now, would fire into the air and then wait for the insulted husband to shoot. At almost the same moment there flashed across his mind the recollection of what Serpukhovsky had said and what he himself had thought that morning—that he ought not to tie himself up—and he knew this was something he could not communicate to her.

When he finished reading the letter he raised his eyes to hers, and there was no resolution in his gaze. She immediately understood that he had considered all this before. She knew that, say what he might, he would not say the whole of what he thought. And she also knew that her last hope was gone. This was not what she had wanted.

"Can you not see what sort of man he is?" she said in a quivering voice. "He—"

"Forgive me, but I am glad of this," Vronsky interrupted her. "For the love of heaven, let me speak," he added, imploring her with a look to let him explain his words. "I am glad because things cannot possibly go on as he proposes that they should."

"Why cannot they?" asked Anna, holding back her tears and evidently attaching no importance to his words any more. She felt that her fate was sealed.

Vronsky wanted to say they could not go on because a duel was inevitable, but he said something quite different.

"They cannot go on. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope—" he felt embarrassed and blushed, "—you will let me think of our lives and work out a plan now. Tomorrow—" he began.

She did not let him finish.

"And my child?" she cried. "Don't you see what he writes? I must give up my child, and I cannot and do not mean to do that."

"But for God's sake, Anna, what is better? To give up your child or to continue in this humiliating position?"

"For whom is it humiliating?"

"For everyone, but for you most of all."

"Humiliating, you say. Don't say that. Those words mean nothing to me," she said, her voice still quivering. She did not want him to speak a word of untruth. Nothing was left to her now but his love and she wanted to love him. "You must realize that from the day I fell in love with you, everything changed. For me there is only one thing ... only one ... your love. If I have your love I feel so elevated and so sure of myself that nothing can humiliate me. I am proud of my position, because ... I am proud of ... proud..." She did not say what she was proud of. She was choked by tears of shame and despair. She stopped and began sobbing.

He too felt a lump in his throat and a stinging sensation in his nostrils; for the first time in his life he was on the verge of tears. He could not have said what touched him so; he was sorry for her and knew he could do nothing to help her, and at the same time he was aware that he was to blame for her unhappiness, that he had done something wrong.

"Is not a divorce possible?" he asked lamely. She shook

her head without replying. "Could not you leave him and take your child?"

"Yes, but it all depends on him. Now I must go to him," she said coldly. Her foreboding that all would go on as before had not proved groundless.

"I shall be in Petersburg on Tuesday and we will decide everything."

"Yes," she said. "But let us not talk about it any more."

The carriage which Anna had dismissed with a request that it should call for her at the gate, now drew up. She said goodbye and went home.

23

On Monday the regular sitting of the Commission of the 2nd of June was held. Karenin entered the room and greeted the members and chairman as usual and took his seat, laying his hands on the papers that had been put in front of him. Among these papers were his references and the rough outline he had drawn up of his speech. He was in no need of the references; everything was ready in his mind and he did not even have to go over in memory what he intended saying. He knew that when the time came and when he saw before him the face of his opponent, who would vainly try to assume an expression of indifference, his words would come flowing of themselves, and even more fluently than if he concentrated on them now. He felt what he had to say was of such great import that every word would be deeply significant. Meanwhile, as he listened to an ordinary report, he could not have looked more innocent, more harmless. No one could have supposed, seeing his white hands laced with swollen veins, the long fingers of which were gently stroking the edges of the sheet of white paper lying in front of him, and seeing his head inclined in a way that expressed utter weariness, that out of his mouth would presently come forth a stream of words that would provoke a terrible storm, cause members to shout one another down and the chairman to hammer for order. When the report was over Karenin announced in his thin quiet voice that he would like to share with them

a few ideas that had occurred to him as to the conditions of the minor nationalities. All turned their attention to him. He cleared his throat and, without looking at his opponent, selected as he always did the person sitting directly in front of him to fix his eyes upon (in this case a meek little old man who never expressed an opinion at the sittings) and began his speech. When he got to the point dealing with basic and fundamental law, his opponent jumped up and protested. Stremov, also a member of the commission and also a target for Karenin's blows, tried to hit back; the result was a most turbulent sitting; but Karenin triumphed, his proposal was adopted; three new commissions were appointed and on the following day this sitting was the sole topic of discussion in a certain Petersburg circle. Karenin's success was even greater than he had anticipated.

When he woke up the next morning, the Tuesday, he recalled his triumph with satisfaction and could not help smiling, despite his desire to appear indifferent, when his office superintendent told him the accounts of the sitting that had reached his ears, hoping in this way to flatter him.

So absorbed did Karenin become in his business with the office superintendent that he quite forgot that this was the Tuesday he had named for Anna's return to town, and so he was surprised and unpleasantly shocked when the footman came in and announced her arrival.

Anna returned to St. Petersburg early in the morning. It was in accordance with her telegram that a carriage had been sent for her and so her husband ought to have expected her. But he did not meet her when she arrived. She was told that he had not yet left his study, where he was engaged with his office superintendent.

She sent word to him that she was there, and went to her boudoir and began unpacking her things, expecting him to come to her. But an hour passed and he did not come. She went into the dining-room on the pretext of giving some instructions to the housekeeper and intentionally raised her voice, expecting that he would come to her there; but he did not come there either, although she heard him open the door of his study and see the superintendent out. She knew that, according to his custom,

he would leave for the office presently and she wanted to speak to him before he left and make their relations clear.

Crossing the big drawing-room, she made resolutely for his study. When she entered she found him in his uniform as if about to leave, sitting at a little table leaning on his elbows and staring glumly in front of him. She saw him before he saw her, and she guessed that he was thinking of her.

As soon as he saw her he made as if to get up but changed his mind; suddenly his face flushed, a thing Anna had never seen happen before, he got up quickly and went to meet her, looking not into her eyes but above them, at her forehead and hair. He went up to her, took her hand and asked her to sit down.

"I am very glad you have come," he said, sitting down beside her with the obvious intention of speaking to her, but no words came. Several times he attempted to say something but each time he failed. Hard as she had tried to prepare herself for this meeting and to teach herself to despise and condemn him, now that she was here she did not know what to say and she felt sorry for him. In this way they were both silent for some time.

"Is Sergei well?" he brought out at last and, without waiting for an answer, added, "I will not dine at home today and must go now."

"I had thought of going to Moscow," she said.

"You have done very well in coming here instead, very well indeed," he said, and again there was silence.

Seeing that he was incapable of beginning the conversation, she began it herself.

"Alexei Alexandrovich," she said, looking at him and not dropping her eyes under his fixed gaze at her hair, "I am a guilty woman, I am a wicked woman, but I am just what I was then and what I told you I was, and I have come here to say there is nothing I can change."

"I have not asked you about that," he said abruptly and vehemently, looking her directly in the face with hatred. "I take that for granted." The force of his anger seemed to make him master again of all his faculties. "But as I told you at the time and in my letter," he said sharply, in his thin voice, "and as I repeat now, I am not obliged to know this. I ignore it. Not all wives are so good

as to hasten, as you have hastened, to tell their husbands such *pleasant* news." He laid special stress on the word "pleasant". "I shall ignore it just so long as people do not know of it and my name is not disgraced. It is for this reason I have warned you that our relations must remain as they have always been, and that only in case you *compromise* yourself will I be forced to take measures to defend my honour."

"But our relations cannot remain as they have been," Anna said timidly, looking at him in fright.

Now that she again saw his calm gestures and heard his shrill, childish, contemptuous voice, repulsion overcame her pity; and though she was afraid of him, she wanted to clear up their relations at any cost.

"I cannot be your wife when I am—" she began.

He gave a cold, malicious laugh.

"The way of life you have chosen seems to have affected your understanding. I have sufficient respect or contempt—or both: respect for your past and contempt for your present—to be far from giving my words the interpretation you have accorded them."

Anna sighed and lowered her head.

"On the other hand, I do not understand why an emancipated woman like you," he went on with growing heat, "capable of openly telling her husband of her unfaithfulness and finding nothing culpable in it, should at the same time find it culpable to fulfil the duties of a wife towards her husband."

"Alexei Alexandrovich! What do you demand of me?"

"I demand that I should not meet that man in my house and that you should conduct yourself in such a way that neither our *friends* nor the *servants* should find any reason for suspecting you ... that you should stop seeing him. That is not asking much, I believe. In return you will enjoy the privileges of a wife without fulfilling a wife's duties. That is all I have to say. It is time for me to go. I will not come home for dinner."

He got up and went to the door. Anna also got up. Without a word he bowed and held the door for her.

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24

The night Levin spent on the haycock left its mark; he developed a distaste for farming and lost all interest in it. Although the harvest was excellent, he had never experienced, or at least he fancied he had never experienced, such a run of bad luck and such a sharpening of his relations with his workmen, and the reason for this bad luck and hostility was perfectly clear to him now. The joy he had taken in the work itself, the intimacy with the peasants it had brought him, his envy of the peasants and their way of life and his desire to adopt their way of life, a desire which on that night was transformed from a dream into an intention, with practical considerations of how to carry it out—all of this so completely changed his attitude towards the managing of his estate that he could no longer take his former interest in it and was forced to recognize the basic hostility between himself and the workmen. The herd of pedigreed cows like Pava, all the ploughed and fertilized lands, the nine level fields enclosed by hedges, the hundred and forty acres deeply ploughed and manured, the furrow-sowers he had acquired—all of this would have been cause for rejoicing if it had been the work of his own hands or of his own hands aided by those of his friends, people who shared his ideas. But now he clearly saw (his work on the book about agriculture, in which the main factor was to be the workman, helped him to see this) that farming as he conducted it was nothing but a cruel and obstinate struggle between him and his workmen, in which on one side, his side, there was a constant and intense effort to remodel everything on what he considered a better pattern, and on the other side there was complete submission to the natural order of things. And in this struggle he saw that despite the terrific effort exerted on his side and the lack of all effort and even intention on the other side, no advance whatever was made and excellent equipment, cattle and land were ruined to no good purpose. Most important of all was the realization that his energy was not only expended in vain, but it was expended on an aim which, as he could not help seeing now that the true significance of his activities was revealed to him, was ignoble. What, indeed, was the essence

of this struggle? He was fighting for every kopek (and he could not do otherwise, for the least slackening of his efforts would result in his not having the money to pay his workmen), and they were fighting to do things as they were used to doing them: easily and pleasantly. His interests demanded that every workman should strain himself to the utmost and keep his mind on what he was doing, taking care not to break the sowing-machine, the horse-rake, the threshing-machine; the peasant, on the other hand, wanted the work to be pleasant and restful and, above all, he wanted to be carefree and give no thought to what he did. This summer Levin had observed this at every step. He sent out the mowers to cut the clover where it was overgrown with weeds and wormwood and could not be used for seed; they cut the best patches instead, excusing themselves by saying the steward had sent them there and assuring him it would be excellent hay; but he knew that they had done it because it was easier to mow good clover. He sent a machine to air the hay; they broke it on the first row because they found it dull to sit idly underneath its revolving arms. They said to him: "Don't you worry, master, the womenfolk will shake it dry." Ploughs were damaged because it never occurred to the ploughman that he ought to raise the share on the turn, he just forced it round, thrashing the horse and gouging into the soil, and then urged the master not to mind. The horses were let into the wheat because not one of the workmen wished to become a full-time night watchman; they took turns watching the horses at night although they had been forbidden to do so, and Vanka, after working all day, fell asleep; when the harm was done, he was contrite and said, "Do what you will with me, master." Three of the best calves died because they were let into the clover without drink; the peasants refused to believe that the clover could have blown them up and consoled him by saying never mind, their neighbour had lost a hundred and twelve head of cattle in three days. They did these things not because they wished to injure Levin or his property; on the contrary, he knew that they were devoted to him and called him "a lowly gentleman" (the highest praise they could offer); it was done only because they wanted to work light-heartedly and without care, and his interests

were not only alien and incomprehensible to them but even fatally contrary to their own interests. For some time Levin had been feeling dissatisfied with his own attitude. He could see that his ship was leaking but he did not seek the cause of the leak, perhaps deceiving himself intentionally. But now he could deceive himself no longer. And so the managing of his estate did not interest him, even repelled him, and he could not give himself up to it any more.

And it was at just this time he had to suffer the presence of Kitty Scherbatskaya only twenty miles away, whom he longed to see and dared not see. During his visit with Dolly she had asked him to come: to come with the purpose of renewing his offer to her sister, who, she assured him, would accept it this time. The brief glimpse he had caught of Kitty in the coach made him keenly aware of his undiminished love for her; but he could not go to the Oblonskys knowing that she was there. The fact of his having proposed to her and been rejected raised an insurmountable barrier between them. I cannot ask her to be my wife simply because she cannot be the wife of the man she chose, he said to himself. The very thought of such a thing made him feel cold and hard towards her. I could not speak to her without a feeling of reproach, I could not look at her without resentment, and she would only hate me the more, and so she should. And besides, how can I go and see them after what her sister has told me? Can I help showing that I know what she told me? I shall come as one showing magnanimity—to pity and forgive her. I shall appear in the role of a saint offering her pardon and bestowing my love upon her. Why should Daria Alexandrovna have told me that? If I had met her by chance all would have fallen naturally into its proper place; now it is impossible, impossible!

Dolly sent him a note asking him to lend her a side-saddle for Kitty. "I was told you had a side-saddle," she wrote. "I hope you will bring it yourself."

This was more than he could bear. How could an intelligent, sensitive woman humiliate her sister so? He wrote ten notes in reply and tore them all up and sent the saddle without any message. He could not write that he would come, because he could not come; to write that some-

thing prevented his coming or that he was going away would be even worse. And so he sent the saddle without any note but he was ashamed of having done so, and on the next day he turned over all the now odious business of the estate to his steward and rode off to a far district to see his friend Sviazhsky, on whose property was a fine snipe-marsh and who had quite recently written to ask him to fulfil an old promise to visit him. Levin's numerous affairs on the estate had made him postpone this visit even though the snipe-marsh in Surovsky Uyezd[1] tempted him sorely. Now he was only too glad to get away from his neighbours the Scherbatskys and even more from his duties on the estate and to enjoy some shooting, a sport that was a sure comfort in life's bitter moments.

25

Surovsky Uyezd boasted neither railways nor post roads, and Levin set out in a tarantass drawn by his own horses.

At the half-way point he stopped to feed his horses at the house of a prosperous peasant. A hearty, bald-headed old man with a broad red beard streaked with grey opened the gate to him and pressed himself against the gate-post to let the three horses pass. Having pointed out to the coachman a place for the horses under an open shed in the big new yard, which was very clean and neat, he invited Levin into the parlour. In the entrance-way they encountered a young woman in a neat dress and with overshoes on her bare feet, bent double as she scrubbed the floor. She let out a little shriek of fright as Levin's dog came bounding in, but she laughed when Levin assured her the dog did not bite. She lifted a bare arm to show Levin the door into the parlour, then bent over again, hiding her pretty face, and resumed her scrubbing.

"Shall I bring the samovar?" she asked.

"Do, please."

The large parlour was divided by a partition and had a big Dutch stove in it. Beneath the icons stood a long table, a bench and two chairs with pretty designs painted

on them. Beside the door was a cupboard holding crockery. The shutters were closed, to keep out the flies, and everything was so clean that Levin ordered his dog Laska, who had splashed through puddles as she ran down the road, to lie in the corner by the door. When Levin had seen the parlour, he went out on the porch overlooking the back yard. The pretty woman in overshoes ran past him on her way to the well for water, two empty pails swinging from the yoke on her shoulders.

"Quick there, my pretty," the old man cried out to her jovially as he came up to Levin. "Is it to Nikolai Ivanovich Sviazhsky you be going, sir? He drops in here now and then," he began, putting his elbows on the porch railing and showing a willingness to talk.

In the middle of his account of his acquaintance with Sviazhsky, once more the gate creaked and some workmen drove in from the fields with their ploughs and harrows. The horses drawing the ploughs and harrows were big well-fed animals. The workmen appeared to be menbers of the household: two of them were young men in gingham shirts and with caps on their heads, the other two were hired men in home-spun shirts, one of them old, the other young. Leaving the porch, the old man went over to the horses and began unharnessing them.

"What were they ploughing?" asked Levin.

"Potatoes. We too have land, you know. Fedot, don't let the gelding go, put him at the trough and harness another."

"What about the plough-shares I ordered, have they brought them?" asked a tall strong youth, who was evidently the old man's son.

"There they be, on the sledges," replied the old man as he coiled the reins and flung them on the ground. "Fit them in while the men are eating."

The pretty woman came back with full pails pulling down her shoulders and went into the entrance. Other women put in an appearance—the young ones pretty, the old and middle-aged no longer pretty, some with children, others without.

By this time the samovar was roaring into the pipe. Having taken care of the horses, all the workmen, relatives and hired men alike, went off to have their noonday meal. Levin fetched his provisions from the tarantass and [illegible]ed the old man to have tea with him.

"We've had tea once today," said the old man, who seemed pleased with the invitation, "but just to keep you company."

Over their tea Levin learned everything about the old man's farming. Ten years before he had rented three hundred acres from the widow of the local landowner and had bought these acres from her just the year before, at the same time renting another eight hundred acres from the neighbouring landowner. He himself rented out a small part of this land, the worst part, and his family and two hired workmen cultivated the rest. The old man complained that he was not doing well, but Levin understood that his complaint was just a matter of form, that actually his business was thriving. Had it been otherwise he could not have paid thirty-five rubles an acre for land, could not have provided for the marriage of three sons and a nephew and could not have rebuilt his house after two fires, enlarging and improving it each time. It was clear despite his complaints that he was justly proud of his prosperity, of his sons and his nephew, of their wives, of his cows and horses, and especially of his own management of all this property. From his conversation with the old man Levin discovered that he was not averse to innovations. He planted a large area to potatoes, and Levin had observed on the road that his potatoes had finished flowering already whereas Levin's own potatoes had just come to flower. He loosened the soil round his potatoes with a modern "ploo", as he called a plough, borrowed from the neighbouring landlord. He raised wheat. Levin was particularly struck by a trifling detail: he fed his horses the rye gathered from thinning out the sowing. How many times had Levin wanted to use this excellent feed that the peasants were in the habit of throwing away, but never had he been able to do so. This peasant used it and praised it to the skies.

"What's the women-folk for? They carries it out to the road and the cart picks it up and takes it to the stable."

"We landowners have a hard time with our workmen," said Levin as he handed him a glass of tea.

"Thanks," replied the old man, but he refused sugar, pointing to a gnawed lump left over from his earlier tea-drinking. "How's a man to carry on with hired workmen?"

he said. "A dead loss. Take your Sviazhsky, now. We know what his land's like—couldn't be better. But he don't get much of a crop off it. Nobody cares."

"But you hire men to work for you, too."

"We're peasants ourselves. We watch everything ourselves. A bad workman?—off he goes! We can do his work ourselves."

"Father, Finogen's asking for some tar," said the pretty woman, coming in in her overshoes.

"That's how it is, sir," said the old man apologetically as he got up. He crossed himself again and again, thanked Levin and went out.

When Levin went into the workmen's hut to call his coachman he found all the men seated round the table. The women were standing behind waiting on them. One of the strong young sons, his mouth full of buckwheat porridge, was telling a funny story and everyone was laughing, no one more so than the pretty woman in overshoes as she refilled a bowl with cabbage soup.

It is quite possible that the pretty face of the woman in overshoes was partly responsible for Levin's happy impression of this peasant household; be that as it may, the impression was so strong that Levin could not rid himself of it. Throughout the rest of the journey to Sviazhsky's he kept recalling this household, as if there were something in the impression that required serious consideration.

26

Sviazhsky was Marshal of Nobility in his uyezd. He was five years older than Levin and had been married for a number of years. His young sister-in-law, a girl whom Levin found attractive, lived with them. Levin knew that Sviazhsky and his wife hoped he would marry her. He knew this without a shadow of doubt, as young men—"eligible" young men—always know such things even though nobody dares mention them; and he also knew that, much as he wanted to get married, and desirable as this young girl was as a wife, he could no more marry her than he could fly through the air, even if he had not been in love with Kitty. And this knowledge cast a shadow on

the pleasure he hoped his visit with the Sviazhskys would bring him.

As soon as he received Sviazhsky's invitation this thought flashed through his mind, but he resolved to go anyway, telling himself he might be mistaken as to Sviazhsky's looking upon him as a suitor. Besides, he really wanted to test himself, to try his feeling for this girl once again. The family life of the Sviazhskys could not have been more admirable and Levin found Sviazhsky himself an interesting companion and the best type of public-spirited country gentleman.

He was one of those surprising men (at least Levin found them surprising) whose attitudes and opinions, always logical if never independent, went their own course, and whose lives, definite and unwavering, went their own course quite apart from and almost always contrary to their attitudes and opinions. Sviazhsky was exceedingly liberal in his views. He despised the nobility and believed that most of its members secretly approved of serfdom although they were too cowardly to admit it. He considered Russia a hopeless land, something like Turkey, and the Russian government so execrable that he would not even deign to criticise its actions; at the same time he served as Marshal of the Nobility and was a model Marshal and whenever he went out he donned his hat with the red cord and the cockade of office. He believed that only abroad was it possible to live like a human being and he went to live there whenever possible, and at the same time he managed a big estate in Russia with complicated modern agricultural methods, and he followed everything that went on in Russia with the greatest interest. He considered the Russian peasant to be something between an ape and a human being, and yet at rural elections he was the first to shake the peasant's hand and listen to his opinion. He believed neither in God nor the devil, but he showed the greatest concern for the material welfare of the clergy and the merging of parishes, and he had gone to great pains to see that the church was not closed in his village.

On the woman question he took the side of radicals supporting complete feminine emancipation, women's right to work in particular, yet he and his wife led such a companiable childless life that all were struck with admira-

tion for them, and he saw to it that his wife did nothing, and indeed could do nothing, but share her husband's concern as to how they might spend their time better, more enjoyably.

Had it not been for Levin's habit of looking for the best in people he would have found nothing perplexing or disturbing in Sviazhsky's character: he would simply have put him down as a fool or a rogue. But he could not put him down as a fool because Sviazhsky was without doubt not only clever by nature but highly educated as well and one who wore his education unpretentiously. There was no subject in which he was not versed, but he displayed his knowledge only when circumstances required it of him. Even less could Levin dismiss him as a rogue because Sviazhsky was unquestionably an honest, kind-hearted, intelligent man who cheerfully, energetically and continually engaged in work highly esteemed by those around him, a man who never did wrong intentionally and was incapable of doing it.

Levin strove to understand him but did not succeed. Sviazhsky and his life remained a riddle to him.

He and Levin were friends, and therefore Levin allowed himself to question Sviazhsky in an attempt to discover the foundations on which his views rested, but he was always frustrated. Every time Levin tried to penetrate beyond the entrance-hall of Sviazhsky's mind, whose doors were open to all, he observed that Sviazhsky seemed disconcerted; a shadow of alarm crossed his face, as if he feared Levin might see through him, and he cheerfully and good-naturedly repulsed him.

Now that Levin had become disenchanted with managing his estate, he was only too glad to visit the Sviazhskys. Apart from the salutary effect exerted upon him by these happy turtle-doves in their well-feathered nest, contented as they were with themselves and everyone else, he wanted, particularly now that he was dissatisfied with his own life, to discover the secret fo Sviazhsky's clear, definite and cheerful outlook. Moreover Levin knew he would meet the landlords who were Sviazhsky's neighbours and have the opportunity of talking to them and hearing their opinions on farming, on the harvest, the hiring of labourers and similar things, which, as Levin was aware, were con-

sidered low topics of conversation but which to him appeared to be the only ones of importance at the moment. Perhaps they are unimportant under the serf system or in England since both England and the serf system offer conditions of stability. But with us at present, when everything has been overturned and is just beginning to take new shape, the question as to what this shape is to be, is the one question of importance, said Levin to himself.

The shooting turned out to be worse than he had anticipated. The marsh had dried up and there were no snipe. He was out with his gun all day long and brought back only three birds, but then he brought back an excellent appetite (as he always did after shooting) as well as the high spirits and stimulated mental faculties that were the result of strenuous exercise. And while he hunted, even when his mind seemed to be empty, the remembrance of the elderly peasant and his family at the half-ways point kept recurring to him, and the impression they had made on him seemed to demand that he reflect upon it and even solve some problem related to it.

That evening at the tea-table, in the presence of two neighbours who had come to talk over some business, the very discussion arose which Levin had longed to hear.

Levin was sitting next to the hostess at the tea-table and was expected to talk to her and her sister, who was sitting opposite him. The hostess was fair, round-faced, smallish, and all smiles and dimples. Levin tried to get from her the answer to the riddle her husband presented to him, but he could not think clearly because he was painfully ill at ease. And he was painfully ill at ease because across from him sat her sister in a very special frock (donned for his benefit, he supposed) with a very special neck-line, trapezoidal, revealing her white bosom; it was this trapezoidal neck-line, even though the bosom was white, or rather just because the bosom was white, that robbed him of the ability to think clearly. He fancied, perhaps mistakenly, that the neck-line had been designed with him in mind, and he believed he had no right to look at it and tried his best not to look at it, but he felt guilty of the neck-line's having been designed at all. He felt he was deceiving someone, that he ought to explain something but could not explain it, and so he was awkward and ill at ease and kept

flushing all the time. His awkwardness was communicated to the hostess's pretty sister, but the hostess appeared not to notice it and kept trying to draw her sister into the converstaion.

"You say," went on the hostess, pursuing a theme already begun, "that things Russian can hardly be of interest to my husband. On the contrary, he is happy when he is abroad but never so happy there as at home. He feels in his element here. He is so very busy; he has a gift for taking an interest in everything. Oh, but I believe you have not visited our school?"

"I have seen it. Is it that building covered with ivy?"

"Yes. It is Nastya's work," she said, looking at her sister.

"You teach there?" asked Levin, trying to look past the neck-line but seeing it always, no matter where he turned his eyes.

"I did, and I still do, but now we have an excellent school-mistress. We've introduced gymnastics."

"No, thank you; no more tea," said Levin, and he got up, blushing, feeling that he was being discourteous but unable to go on with the conversation. "I hear them discussing something I am very much interested in," he explained, and went to the other end of the table where his host and the two other gentlemen were talking. Sviazhsky was sitting sidewise to the table, toying with a cup with one hand and clutching his beard in the other and lifting it to his nose from time to time as if to sniff it. His glowing black eyes were fixed on an excited gentleman with grey whiskers, and he seemed to be amused by what he was saying. He was complaining of the peasants. It was clear to Levin that Sviazhsky had an answer for his complaint that would instantly have silenced him, but that his position was such that he could not give the answer and was listening not without enjoyment to the man's droll speech.

The gentleman with the grey whiskers was clearly a confirmed supporter of the serf system, a man who had lived most of his life in the country and was passionately devoted to farming. Levin found signs of this in his dress (he was wearing a shiny, old-fashioned surtout that was certainly not his usual attire), and in his sombre intelligent eyes, and in his well-turned Russian periods, and in

his imperious tone that constant usage had made habitual, and in the deliberate movements of his fine big sunburnt hands with an old-fashioned wedding-ring on the third finger.

27

"If it were not so hard to throw up everything one has done ... all the effort that has gone into it ... I would snap my fingers at it all, sell it and go away, like Nikolai Ivanich here ... go and hear *La Belle Hélène*," said the landlord, a pleasant smile lighting up his shrewd old face.

"Well, but you don't throw it up," said Sviazhsky, "which means you must have good reason for not doing so."

"The reason is very simple: this is my home, my own, neither bought nor leased. And besides, one always hopes the peasants will come to their senses. As it is—nothing but drunkenness and lechery! The land hacked to pieces and not a horse, not a cow, to their names. They're on the verge of starvation, but just hire them to work for you!—they'll wreck everything and haul you up before the local magistrate to boot!"

"But you may lodge complaints with the magistrate yourself," said Sviazhsky.

"I lodge complaints? So help me God! If ever I did, there would be such a hullabaloo I should rue the day! Just see what happened at the factory—they took their pay in advance and walked off. And what did the magistrate do? Acquitted them. It's only the volost court and the village elder who can do anything with them. He flogs them as in the old days. If it weren't for that one would have to throw up everything for sure. And flee to the ends of the earth!"

It was obvious that the man was twitting Sviazhsky, but instead of getting angry Sviazhsky was amused.

"Well, we manage to work our land without resorting to such measures," he said with a smile. "Levin and I, and he," indicating the other gentleman.

"Yes, Mikhail Petrovich works his land, but ask him how. On a rational system?" retorted the first gentl...

evidently enjoying the use of the new word "rational".

"I do things the simple way, thank the Lord," said Mikhail Petrovich. "All my system consists in lending the peasants money to pay their taxes in the autumn. The peasants come to me: 'What shall we do? Help us, sir!' Well, they're all your own men, your neighbours, you can't help pitying them. So you give them something in advance, only you say 'Mind, fellows, I'm helping you now and you help me when the time comes for sowing oats, or making hay, or taking in the crops'; and you talk it over with them, how much each is to work. Of course there are shameless ones among them, that's true."

Levin, who was only too familiar with that old patriarchal system, exchanged glances with Sviazhsky and interrupted Mikhail Petrovich by turning again to the gentleman with the grey whiskers.

"Then what is your view?" he asked. "How do you think farms ought to be managed now?"

"As Mikhail Petrovich manages his: either allow the peasants to work the land for half the crop or rent it to them. That's possible, but it diminishes the wealth of the country. Land that under the serf system and with good management gave a yield of nine-to-one, gives only three-to-one under the crop-sharing system. Emancipation has been the ruin of Russia."

Sviazhsky looked at Levin with twinkling eyes and even made a faint sign showing that he was amused; but Levin found nothing amusing in what the landlord was saying: he understood the man better than he understood Sviazhsky. Much of what the landlord offered in explanation of why emancipation had been the ruin of Russia he found very convincing; he presented arguments that were new to Levin and which Levin considered incontestable. The man was apparently propounding his own ideas, a virtue rarely to be met with, and his ideas arose not from a desire to exercise an otherwise idle brain, but from the very conditions in which he lived; he had evolved them in the long lonely hours of country life and had meditated much upon them.

"The thing is that all progressive measures are introduced by those in power," he said, anxious, it seemed, to show that he was a man of education. "Take the reforms

of Peter the Great, of Catherine, of Alexander. Or take European history. Progress in agriculture in particular. The simple potato, for instance: even that had to be introduced by force. And the peasants did not always use ploughs; ploughs, too, were no doubt forced upon them, probably at the time of the division of lands and principalities. In our day, before serfdom was abolished, we landlords introduced modern farming methods: drying and winnowing machines and the fertilizing of fields and all sorts of new implements—we had the power to introduce these things and so we did it, and at first the peasants opposed them and then they followed our example. Now, with the abolition of the serf system, this power has been taken away from us, and our husbandry, which we had elevated to a high modern level, must now fall back into a primitive, savage state. That is how I see it."

"But why? If it is a rational system you can go on employing it with hired labour," said Sviazhsky.

"I have no power. How am I to employ it, may I ask?"

That's it, thought Levin. Labour—the main element of management.

"With workmen," said Sviazhsky.

"Our workmen don't want to work well and use modern equipment. Our workmen want only one thing—to drink like pigs and spoil everything you put into their hands. They make the horses sick by watering them before they've cooled off; they slash good harness, take tyres off carriage wheels and exchange them for vodka, throw bolts into threshing-machines to break them. They cannot endure any way but *their* way. That is why agriculture is deteriorating. The land is neglected—overgrown with weeds or parcelled out among the peasants—and what once produced millions of bushels now produces a fourth of that amount. The total wealth of the country has diminished. If the very same measures had been taken, but with foresight..."

And he began elaborating his own scheme of emancipation, according to which these evils could have been avoided.

Levin found this of little interest, but when he finished, Levin turned to Sviazhsky and tried to dra

speaking for all landlords trying to work their land on a rational basis. With few exceptions they work it at a loss. Come, can you say that yours is bringing you profit?" Levin asked, and in Sviazhsky's glance he caught a fleeting glimpse of that expression of fear he always noticed when he tried to penetrate beyond the entrance-hall of Sviazhsky's mind.

It must be said that it was hardly fair of Levin to ask this question. At the tea-table Sviazhsky's wife had told him her husband had invited a German accountant who, for a remuneration of five hundred rubles, had investigated their financial situation and discovered they were working the land at a loss of something over three thousand rubles a year; she could not remember how much exactly but the German had apparently calculated everything down to the last kopek.

The gentleman with the grey whiskers smiled at Levin's suggestion that Sviazhsky could be running his farm at a profit, knowing only too well what profit his neighbour the Marshal of Nobility could possibly be making.

"I may work it at a loss," said Sviazhsky, "but that only shows I am a bad manager or have invested capital to increase my rent."

"Ah, rent!" exclaimed Levin vehemently. "Perhaps they get rent from farming in Europe where the land has been improved by the labour put into it, but our land only gets worse from the labour put into it, by which I mean it has been ploughed to death, and no rent can accrue from such land."

"No rent? But that's a law."

"Then we are outside the law. Rent explains nothing to us, it only muddles our thinking. Tell me, pray, how the law of rent can—"

"Would you not like some junket? Please pass the junket, Masha, or the raspberries," Sviazhsky said to his wife. "This year the raspberries are holding on surprisingly long."

In the best of humour he got up and walked away, evidently assuming that the conversation was over when Levin thought it had just begun.

Deprived of his opponent, Levin continued the argument with the grey-whiskered gentleman, trying to prove

to him that all the trouble came from not studying the traits and habits of the labourers. But the latter, like all people of original and independent mind, found it hard to understand other people's ideas and was partial to his own. He insisted that the Russian peasant was a pig and enjoyed his piggishness and only a strong hand could pull him out of his piggishness and there was no strong hand any more; a club was needed and we had become so liberal that we had abandoned the century-old club in favour of lawyers and prisons where stinking worthless peasants were fed good soup and allotted so many cubic feet of air.

"Why do you not think," said Levin, trying to get back to the fundamental question, "that it is possible to discover a relationship with the labourer that would induce him to work efficiently?"

"You will never achieve such a thing with Russians! There is no strong hand," replied the grey-whiskered gentleman.

"What new conditions are to be found?" asked Sviazhsky, who had come back after eating his junket and lighting a cigarette. "All possible relations with labour have been defined and studied," he said. "The relic of barbarism—primitive communes bearing responsibility for all their members—is dying a natural death, the serf system has been destroyed, there remains only free labour, whose forms have been defined and are ready to be used. And use them we must: hired hands, seasonal labourers, individual farmers—there's no getting outside this circle."

"But Europe is dissatisfied with these forms."

"So it is, and will no doubt find new ones."

"That is precisely what I am talking about," said Levin. "Why should not we search for them ourselves?"

"Because that is like searching for methods of building railways when the methods have already been discovered and applied."

"And if they do not suit us? If they are foolish methods?" said Levin.

Once again he noticed the look of fear in Sviazhsky's eyes.

"That's just it. We're always so sure of ourselves. We have found what Europe is still looking for! I am familiar

with all that, but, begging your pardon, do you know all that has been done in Europe in the matter of labour relations?"

"Very little, I admit."

"The best minds of Europe are occupied with this problem at present. The Schulze-Delitzsch movement ... and all the labour literature of the Lassalle trend, the most liberal of them ... and the Milhausen scheme—I suppose you know about that?"

"I have some idea of it, but very vague."

"Oh, you are being modest; you probably know as much as I do. I, of course, am no professor of social science, but I take an interest in these things and if they interest you too, by all means delve deeper into them."

"But what are the conclusions these Europeans have come to?"

"Sorry..."

The guests were getting up to leave and Sviazhsky went to see them off, once more putting a stop to Levin's unpleasant habit of trying to get beyond the entrance-hall of his mind.

28

Levin found the evening with the ladies extremely boring. As never before was he disturbed by the thought that his dissatisfaction with farming arose not from his own peculiar circumstances but from the general situation in Russia, and that the finding of a relationship with the farm workers that would induce them to work as effectively as did the workmen at the half-way point, was not an empty dream but a problem requiring serious attention. He felt that a solution could be found and he wanted to find it.

When he had taken his leave of the ladies for the night, promising he would stay over the following day so as to go with them on horseback to see an interesting cave in the state forest, Levin, before going to bed, entered the study to take the books on the labour problem Sviazhsky had offered to lend him. Sviazhsky's study was an enormous room lined with book-shelves and with

tables in it—one a massive writing-table standing in the middle of the room, the other a round table with fresh foreign newspapers and periodicals on it radiating star-like from a lamp in the middle. By the writing-table stood a filing cabinet with various headings printed in gold letters on the drawers.

Sviazhsky found the books and sat down in a rocking chair.

"What's that you are looking at?" he asked Levin, who had stopped at the round table to glance at the periodicals. "Oh, there's an interesting article there," he said, referring to the periodical Levin had picked up. "It seems," he added brightly, "that the main villain in the partitioning of Poland was not Frederick at all. It seems..."

And with characteristic clarity he went on to give a brief account of some new, very interesting and important data that had been unearthed. Although Levin's mind was occupied at the moment with problems of agriculture, he asked himself as he listened to his friend: What is at the core of him? Why should he be so interested in the partitioning of Poland? When Sviazhsky finished Levin could not help saying, "Well, and what follows?" Nothing followed. The matter was of interest in itself. Sviazhsky, however, did not explain and found no need of explaining why he found this of interest.

"That irate landlord is an interesting old fellow," said Levin, heaving a sigh. "He's clever and said a great many true things."

"Oh, go along with you! He's a staunch believer in the serf system at heart, like all of them."

"And you their Marshal."

"Ah, but I marshal them in the opposite direction," laughed Sviazhsky.

"The thing that concerns me most is this," said Levin, "he is right in saying that our way—that is, running our farms on a rational basis—doesn't work; the only way that works is the primitive way, and that leads to money-lending as with that taciturn gentleman. Who is to blame?"

"We ourselves, of course. But you are wrong in saying it doesn't work. With Vasilchikov it works."

"Oh, the factory—"

"But why should all this surprise you? The peasants are on such a low level of development morally and materially you can be sure they will oppose anything new. Rational farming can be carried on in Europe because the masses are educated. In other words, we've got to educate our peasants, that's all."

"And how are we to educate them?"

"For that we need three things: schools, schools, and more schools."

"But you yourself have just said the peasants stand on a low level of material development. How are schools to help that?"

"I must say you remind me of that joke about giving advice to the sick man: 'Try taking a physic.' 'I did. Made me worse.' 'Try leeches.' 'I did. Made me worse.' 'Then there's nothing left but to pray.' 'I did. Made me worse.' So it is with you. I speak of political economy, you say: 'Worse'; I speak of socialism: 'Worse.' Education: 'Worse.'"

"But how will schools help?"

"They will give rise to new demands."

"That I have never been able to understand," objected Levin hotly. "In what way can schools help the people to better their material welfare? You say schools, an education, will give rise to new demands. All the worse, for they will be unable to satisfy these demands. And how a knowledge of addition and subtraction and the catechism will better their material circumstances I never could make out. The day before yesterday I met a peasant woman with an infant in her arms and asked her where she was going. She said, 'To the witch-woman, my baby's got the screams and she'll cure him.' I asked how the witch-woman cured the screams. 'She puts him with the setting hens and says a charm over him.'"

"There you are saying it yourself! In order to prevent that peasant woman from taking her baby to the setting hens for the screams we need—" began Sviazhsky jovially.

"Nothing of the sort," snapped Levin. "I find the witch-woman's cure similar to schools for the peasants. The peasants are poor and uneducated—we see that as plainly as the peasant woman sees that her baby has the screams

because it screams. But how schools can cure them of their ills—poverty and ignorance—is as incomprehensible to me as how setting hen can cure the screams. We've got to change whatever is making them poor."

"At least in that you agree with Spencer, whom you do not like on the whole. He says that education comes as a result of affluence and comfort, 'from frequent baths' as he puts it, and not from the ability to read and write."

"Well, then, I'm very glad—or rather, I'm very sorry—that I agree with Spencer, only I've known it for some time. Schools cannot help, the only thing that can help is an economic system that will make the peasants richer and give them more leisure—then there will be schools."

"Yet it is a fact that throughout Europe education is compulsory now."

"And what about you? Do you agree with Spencer in this?"

Once more the expression of fear shot through Sviazhsky's eyes and, smiling, he said:

"Ah, but that story of the screams is excellent! Did you hear it yourself?"

Levin saw that he would never be able to find any connection between this man's way of life and his ideas. Clearly Sviazhsky was utterly indifferent to the conclusions to which his reasoning led him, he was interested only in the process of reasoning. And he was upset when the process of reasoning pushed him into a corner. This he could not endure and so he avoided it by shifting the conversation to something pleasant and cheerful.

Levin had been greatly stimulated by the impressions of the day, beginning with the impression made upon him by the elderly peasant at the half-way house, an impression that formed the foundation for all succeeding ones. This agreeable Sviazhsky, storing up ideas for public use only, obviously building his life on entirely different principles, which he did not tell Levin, and at the same time going along with the crowd, whose name is legion, and guiding public opinion with ideas he eschewed in private life; the irate elderly landlord, who was right in the conclusions life had forced on him but was wrong in his disappointment with a whole class of society, and this the best class in Russia; Levin's dissatisfaction with his own

activities and his vague hope of finding a cure for the ills he saw—all of this taken together produced in him a sense of unease and at the same time a feeling that the solution was at hand.

He could not fall asleep for some time after retiring to the room assigned him and lying down on a sofa whose springs shot up unexpectedly every time he moved an arm or a leg. Not a single talk he had had with Sviazhsky left its mark, even though his host had said many clever things. But the conclusions voiced by the irate old landlord required serious consideration. Levin called to mind the man's every word and mentally revised the answers he himself had made.

I ought to have said to him: "You assert that we can't get anywhere because the peasant hates all improvements and we must introduce them by force; if farming could not be carried on at all without these improvements you would be right; but it is carried on and carried on successfully precisely where the workers follow their old traditions, as on the farm belonging to the old peasant at the half-way point. You and I are both dissatisfied, so either we or the workmen are at fault. For a long time now we have been forcing things to go our way, the European way, without taking into consideration the peculiarities of our native labour force. Why should we not try seeing the labour force not as an ideal labour *force* but as the *Russian peasant* with his peculiar instincts, and run our farms accordingly. Just supposing," I ought to have said to him, "that we ran our farms as that peasant I visited runs his, that we succeeded in finding a means of making the workmen interested in the success of the farm and also succeeded in finding a golden mean of innovations that the peasant was willing to accept. If we could do this we would be able to double or even triple our yield without exhausting the soil. Divide the soils, give half to the peasants; even so, your share will be greater than it is at present and so will the peasants' share. To accomplish this we shall have to lower our agricultural standards and arouse the workman's interest in the output of the farm. How this is to be accomplished is a question of detail, but unquestionably it is possible."

These thoughts threw Levin into a state of

did not sleep half the night, his mind full of practical means by which his idea could be realized. He had agreed to stay over, but now he resolved to go home early in the morning. In addition to everything else, the sister-in-law with the low neck-line evoked in him feelings akin to shame and repentance, as if he had done something he ought not to have done. The main thing now was to get away as soon as possible: he must have time to present his new plan to the peasants before they began sowing the winter grain so that they could do it on the new basis. He had resolved to completely reform his management of the estate.

29

The carrying out of his plan cost Levin much trouble, but he did his utmost and if he did not accomplish all that he hoped for, he did accomplish enough to be convinced, without deceiving himself, that the cause was worth the effort. One of the greatest handicaps was that the wheels of husbandry were turning in their old way and he could not suddenly stop them and begin from scratch; he had to reorganize the process while the machine was running, so to speak.

When, on the evening of his return, he told the steward of his plans, the steward showed eager approval of his contention that the former way of doing things was foolish and unprofitable; the steward reminded him he had long been saying the same thing but Levin had not listened to him. When, however, Levin declared his intention of participating as a shareholder along with the workmen in all the farm undertakings, the steward pulled a long face and expressed no definite opinion whatever; he quickly changed the subject by saying it was necessary to gather in the remaining sheaves of rye the next day and send out the men to plough a second time; in this way he let Levin know there was no time for such things now.

When Levin spoke to the peasants of the same thing and proposed renting out the land on new terms, again he came up against the main difficulty, namely, that they were too engrossed in their daily work to consider the advantages

and disadvantages of the new system.

Simple Ivan, who worked in the cattle-yard, seemed to fully understand Levin's saying that Ivan and his family ought to share in the profits the cows brought in, and to approve of it. But when Levin tried to impress him with the future advantages, Ivan's face assumed an expression of concern and regret that he could not hear him out because of some urgent job he invented on the spot, and he would pick up a fork and begin pitching straw out of the stall, or fill the troughs with water, or sweep out the dung.

Another difficulty lay in the peasants' invincible conviction that the master could have no purpose but that of fleecing them. They were certain that the real purpose, no matter what he said, would never be told them. They themselves, when discussing the matter, said many things, but not what was really on their minds. Furthermore (and here Levin felt how correct the irate landlord had been), the peasants laid down as the first and inviolable condition of any agreement that they should not be forced to accept any new methods or to use any new implements. They admitted that steel ploughs turned the soil better and that scarifiers stirred it quicker, but they found a thousand reasons why they could not use the one or the other, and although he had known it would be necessary to lower the standard of cultivation, it seemed a pity to give up improvements whose advantage was so obvious. Despite all these difficulties, he gained his point and by autumn things were moving in the direction he had chosen—or at least so it seemed to him.

At first Levin had intended handing over the entire farm, just as it was, to the peasants, hired workmen and steward, on a cooperative basis, but very quickly he saw the unfeasibility of this and decided to divide up the property. The cattle-yard, orchard, vegetable gardens, grass-lands and fields (these to be subdivided) were to form separate units. Simple Ivan, the cowman, who according to Levin understood the matter better than anyone else, got together a group made up mostly of members of his family to take charge of the cattle-yard. The far fields that had lain fallow for eight years were taken over as a common holding by six peasant families headed by the clever carpenter F[illegible] Resunov. On the same terms the peasant Shuray

over all the vegetable gardens. The rest of the estate was farmed in the old way, but these three undertakings were the beginning of the new way and became the centre of Levin's attention.

True, no change for the better could be observed in the cattle-yard and Ivan vigorously opposed warm cow-sheds and butter churned from fresh cream, insisting that the cows ate less in cold sheds and that the butter came quicker from sour cream; he also demanded that he be paid a salary as before and was not the least interested in learning that the money he was paid was not a salary but an advance on his share of the profits.

True, Fyodor Resunov's group did not plough the fields for sowing twice, as had been agreed upon, because, as they said, they were short of time. True, the peasants of this group called the land *leased* rather than *held in common*, even though they had agreed to take it over on the new terms, and Resunov himself once said to Levin, "If you'd take rent for the land you'd feel easier and we'd feel freer." And they kept putting off the building of a cattle-yard and threshing-floor which they hád agreed to build; autumn came and still the structures were not up.

True, Shurayev tried to deal out the vegetable gardens for which he had assumed responsibility in separate plots to the peasants. Apparently he had misunderstood, perhaps deliberately, the conditions under which he had been entrusted with the gardens.

True, often when Levin was talking with the peasants, explaining to them the advantages of the new system, he felt that they were only listening to the sound of his voice, determined not to let themselves be taken in by anything he said. He felt this particularly when he spoke to Resunov, the smartest of the peasants, and saw that sparkle in his eye indicating that he was laughing up his sleeve, and that if anyone was to be taken in it was not he, Resunov.

Despite all this, Levin believed that the system was launched and that if he kept strict accounts and insisted on having his own way, he would be able in time to prove to them the advantages of the new system and then things would move of themselves.

These experiments, along with the running of the rest of the estate and working on his book, took up so much

of Levin's time that he scarcely went shooting at all that summer. At the end of August a servant of the Oblonskys brought back his side-saddle and told him the family had moved back to Moscow. Levin felt that his discourtesy in not answering Dolly's note, a slight he could not recall without blushing with shame, was tantamount to having burnt his bridges behind him; he could never go and see them again. He had been just as rude to the Sviazhskys by leaving their house without saying goodbye. He could never go and see them again either, but that did not matter. The business of putting his new system in practice occupied him as nothing had ever occupied him before. He read the books Sviazhsky had given him, sent for other books he needed, read what the political economists and the socialists had to say on the subject, and, as he expected, found nothing relevant to the changes he himself was introducing. In the books on political economy—in Mill, for instance, whom he studied first and with the greatest eagerness, hoping to find on every page a solution of the problems facing him—he was presented with laws deduced from the situation prevailing in European economy; but he could not understand why these laws, inapplicable to Russia, ought to be considered universal laws. The same thing was true of the socialists. They offered either wonderful fancies that were wholely impracticable, such as those he had been captivated by in his student days, or nostrums for the ills of European agriculture, which had nothing in common with Russia's ills. Political economy asserted that the laws according to which the wealth of Europe developed and was still developing were in essence universal and incontestable. Socialism asserted that development according to these laws led to ruin. Neither the one nor the other offered an answer or even so much as a hint as to what he, Levin, and all the Russian peasants and agriculturists were to do with their millions of hands and millions of acres so that they should most effectively contribute to the common weal.

Once having undertaken this study, he conscientiously read everything pertaining to it and resolved to go abroad in the autumn to see things at first hand, so that in this matter at least he would not find himself in the position he had so often found himself in: just when he had begun

to understand an interlocutor's point of view and express his own, he would be faced with "And Kauffmann? And Jones? And Dubois? And Michelli? You haven't read them? Oh, you must. They have thoroughly investigated the subject."

Now he clearly saw that Kauffmann and Michelli had nothing to tell him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia had excellent land and excellent workmen and that in certain cases, as in the case of the peasant at the half-way house where he had stopped on his way to Sviazhsky's, the workmen and the land produced a great deal, and that in most cases when capital is invested in the land in the European way, it produces very little; and that this is because the peasants work well and with a will only when they work in their own specific way; and that their opposition is not a chance but a constant factor, having its roots in the very nature of the people. He believed that the Russian people, destined to settle and cultivate vast uninhabited lands, deliberately preserved the methods required for this until all these lands were settled, and that these methods were not so bad as was generally thought. It was this he wanted to prove theoretically in his book and practically on his estate.

30

At the end of September timber was brought for the building of the cattle-yard on the distant fields, the butter was sold and the profits divided. Levin's scheme was working out capitally, or at least so it seemed to him. In order to give theoretical substantiation to this and to finish writing the work which he hoped would not only cause a revolution in political economy but annihilate this branch of science and set the basis for another branch—the relationship between the labourer and the soil—it was necessary for him to travel abroad and study on the spot what had been done in this field and find convincing proof that what had been done was not what ought to be done. Levin only awaited the selling of his wheat so as to have the money for travelling. But rains set in making it impossible to gather in the remaining grain and potatoes and putting a stop

to all the work, even the carting of the wheat. The mud made roads impassable, two water-mills were swept away ɔy the flood and the weather kept getting worse and worse.

On the morning of 30 September the sun came out and, ıoping for good weather, Levin began seriously getting ·eady for his trip. He ordered that the wheat be loaded, ;ent his steward to collect money from the merchant and ıe himself went out on the estate to give final instructions ɔefore his departure.

Towards evening, all his work done, wet from the water rickling inside the neck of his leather jacket and the tops ıf his boots, but in the most buoyant spirits, Levin turned ıis horse homeward. The weather became even worse in he evening; hail pounded his poor cob so painfully that e kept shaking his head and twitching his ears and walking dewise; but Levin was well protected by his Caucasian ood and he looked cheerfully about at the turbid streams ınning through the ruts in the road, at the drops hanging ·om each bare twig, at the white heaps of hail gathering n the planks of the bridge and at the still soft and suc- ılent elm-tree leaves covering the ground under the dis- ıantled trees. Desolate as was the scene, Levin felt un- ıually cheerful. His conversation with peasants in one of ıe distant villages had told him they were already becom- g used to the new relationship. An old yard-porter at hose house Levin had stopped to dry his clothes seemed approve of it and volunteered to join a cooperative group ·r buying cattle.

I have only to stick to my purspose and I will win out, Levin told himself. Now I have good reason to work and exert myself: it is not for myself I am doing it but for the common good. A complete change must be brought about in land cultivation, and an even greater one in the circum- stances of the basic population. Instead of poverty—general affluence and contentment; instead of hostility—harmony and a mutuality of interests. In a word, a bloodless revolu- tion, but a colossal one, at first in the confines of our small uyezd, then of the gubernia, then of Russia as a whole, then of the entire world. A just idea cannot but bear fruit. Yes, that is an aim worth working for. And it means noth- ing that I am the one who is doing it—I, that same Kon- stantin Levin who went to the ball in a black tie and who

was refused by Kitty and who finds himself so worthless and contemptible. I suppose Benjamin Franklin felt just as worthless and had just as little confidence in himself when he surveyed himself from all sides. That means nothing. And I suppose he, too, had his Agafia Mikhailovna to whom he confided all his plans.

It was with such thoughts in his mind that Levin rode up to his house in the dark.

The steward had come back from the merchant's, bringing part of the money for the wheat; he had arranged for the rest of the payments with the merchant's clerk, and on the way back had observed that other people's wheat was still standing in the fields in most places, so that their own hundred-and-sixty ungathered shocks were as nothing compared with what others had lost.

After dinner Levin sat down in his armchair to read as usual, and while he read he went on thinking about his coming journey in connection with his book. Today he had perceived the full significance of his undertaking more clearly than ever before, and long sentences formed without effort in his mind, giving expression to the very essence of his thoughts. I must write them down, he told himself. They will serve as the brief introduction I thought I could do without.

He got up to go to his writing-table and Laska, who had been lying at his feet, also got up and stretched herself and looked up at him as if asking where they were to go. He was not, however, to write down his thoughts for just then the group leaders came for instructions and Levin went to them in the hall.

When instructions for the next day's work had been given and all the peasants concerned had been spoken to, Levin returned to his study and sat down to work. Laska curled up under the table; Agafia Mikhailovna sank into her armchair and took up her knitting.

When he had been writing for some time, Levin suddenly remembered Kitty with extraordinary vividness, and her rejection and the sight he had caught of her in the coach. He got up and began pacing the floor.

"No sense in moping," Agafia Mikhailovna said to him. "What's keeping you here? Be off to the warm springs, once you've set your heart on it."

"I'm leaving the day after tomorrow, Agafia Mikhailovna. I've got to wind up my affairs first."

"Fie, fie! Your affairs! As if you hadn't done enough for the muzhiks as it is! Folks is saying as how the tsar will reward you for it. I wonder that you should worry yourself so about the muzhiks."

"It's not because I worry about them; I do it for my own sake."

Agafia Mikhailovna knew Levin's plans for running the estate down to the last detail. Levin often laid his ideas before her in all their fine points, and sometimes he argued with her and opposed her reasoning. But this time she misunderstood him.

"Ah, as for the soul—indeed, indeed, it's the first thing to think of," she said with a sigh. "Take that Parfen Denisich—an ignorant man he was, but God grant we all die as he did," referring to a former house serf. "Took the sacrament, the last rites."

"That's not what I meant," he said. "I meant I do it for my own gain. The better the men work, the more I gain by it."

"Ah, do what you will, but once a man's lazy his axe will always be in need of a honing. Folks'll only work if they've a mind to."

"But you yourself said Ivan has been taking greater pains with the cattle."

"There's but one thing I say," replied Agafia Mikhailovna with ruthless logic despite an appearance of irrelevance: "I say you must take a wife, sir, and indeed you must."

Levin was annoyed and aggrieved that she should speak of what he had just been thinking. He frowned and sat down to work again without replying, going over in his mind what he found to be important in his book. Every once in a while he would stop and listen to the click of Agafia Mikhailovna's needles in the silence, and occasionally he would wince as he remembered that which he did not wish to remember.

At nine o'clock he heard a tinkling of bells and the dull sound of a carriage lurching through the mud.

"There now, somebody's come and you'll not be moping any longer," said Agafia Mikhailovna, getting up and going

to the door. Levin followed her. He had discovered he could not work any more and so was glad of any guest at all.

31

When he was half way down the stairs, Levin heard a familiar cough in the hall, but the noise of his own steps smothered the sound and he hoped he was mistaken; presently, however, he saw a tall emaciated figure that he knew only too well, yet even so he hoped he was mistaken and that this tall man coughing and taking off his coat was not his brother Nikolai.

Levin loved his brother, but it was sheer torture to be with him. At this particular moment, when he was burdened by his own thoughts and Agafia Mikhailovna's reminder, he dreaded a meeting with him more than usual. Instead of a cheerful, hearty guest who was not too close to him and could therefore, as he hoped, distract his confused mind, he had to face this brother who knew him through and through, who would turn his thoughts to a contemplation of intimate things and make him speak out. This he did not want to do.

Disgusted with himself for such unworthy feelings, Levin ran into the hall. The moment he saw his brother at close hand his sense of disappointment was supplanted by compassion. Thin and sickly as Nikolai had been before, he was even thinner and sicklier now. He was nothing but a skeleton with skin stretched over his bones.

There he was, jerking his head on a long skinny neck as he pulled his scarf off and smiling in an odd piteous way. Levin felt a spasm in his throat when he saw this smile, so docile and resigned.

"Well, I've come," said Nikolai in a husky voice without taking his eyes off his brother's face for an instant. "I've been wanting to come for ever so long, but I was feeling rotten. Now I'm much better," he said, smoothing down his beard with both of his big bony hands.

"Oh, yes, yes," replied Levin. He was even more horrified when, on kissing his brother, his lips felt the dryness of his skin and he saw close to him those enormous eyes

glowing with a strange light.

A few weeks earlier Levin had written to his brother to say he had sold the small property attached to the estate that had not been divided between them, and that he could have his share, amounting to about two thousand rubles.

Nikolai said one reason he had come was for the money, but the main reason was to spend some time in the old nest and touch his native earth so that, as with the heroes of old, it would imbue him with strength for his forthcoming activities. Even though he was more stooped than ever, and even though he was incredibly thin for his height, his movements were, as they had always been, quick and impulsive. Levin led him into his study.

His brother took great pains changing his clothes, an unusual thing with him, and he carefully combed down his thin stringy hair; then, smiling, he climbed the stairs.

He was in the cheerful and affectionate mood Levin remembered seeing him in so often as a child. He spoke even of Koznishev without malice. He joked with Agafia Mikhailovna and asked her about their old servants. The news of Parfen Denisich's death seemed to shock him; a look of fright crossed his face, but he quickly shook it off.

"Oh, he was an old man," he said, and changed the subject. "Yes, I'll stay with you a month or two and then go to Moscow. Myakov offered me a post, you know, and I mean to take it. I mean to live differently from now on," he continued. "I got rid of that woman, you know."

"Masha? But why?"

"Oh, she was a low creature. Caused me no end of trouble." He did not, however, say what this trouble was; he could hardly confess he had sent her away for the offense of brewing weak tea and, even more heinous, of treating him as a sick man. "On the whole, I want to change my way of life completely. It goes without saying I did foolish things, like everybody else, squandered money—but that's nothing, I don't regret it. All I need now is good health, and my health, thank goodness, is much better now."

Levin listened and tried to think of something to say and could think of nothing. Nikolai sensed this. He asked his brother about his work and Levin was only too glad to talk about it because he could do so without hypocrisy. He

told his brother all about his plans and the practical steps he had taken.

His brother listened but evinced little interest.

These two men were so close, so all of a piece, that the slightest gesture or change of tone said more than words could tell.

Now both of them were dominated by one thought: the illness and imminent death of Nikolai. But neither Nikolai nor Konstantin dared speak of it, and therefore everything they said was false as not reflecting the one thing that occupied their minds. Never before had Levin been so glad to have an evening end and to go to bed. Never before—not with perfect strangers, not on official visits—had he felt so awkward and unnatural as he felt that evening. His consciousness of his unnaturalness and his self-reproach made him all the more unnatural. He longed to weep over his dying brother, and instead he had to listen and take part in his talk about how he intended living in the future.

Since it was damp in the house and only one bedroom was heated, Levin had his brother sleep in his own room on the other side of a partition.

His brother lay down and, whether he slept or not, tossed as one who is ill does, and he coughed and when he could not cough up the phlegm he muttered to himself. Sometimes he would sigh deeply and murmur, "Oh, God!" At other times, choked by the phlegm, he would cry impatiently, "The devil!" Levin lay awake listening to him for a long time. All sorts o floated thr his mind, but all of them ended i ht: dea

I have forgotten about death.

He sat up in bed in the darkness, all hunched over, hugging his knees, thinking so intensely that he scarcely breathed. And the harder he concentrated the clearer it became that it was indubitably so, that he had forgotten, had overlooked, one little fact of life: the fact that death would come and everything would be over, that there was no sense in undertaking anything and there was no help for it. Appalling, but the truth none the less.

But I am still alive. What am I to do now, what am I to do? he asked himself despondently. He lit a candle and got up cautiously and went to a looking-glass and studied his face and hair. There were grey hairs at his temples. He opened his mouth. His back teeth were decaying. He bared his muscular arms. Yes, he was still strong, but Nikolai, too, who was now gasping for breath with the last shreds of his lungs, had once had a strong and healthy body. Suddenly he remembered how as little boys they had gone to bed and instead of falling asleep had waited for their tutor Fyodor Bogdanich to leave the room and then had thrown pillows at each other and laughed and laughed—laughed so uncontrollably that even the fear of Fyodor Bogdanich could not stop the overflow of this sparkling, ebullient joy of life. And now that tortured, hollow chest ... and I, not knowing what will become of me and why.

"Khra, khra!" came his brother's cough. "Damnation! What are you fussing about there? Why don't you go to sleep?"

"I can't sleep for some reason."

"I had a good sleep. I don't sweat any more. Here, feel my shirt. Not wet, is it?"

Levin felt his shirt. Then he went back to the other side of the partition and blew out the candle. But still he could not sleep. Just when he thought he had solved the problem of how he ought to live, this new and insoluble problem presented itself: death.

Yes, he is dying; he will die by spring. And how can I help him? What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had forgotten all about it.

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For the first time death, the inevitable end of all things, presented itself to his imagination with irresistible force. And this death, which was here, in the person of his beloved brother moaning in his sleep and calling indifferently, by sheer force of habit, now on God, now on the devil, was no longer the remote concept it had hitherto seemed to be. It was in him, too—he definitely felt that. If not today, then tomorrow, and if not tomorrow, then in thirty years—what difference did it make? And what this inevitable death was he did not know, had not thought about, could not and dared not think about.

Here I am working, trying to do something, and I have completely forgotten that everything must come to an end,

I have forgotten about death.

He sat up in bed in the darkness, all hunched over, hugging his knees, thinking so intensely that he scarcely breathed. And the harder he concentrated the clearer it became that it was indubitably so, that he had forgotten, had overlooked, one little fact of life: the fact that death would come and everything would be over, that there was no sense in undertaking anything and there was no help for it. Appalling, but the truth none the less.

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32

Levin had long since made the observation that the very people who at first make you feel awkward by being too meek and concessive, very soon become insufferable by being too demanding and captious. Levin foresaw that this would be true of his brother. And indeed Nikolai's meekness did not last long. On the the very next morning he became irritable and made a point of finding fault with his brother, probing him at his sorest points.

Levin felt he was to blame for this but he could do nothing about it. He felt that if they both stopped pretending and "spoke from the heart", that is, if they said exactly what they thought and felt, they would look each other in the face and Konstantin would keep saying, "You are dying, dying, dying!" and Nikolai would reply, "I know it and I am afraid, afraid, afraid!" And not another word would they utter if they spoke from the heart. But that was impossible, and so Konstantin tried to do what he had tried to do and been unable to do all his life; what, according to his observation, many people did very well and could not live without doing: he tried to say what he did not think, knowing all the while that he did it badly and that his brother caught him at it and was exasperated by it.

Two days later Nikolai had him explain all his plans to him once more, after which he criticized him severely and deliberately confused what he was doing with communism.

"You have simply taken other people's ideas and distorted them and are trying to apply them where they cannot be applied."

"What I am doing has nothing whatever to do with communism, I tell you. The communists say that private property, capital and the right of inheritance are unjust, whereas I, without renouncing them as the main stimulus—" Levin himself found it distasteful to use these foreign terms, but ever since he had become engrossed in his new work he found himself using them more and more often—"only want to regulate labour."

"That's just it, you've taken other people's ideas, rejected the very things that give them force, and try to convince us you have found something new," said Nikolai,

fretfully screwing his neck round in his cravat.

"But my idea has nothing in common—"

"Their ideas..." interrupted Nikolai with an angry flash of his eyes and an ironic smile, "...their ideas at least have a sort of—shall we call it *geometric* beauty?—a lucidity, an incontestability. They may be Utopian. But if we concede the possibility of achieving a *tabula raza* in place of all our past—that is, no private property, no family life, and all that—then labour will fall into its proper place. You offer nothing—"

"Why do you confuse these two things? I have never been a communist."

"I *have* been, and I find communism premature but logical, and I believe it has a future, like Christianity in the first centuries."

"The only thing I contend is that we ought to adopt a scientific approach to labour, ought to study it and discover its peculiar characteristics as in the natural sciences, and then—"

"All to no purpose, Labour is a force that in the natural course of development finds appropriate new forms. There were once slaves, then *métayers*; now we have share-croppers, hired labourers and rent farmers—what else do you want?"

Levin flared up at these words because in his inmost heart he feared they were true, true that he was seeking a balance between communism and existing forms, and that this was impossible.

"What I want to find is a means of making the work productive for the worker and for myself. I want to arrange—" he said hotly.

"You don't want to arrange anything; you just want what you've always wanted, to be original, to show that you are not just exploiting your peasants, that you have some high-falutin idea behind it."

"If that's what you think, leave me alone," replied Levin, feeling the muscles of his left cheek twitching uncontrollably.

"You haven't and never have had real convictions, you just want to offer a sop to your conscience."

"Very well; leave me alone."

"That I will. High time, and the devil take you! I'm sorry I ever came."

Hard as Levin tried later to pacify his brother, Nikolai would not listen to him, he insisted that it would be best for them to part, and Levin could see it was just because life had become unbearable for him.

Nikolai had made ready to leave when Levin went to him and offered a clumsy apology for any offense he might have given him.

"Ah, how magnanimous!" said Nikolai with a smile. "If you want to be in the right, I can afford you that pleasure. You are right, but I am leaving just the same."

Just before he went Nikolai kissed him and said, looking into his eyes with a strange and unexpected gravity:

"Don't think ill of me, Konstantin!" His voice broke.

These were the only words that had been spoken sincerely. Levin knew that the true meaning of the words was: "You understand that I am in a bad way and perhaps we will never see each other again." Levin knew this, and tears sprang to his eyes. He kissed his brother again and said nothing; there was nothing to say.

Two days after his brother left, Levin went abroad. In the train he met young Scherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, who was surprised to find him so depressed.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Nothing special. Life isn't very jolly, that's all."

"Oh, isn't it? You come to Paris with me instead of going to Münsingen. Then you'll see how jolly it can be!"

"No, thanks, everything's over for me. Time for me to quit this world."

"I like that!" laughed Scherbatsky. "Well, everything's just beginning for me!"

"That's what I thought not so long ago, but now I know I shall die soon."

Levin said what he had honestly been thinking of late. In all things he saw death or the approach of death. For all that, he was still interested in his new undertaking. He had to live somehow until death came. Darkness had descended upon the world, but just because of this darkness he felt that his work was the only thread left to guide him through the darkness, and he clung to it with all his might.

Part Four

1

The Karenins, husband and wife, went on living in the same house together, they met every day, but were completely estranged from each other. Karenin made it a rule to see his wife every day so that the servants should have no grounds for suspicions, but he avoided dining at home. Vronsky never came to Karenin's house but Anna met him elsewhere and her husband knew it.

The situation was intolerable for all three of them, and not one of them would have been able to endure it had not they expected that it would soon change, that it was but a temporary ordeal that would pass. Karenin supposed that this passion would pass as everything else passes, that everyone would forget about it and his name would remain unsullied. Anna, who was responsible for the situation and suffered from it more than anyone else, endured it because she not only expected, but was deeply convinced, that in a very short time the knot would be untied and her position made clear. She had no idea as to what would untie the knot, but she was deeply convinced that whatever it was would occur very soon. Vronsky, unconsciously following her example, also expected that something beyond his control was bound to settle all their difficulties.

In the middle of the winter Vronsky spent a wearisome week. A foreign prince who was visiting in St. Petersburg was put in his charge and had to be shown everything of interest. Vronsky himself was a person of consequence; he had, moreover, mastered the art of showing respect

without losing dignity, and was used to mingling with people of the prince's rank. That is why the prince was put in his charge. But he found his responsibilities onerous. The prince did not want to miss anything that, on his return, he might be asked if he had seen in Russia; besides, he was eager to enjoy all the diversions Russia had to offer. It was Vronsky's duty to conduct him on expeditions of both kinds. In the morning they went sightseeing, in the evening they took part in national forms of entertainment. The prince enjoyed good health exceptional even among princes; by gymnastics and careful cultivation of his body he had made himself so strong that despite the excesses he indulged in he was as fresh as a big glossy Dutch cucumber. The prince had travelled extensively and found that one of the greatest advantages of modern modes of travelling was that it made foreign amusements accessible. He had been in Spain and there had sung serenades and had a love affair with a Spanish lady who played the mandolin. In Switzerland he had killed chamois. In England he had galloped in a pink coat and leaped fences and, by wager, killed two hundred pheasants. In Turkey he visited a harem, in India he rode an elephant, and now in Russia he wished to savour every pleasure that was peculiarly Russian.

Vronsky, who acted as a sort of master-of-ceremonies for him, had difficulty in making a selection from among all the pleasures offered by various people. They ate pancakes, hunted bears, rode in a *troika*, visited the gypsies, and held orgies ending in the smashing of china *à la Russ*. The prince entered into the Russian spirit with remarkable facility: he smashed a whole trayful of china, sat a gypsy on his knee and seemed to ask: "What else?—or is this all there is to the Russian spirit?"

As a matter of fact, the Russian pleasures that appealed to him most were French actresses, ballet dancers and white-seal champagne. Princes were no novelty for Vronsky, but for some reason—he himself may have changed of late, or perhaps he saw this particular prince at too close hand—the week dragged on interminably. Every day he felt as one must feel who is in charge of a dangerous lunatic and is afraid of the lunatic and at the same time fearful that his own sanity will be affected by proximity

to him. Vronsky was constantly aware that he must not relax his pose of dignified aloofness for a moment if he hoped to save himself from insult. The prince treated with contempt the very people who shocked Vronsky by the extremes to which they went in offering him Russian entertainment. The opinions he expressed of Russian women, whom he wished to study thoroughly, made Vronsky flush with indignation more than once. But the main reason why Vronsky found the prince odious was that he could not help seeing himself in him. And what he saw in this looking-glass was not flattering. The prince was a foolish, exceedingly self-assured, exceedingly healthy, exceedingly cleanly man, and that was all. He was, of course, a gentleman—that was true and Vronsky could not deny it. He was cool and unobsequious with his superiors, simple and unaffected with his equals, and good-naturedly condescending with his inferiors. Vronsky was just the same and had always considered it commendable; but Vronsky was an inferior in respect to the prince and was infuriated by the good-natured condescension shown him.

Stupid calf! Can I be like that? Vronsky wondered.

Be that as it may, he was delighted to get rid of his unpleasant duties and unflattering looking-glass when, on the seventh day he saw the prince off for Moscow and was thanked for his services. He said goodbye to him at the station after returning from a bear-hunting expedition and spending the whole night demonstrating what Russians can do in the way of a jamboree.

2

On reaching home Vronsky found a note from Anna. She wrote: "I am unwell and unhappy. I cannot leave the house but neither can I go on without seeing you for so long. Come this evening. At seven Alexei Alexandrovich goes to the council and will be there until ten." Vronsky was rather taken aback by her asking him to come to the house in defiance of her husband's express orders, but he decided to go.

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without losing dignity, and was used to mingling with people of the prince's rank. That is why the prince was put in his charge. But he found his responsibilities onerous. The prince did not want to miss anything that, on his return, he might be asked if he had seen in Russia; besides, he was eager to enjoy all the diversions Russia had to offer. It was Vronsky's duty to conduct him on expeditions of both kinds. In the morning they went sightseeing, in the evening they took part in national forms of entertainment. The prince enjoyed good health exceptional even among princes; by gymnastics and careful cultivation of his body he had made himself so strong that despite the excesses he indulged in he was as fresh as a big glossy Dutch cucumber. The prince had travelled extensively and found that one of the greatest advantages of modern modes of travelling was that it made foreign amusements accessible. He had been in Spain and there had sung serenades and had a love affair with a Spanish lady who played the mandolin. In Switzerland he had killed chamois. In England he had galloped in a pink coat and leaped fences and, by wager, killed two hundred pheasants. In Turkey he visited a harem, in India he rode an elephant, and now in Russia he wished to savour every pleasure that was peculiarly Russian.

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he lay down on the couch and in five minutes his recollections of the revolting scenes he had witnessed the last few days became mixed and associated in his mind with visions of Anna and the peasant who had helped track down the bear at the hunt. Before he knew it he was asleep. It was already dark when he woke up shaking with fright. He hastily lighted a candle. What is it? What has happened? What awful dream frightened me so? Oh, yes, that peasant at the hunt, the dirty little man with the shaggy beard, he was all bent over doing something and suddenly he muttered strange words in French. That's all, he said to himself. Why should it have frightened me so? Once more he saw the little man in his mind's eye and heard him utter those incoherent French words, and a cold chill ran up his spine.

What utter nonsense! he said to himself, looking at the clock.

It was half-past eight. He rang for his valet, dressed hurriedly and went outside, forgetting his dream in his distress at being late. When he drove up to the Karenins' house he glanced at his watch and saw that it was ten to nine. A high narrow carriage with a pair of greys was standing at the door. He recognized it as Anna's carriage. She is coming to my place, he thought. And much better it would be. I detest entering that house. All the same, I cannot run away, he said to himself, and he got out of the sleigh and made for the door with the air he had worn all his life of one who has nothing to be ashamed of. The door was opened and the hall-porter with a rug over his arm called the carriage. Vronsky was not in the habit of observing details, but this time he could not help noticing the look of surprise the porter turned on him. At the very door he almost bumped into Karenin. A beam of gas light shone directly on his drawn, bloodless face under the round black hat and on his white cravat gleaming beneath his beaver collar. Karenin's dull immobile eyes were fixed on Vronsky's face. Vronsky bowed and Karenin, chewing his lip, touched his hat and walked past. Vronsky saw him get into the carriage without looking back, take the rug and opera glasses that were handed to him through the window, and withdraw [illegible], the shadows. Vronsky went into the hall. He was

frowning and a proud and angry light glittered in his eyes.

A fine position! he thought. If only the man would put up a fight, defend his honour, I could give vent to my feelings by taking action; but this weakness ... or villainy... He makes it look as if I were deceiving him and I have no desire to deceive him, nor have I had from the very beginning.

Vronsky's attitude had changed since his talk with Anna in Vrede's garden. Involuntarily accepting Anna's weakness (she had given herself completely into his hands and waited for him to decide her fate, whatever it might be, and was willing to accept anything else the future might bring), he abandoned the thought, once entertained, that their relationship could ever come to an end. His personal ambition once more faded into the background and, aware that he had withdrawn from a circle of activity in which everything was perfectly clear and definite, he gave himself up completely to his feelings, and his feelings bound him closer and closer to her.

While still in the hall he heard her receding steps. He guessed that she had been waiting for him, listening for him, and now she had gone back into the drawing-room.

"Oh, no!" she cried on seeing him, and tears filled her eyes at the first word. "Oh, no, if things are to go on like this, it will happen much, much sooner!"

"What, my dear?"

"What? Here I've been waiting, suffering tortures for an hour, two hours... But no, I shan't. I cannot quarrel with you. I know you couldn't come. No, I shan't!"

She put both hands on his shoulders and gazed at him for a long time—deeply, rapturously, yet questioningly. She was studying his face for all the days she had not seen him. As she always did when they met, she was comparing him as she saw him in imagination (infinitely better, impossibly ideal) with him as he was in reality.

3

"So you ran into him?" she asked when they were seated at a table under a lamp. "That's your punishment for coming late."

"But how is that? He was to have been at the council."

"He was there and came back and went off again somewhere. But that is of no matter. Don't speak of it. Where were you? With the prince?"

She knew all the particulars of his life. He was about to say he had not slept all night and then had fallen fast asleep, but the sight of her happy, excited face shamed him, and he said he had had to go and report on the prince's departure.

"And now it's all over? He has gone?"

"Yes, thank God. You wouldn't believe how insufferable it was."

"Why? It is the usual way of life for all you young men," she said, drawing her brows together and picking up some crocheting that lay on the table; without looking at him, she began extricating the hook.

"I broke with that way of life long ago," he said, astonished at the change that had come over her face and trying to discover the meaning of it. "I must confess," he said, showing his handsome white teeth in a smile, "that the glimpse of life I had this week was like looking in a glass, and I found it very unpleasant."

She held the work in her hands but did not crochet, just sat and looked at him with strange, brilliant, unfriendly eyes.

"This morning Liza called—they are not yet afraid to call on me despite Countess Lydia Ivanovna—" she added parenthetically, "—and told me about your Athenian night. How disgusting!"

"I was just about to say that—"

She interrupted him:

"That Thérèse was there, whom you used to know?"

"I wanted to say—"

"How disgusting you men are! Can't you understand that a woman never forgets a thing like that?" she said, growing more and more heated and thereby revealing the reason for her anger. "Especially a woman who has no means of knowing what your life is like. What do I know? What have I ever known?" she said. "Only what you tell me. And how am I to know whether you speak the truth?"

"Anna! I consider that an insult. Do you not trust me?

Have I not told you that I confide my every thought to you?"

"Yes, yes!" she said, evidently making an effort to drive away her jealousy. "But oh, if you only knew how miserable I am! I believe you, yes I do!.. Well, then, what were you saying?"

He could not remember what he had been saying. He was appalled by these fits of jealousy which had become more and more frequent of late and which, try as he would to hide it, cooled his ardour, even though he knew it was her love for him that caused her jealousy. How many times had he told himself that her love was his happiness! And here she was loving him as only a woman can do for whom love excels all other blessings, and yet happiness was much further away from him now than when he had followed her from Moscow. Then he had considered himself unhappy, but thought that happiness lay ahead; now he felt that his greatest happiness was already behind him. She was not at all what she had been when he first saw her. Morally and physically she had changed for the worse. She had spread out, and at times a malicious look distorted her face, as when she had mentioned the actress Thérèse. He looked at her as a person might look at a withered flower he has plucked, in which he can hardly detect the beauty that made him pluck it and ruin it. And even so he knew that then, when his love had been stronger, he could have ripped it out of his heart if he had really wanted to do so, but that now, even when, as at the present moment, he seemed to feel no love for her, he could not break the ties that bound them.

"Come, what was it you wanted to tell me about the prince? I've driven away the fiend, yes I have," she added. They called her jealousy *the fiend.* "So what were you saying about the prince? Why did you find it so hard to be with him?"

"Insufferable," he said, trying to pick up the thread of his thoughts. "He does not gain from closer acquaintance. If I were to describe him it would be as a well-fed animal such as those that take first prize at the fairs, and nothing more," he said with a vexation that made her curious.

"How is that?" she objected. "After all, he is an educated man and has seen the world."

"It is an entirely different sort of education—their education. It is as if the sole purpose of their education is to give them the right to hold education in contempt, as they hold everything in contempt except bestial pleasures."

"But you all love those bestial pleasures," she said, and once more he observed a dark look in the eyes that avoided him.

"Why do you defend him so?" he asked with a smile.

"I don't defend him, it is all the same to me, but I think if you yourself were not so fond of those pleasures you could have refused to accompany him. You enjoy seeing Thérèse in the costume of Eve."

"The fiend again, the fiend," said Vronsky, taking the hand that was lying on the table and kissing it.

"I know, but I can't help it! You can't imagine what I went through while I was waiting for you! I don't think I am jealous. I am not jealous; I believe you when you are here with me; but when you are away from me, leading a life I know nothing about..."

She drew away from him, extricated the hook at last and swiftly, with little flicks of her index finger, began making loop after loop of the white wool glistening in the lamp-light, her slender wrist turning quickly, nervously, inside the lace cuff.

"Well, how did it happen? Where did you meet Alexei Alexandrovich?" she suddenly asked with an unnatural ring to her voice.

"We ran into each other in the entrance."

"And he bowed to you like this?.."

She pulled a long face and half-closed her eyes, quickly changing her expression and folding her hands, and on her pretty face Vronsky recognized the exact look with which Karenin had bowed to him. He smiled and she laughed gaily with that delightful throaty laughter that was one of her greatest charms.

"I positively do not understand him," said Vronsky. "If he had broken with you after your talk with him or had challenged me to a duel ... but this I cannot un-

derstand: how can he endure such a position? He is suffering, I can see that."

"He?" she said mockingly. "He is perfectly content."

"Why should all of us suffer so when everything could be arranged so nicely?"

"Only not he. Do I not know him—the lies he is saturated with? Is it possible for anyone with the least feeling to live as he lives with me? He understands nothing, feels nothing! Could a person who felt anything live with a sinful wife under the same roof? And talk to her? Even call her *my dear?*"

And again she could not help mimicking him: "Ah, *ma chère*, Anna, my dear!"

"Oh, no, he is not a man, he is not even a human being. He is a puppet! Nobody knows him; but I know him! Oh, if I were in his place I would have killed her long ago, torn her to pieces—a wife such as I am—instead of calling her *my dear, ma chère, Anna.* He's not a man, he's a ministerial machine. He doesn't understand that I am your wife, that he is an outsider, that he is in the way... But we shan't talk of him ... no, we shan't!"

"You are unfair, yes you are, darling," said Vronsky, trying to soothe her. "But never mind, we shan't talk of him. Tell me what you have been doing. What is the matter? What is your complaint and what does the doctor say?"

She looked at him with sardonic enjoyment. Evidently she was thinking of other ludicrous and grotesque aspects of her husband and was waiting for the right moment to tell him of them.

Vronsky went on: "Of course I understand it is not an illness but your condition. When is it to be?"

The sardonic glint went out of her eyes and her former smile was supplanted by a different one—one expressing gentle sorrow and knowledge unknown to him.

"Soon, very soon. You say our position is painful and must be changed. If you only knew how miserable I am and what I wouldn't give to be able to love you freely, openly! Then I would not torture you and myself with jealousy... And that is how it will be soon. But not in the way we think."

The thought of how it would be made her feel so sorry

for herself that tears filled her eyes and she could not go on speaking. She put her hand, gleamingly white and sparkling with rings in the lamp-light, on his arm.

"It will not be as we think. I did not want to tell you this, but you have made me. Soon, very soon, the knot will be untied and all of us will be at peace and not suffer any more."

"I don't understand," he said, but he did understand.

"You asked me when? Soon. And I shan't live through it. Hush, don't interrupt me." She spoke faster. "I know it and know it for certain. I am going to die, and very glad I am to die and bring relief to both of you."

The tears streamed down her cheeks. He bent over her hand and kissed it again and again, trying to hide the emotion that he could not conquer even though he knew there was no real cause for it.

"That's how it is, and that is best," she said, giving his hand a firm squeeze. "It is the only thing left to us."

He pulled himself together and lifted his head.

"What nonsense! What absolute nonsense you are talking!"

"No, it is the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"That I shall die. I had a dream."

"A dream?" echoed Vronsky, instantly recalling the muzhik he had seen in his own dream.

"Yes, a dream," she said. "I have been dreaming the same thing for some time. It's as if I ran into my bedroom to get something or find out something—you know how it is in dreams—" she said, her eyes wide with fright, "and there was something standing in the corner."

"Fiddlesticks! How can you believe—"

But she would not allow him to interrupt her. What she had to say was too important for her.

"And this something turned round and I saw it was a muzhik with a shaggy beard—a horrible little man. I wanted to run away but he stooped down and began rummaging in a sack."

She showed how he rummaged in the sack. Horror was written on her face, and Vronsky, remembering his own dream, felt the same horror.

"He rummaged and muttered something quickly,

quickly, in French: *'Il faut battre le fer, le broyer, le pétrir...'* and in my fright I tried to wake up and I did wake up, but only in my dream, and I asked myself what it meant, and Kornei told me: 'You'll die in childbirth, my lady, in childbirth.' And then I woke up."

"What nonsense, what utter nonsense!" said Vronsky, but he himself was aware that his voice did not sound convincing.

"Well, we shan't speak of it. Ring the bell, I'll have them bring tea. Oh, don't go; I shan't be with you long now."

She broke off abruptly. An instantaneous change came over her face. The horror and agitation were replaced by an expression of grave, quiet, blissful concentration. He could not comprehend the significance of the change. She had felt within her the stirring of the new life.

4

After meeting Vronsky at the entrance to his house, Karenin went to the Italian opera as he had intended. He sat through two acts and saw all the people he needed to see. On returning home he carefully examined the coat-rack for an officer's overcoat and, not finding it, went to his chambers as usual. But he did not go to bed as usual; instead, he paced the floor of his study until three o'clock in the morning. His anger with his wife, who had defied appearances and violated the one condition he had set, namely, that she should not receive her lover at home, gave him no peace. She had not complied with his demand and so he had to punish her by carrying out his threat of getting a divorce and taking his son away from her. He knew all the difficulties involved, but he had made the threat and it was incumbent on him now to carry it out. Countess Lydia Ivanovna had hinted that this would be the best way out of his situation; then again the process of getting a divorce had been developed to such perfection of late that Karenin perceived opportunities for getting around formal difficulties. Misfortunes never come singly: the matter of rendering assistance to the minor nationalities and of irrigating fields in Zaraisk Guberni-

had caused him such unpleasantness at work that for some time now he had been in a state of extreme irritation.

He did not sleep all night and his anger increased by such leaps and bounds that by morning it had reached the human limit. He dressed hurriedly and went to his wife as soon as he was told she was up, carrying with him, as it were, a cup brimming with wrath that he feared to spill lest along with the wrath he lose the strength he needed for this interview with her.

Anna, who thought she knew her husband through and through, was shocked by the sight of him when he came in to her. His brows were knitted and his eyes stared grimly in front of him, avoiding the sight of her; his mouth was set in a tight, contemptuous line. In his walk, in his movements, in the sound of his voice, there was a firmness and resoluteness his wife had never before seen in him. He entered the room and, brushing past her, went directly to her writing-table, took the key and opened one of the drawers.

"What do you want?" she cried.

"Your lover's letters," he said.

"They are not here," she said, shutting the drawer, but the way in which she shut it told him he had guessed correctly; roughly pushing her hand away, he quickly took out the folder in which he knew she kept her most important papers. She tried to snatch the folder out of his hands but he pushed her away.

"Sit down! I want to speak to you," he said, putting the folder under his arm and pressing it so tightly with his elbow that his shoulder shot up.

She stared at him without a word, meekly and wonderingly.

"I told you I would not allow you to receive your lover in this house."

"I had to see him to—"

She paused, groping for an excuse.

"I shall not go into the details of why a woman has to see her lover."

"I wanted, I only..." she said, flaring up. His coarseness made her angry and gave her courage. "Do you really not understand how easy it is for you to insult me?" she said.

"An honest man or an honest woman can be insulted, but to tell a thief he is a thief is merely *la constatation d'un fait.*"

"Never before have I seen you like this—so cruel."

"You call it cruel for a husband to give his wife her freedom, allowing her to enjoy the protection of an honest name on the single condition that she observe the proprieties? Is this cruel?"

"It is worse than cruel, it is base if you wish to know it!" said Anna in a burst of fury, and she got up to leave the room.

"No!" he cried in his shrill voice that reached a higher pitch than ever at this moment; seizing her wrist in his fingers so tightly that her bracelet left a red mark on her flesh, he flung her back into the chair. "Base? If you wish to use such a word let me say it is base to leave your husband and son for a lover and go on eating your husband's bread!"

She bowed her head. She did not say what she had said to her lover the night before—that *he* was her husband and her legal husband was in the way; she did not even think it. She appreciated the full justice of his words and said softly:

"You cannot describe my position worse than I see it myself, but why should you tell me this?"

"Why do I tell it to you? Why?" he went on in the same high pitch. "Because I want you to know that since you have not preserved appearances as I asked you to do, I intend taking measures to end our position."

"Soon, soon it will end anyway," she said, and again the thought of her imminent and now longed-for death brought tears to her eyes.

"It will end sooner than you and your lover have planned. You must satisfy your animal lust—"

"Alexei Alexandrovich! It is worse than cruel—it is cowardly to strike a person when he is down."

"Ah, you think only of yourself, you are indifferent to the sufferings of a man who was once your husband. It is nothing to you that his life is ruined, that he has surf ... surffer ... suffred..."

Karenin spoke so quickly that his tongue got twisted and he could not pronounce the word. In the end he said

suffred. She found it funny, and was ashamed that she could find anything funny at such a moment. For the first time she momentarily sympathized with him; she put herself in his place, and she was sorry for him. But what could she say or do? She bowed her head and was silent. He, too, was silent for a while, and when he next spoke it was less shrilly, more coolly, stressing words chosen at random and having little importance.

"I came here to say..." he said.

She glanced up at him. No, I just imagined it, she said to herself, recalling the look on his face when his tongue had got tangled in the word *suffered.* How is it possible for a man with those blank eyes and that self-satisfied serenity, to feel anything?

"I can change nothing," she murmured.

"I have come to tell you that tomorrow I am leaving for Moscow and will not return again to this house and you will be informed of my decision by the lawyer to whom I am entrusting the divorce. My son will move to my sister's," said Karenin, remembering with difficulty what he had meant to say about his son.

"You are taking Sergei away just to hurt me," she said, looking at him from under her brows. "You don't love him. Let me keep Sergei."

"Yes, I have lost my love for my son because he has become associated with my aversion for you. But even so I shall take him. Goodbye."

He turned to go, but this time it was she who held him.

"Alexei Alexandrovich, let me keep Sergei," she murmured once more. "There is nothing more I can say. Let me keep Sergei until my ... I shall soon be confined; let me keep him until then."

Karenin reddened, roughly pulled himself out of her grasp, and left the room without a word.

5

When Karenin entered the waiting-room of the celebrated Petersburg lawyer he found it full of people. There were three women there: an old lady, a young lady, and a merchant's wife; and there were three gentlemen: a German banker with a ring on his finger, a merchant

with a beard and an impatient official in uniform wearing a decoration round his neck. All of them appeared to have been waiting for some time. Two assistants were sitting at tables, noisily scraping pens over paper. The desk appointments, for which Karenin had a weakness, were exceptionally fine. Karenin could not help taking note of this. One of the assistants screwed up his eyes and addressed Karenin impatiently without getting up:

"What can I do for you?"

"I have business with the lawyer."

"He's busy," remarked the assistant sharply, waving iis pen at the people gathered there and resuming his writing.

"Could he not find a moment for me?" asked Karenin.

"He has no extra moments. All filled up. Have to vait."

"Then be so kind as to give him my card," said Kaenin with dignity, resigning himself to the necessity of evealing his identity.

The assistant took the card and, with obvious disaproval of the inscription on it, went to the door.

Karenin was in sympathy with the idea of public trials ı principle, but because of certain considerations affectıg those in high office he was not in sympathy with ome aspects of its application in Russia, and so he oposed them to whatever extent it was possible to oppose nything endorsed by the Emperor himself. All his life ad been spent in administrative activities and for that eason, whenever he did not approve of anything, his isapproval was mitigated by a recognition of the inevitability of making mistakes and the possibility of corecting them in whatever field they occurred. Under the ew judicial system he disapproved of the conditions rovided for the defence counsel. So far, however, he imself had had no dealings with courts of law and so is disapproval had been purely theoretical; now his disapproval was sharpened by the unpleasant impression this lawyer's waiting-room made upon him.

"He'll receive you presently," said the assistant, and two minutes later the tall figure of the senior solicitor, who had been consulting with the lawyer, appeared in the doorway and behind him was the lawyer himself.

The lawyer was a short, stocky, bald man with a reddish-black beard, long pale eyebrows and a beetle brow. His clothes, from cravat and double watch-chain to patent-leather boots, might have been donned for a wedding. He had an intelligent, peasant sort of face, but his clothes were flashy and in bad taste.

"Come in," he said to Karenin. He stepped aside ungraciously to allow Karenin to enter and shut the door.

"Please sit down." He indicated an armchair beside the paper-cluttered writing-desk and sat himself at the desk, bending his head to one side and rubbing together his little hands with stubby fingers covered with white hairs. No sooner had he settled himself comfortably than a moth flitted above the desk. With unexpected agility he caught the moth and settled back again.

"Before speaking of my business," said Karenin, who had followed the lawyer's movements with wondering eyes, "I must inform you that the matter I wish to speak to you about is highly confidential."

The faintest of smiles parted the lawyer's reddish whiskers.

"I could not be a lawyer if I did not respect the confidences entrusted to me. But if you wish to have confirmation—"

Karenin glanced at him and saw that the shrewd grey eyes were laughing and seemed to know everything already.

"Are you familiar with my name?" went on Karenin.

"I am, and with all your invaluable..." (here he caught another moth) "...services, as is every Russian," said the lawyer, bowing his head deferentially.

Karenin drew in a deep breath to summon courage. Once he had made up his mind, he plunged ahead in his high thin voice, without wavering, without stumbling, duly stressing certain words.

"It is my misfortune," he began, "to have an unfaithful wife, and I wish to end our relations legally—that is, I want to divorce her, but in such a way that my son will not remain in her custody."

The lawyer's grey eyes tried not to laugh but they fairly leaped with irrepressible delight, and Karenin perceived that this was not the delight elicited by the pros-

pect of a handsome remuneration; it was a glitter of triumph and exultation; it was a brilliance resembling the malevolent brilliance he had seen in his wife's eyes.

"And you want my assistance in obtaining a divorce?"

"Exactly. But I must warn you of the danger of my wasting your time. I have come to you for a preliminary consultation only. I want a divorce, but the conditions in which a divorce is possible are of major importance to me. If these conditions do not answer my requirements it is very probable that I shall not resort to legal procedure."

"Oh, but that is always the case," said the lawyer. "It is always up to the client to decide."

The lawyer lowered his eyes to Karenin's legs, feeling that this client might find his irrepressible delight offensive. He watched a moth that was flying in front of his nose and his hand jerked but he suppressed his desire to catch it out of regard for Karenin's high position.

"Notwithstanding the fact that I have a general understanding of the law relating to this matter," went on Karenin, "I should like to know the practical forms in which cases of this sort are conducted."

"You should like me to inform you," replied the lawyer, adopting his client's manner of speech with relish, "of the various channels through which you can achieve the satisfaction of your wish."

Encouraged by a nod of assent, the lawyer went on, glancing from time to time at Karenin's face, which was breaking out in red blotches.

"Divorce according to our laws," he said, a shade of disapproval of our laws sounding in his voice, "is possible, as you know, in the following cases... I'm busy!" he snapped at the assistant who poked his head through the doorway at this point, but he got up and exchanged a few words with him before sitting down again. "...is possible in the following cases: first, physical disability; second, desertion without communication for at least five years," he said, marking off each case by bending down a stubby finger; "third, adultery." (The pleasure he took in the enunciation of this word was unmistakable.) "Subdivisions are the following," he went on, bending down his fat fingers even though the cases and subdivisions could not possibly be classified together: "Physical dis-

ability on the part of either husband or wife; adultery on the part of either husband or wife" (since all of his fingers had been used, he opened his hand). "This all applies to the theoretical aspect of the matter, but I believe you have done me the honour of coming here to find out the practical aspect. Accordingly I must inform you, on the basis of precedent, that divorce cases may all be reduced to the following: ... no physical disability, I understand? and no desertion?"

Karenin nodded in confirmation.

"That leaves us with the following: adultery on the part of one of the parties and recognition of the transgression by mutual agreement, or, in lieu of mutual agreement, by enforced exposure. I must say that the latter case is rarely met with in practice," said the lawyer; after a brief glance at Karenin's face he became silent, like a man selling pistols who has extolled the properties of various makes and is now waiting for the customer to take his choice. When Karenin said nothing the lawyer went on: "The simplest and commonest form and, I should say, the most reasonable, is adultery by mutual agreement. I would not express myself in this way if I were speaking to an uneducated man," said the lawyer, "but I assume you and I understand each other."

Karenin was so overwhelmed that he could not at once grasp the reasonableness of adultery by mutual agreement, as his face strikingly announced, so the lawyer hastened to come to his aid:

"Two people cannot live together any longer—that is the fact. If both of them accept it, they are indifferent to trifles, to formalities. This is, then, the simplest and surest way."

Now Karenin understood perfectly. He had, however, religious scruples that kept him from adopting such a measure.

"That is impossible in the present case," he said. "In the present case only one thing is possible: enforced exposure confirmed by letters that are in my possession."

At the mention of letters the lawyer tightened his lips and made a little sound expressing both sympathy and contempt.

"Allow me to say," he began, "that matters of that sort are decided, as you know, by the ecclesiastical authorities; the priests love to go into the fine points of such cases," he said with a smile indicating his appreciation of the priests' taste. "Letters, of course, can partially prove the case; but exposure must be achieved by direct means—by witnesses, to be precise. If you do me the honour of entrusting me with this matter, allow me to choose the means that are to be employed. One who wants results must accept the means."

"If that is how things stand..." began Karenin, suddenly growing pale, but just then the lawyer got up and went to the door to speak to the assistant who had intruded again.

"Tell her we are not to be bargained with!" he said, and came back to Karenin.

When he reached his desk he surrepticiously caught another moth. My reps will look fine by summer! he said to himself with a frown.

"Well, to return to what you were saying..." he remarked.

"I will inform you of my decision by letter," said Karenin, getting up and leaning on the desk. When he had stood there a little in silence, he added: "From what you have told me I can conclude that the obtaining of a divorce is possible. I should ask you to inform me what your fee is."

"Everything is possible if you allow me complete freedom of action," replied the lawyer, ignoring Karenin's request. "When can I count on hearing from you?" he asked as he moved towards the door, his eyes shining as brightly as his patent-leather boots.

"Within the week. Be so kind as to let me know in your answer whether you take upon yourself the conducting of my case and for what fee."

"I will indeed."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, held the door open for his client, and then, finding himself alone, gave vent to his delight. He was so delighted that, contrary to his rule, he made a concession to the merchant's wife and he even stopped catching moths; he also decided to change the reps, with which his furniture was upholstered, to velvet, like Sigonin's, and to do it before winter.

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6

Karenin had enjoyed a brilliant triumph at the meeting of the Commission of the 17th of August. But the consequences of that triumph confounded him. The new commission for investigating every aspect of life of the minor nationalities was appointed and sent off with unprecedented expedition and energy, thanks to Karenin. In three months their report was ready. The minor nationalities had been investigated in the fields of politics, administration, economics, ethnography and religion. Answers had been supplied to all questions, and answers that left no room for doubt, inasmuch as they were not the product of the human mind, always subject to error, but the product of an official investigation. All the answers were taken from official data: reports of governors and bishops, based on reports of uyezd authorities and functionaries, based in their turn on reports of gubernia administrations and parish priests; that is why all these answers left no room for doubt. Questions, for example, as to why there are years of bad harvest, why native populations cling to their own faith, et cetera—such questions, to which no answer had been given for untold ages, and to which no answer could possibly be given without the advantage of the official machine, now received clear and indubitable answers. And these answers were in Karenin's favour. But when the Commission's report was received, Stremov, who felt he had been deeply injured at the last meeting, adopted tactics Karenin could not have foreseen. Suddenly Stremov and a few other members he was able to enlist, went over to Karenin's side and not only vehemently defended the measures Karenin had suggested but proposed other more radical measures in the same spirit. These measures, offering even stronger support to Karenin's fundamental idea, were adopted, and then Stremov's tactics became clear. These measures, when taken to extremes, turned out to be so foolish that everybody—statesmen, politically-minded ladies, newspapers and public opinion in general—raised a hue and cry against them and against their recognized initiator, Karenin. Stremov withdrew into the shade and made it look as if he had been blindly follow-

ing Karenin's lead and was himself astonished and incensed by the outcome. In this way Karenin was confounded. But despite his ill health and the family drama he was going through, he did not give up. A split occurred in the Commission. Some of its members, with Stremov at their head, defended themselves by saying they had trusted the revisory commission headed by Karenin which had submitted the report, and they contended that this report was sheer nonsense, nothing but waste paper. Karenin and a group of men who saw the danger of such a revolutionary attitude towards paper, continued to support the data presented by the revisory commission. As a result everyone in the highest circles and all those who frequented the salons were completely confused and unable to make out whether the minor nationalities were suffering and dying out or whether they were prospering. Owing partly to this situation and partly to the scorn his wife's infidelity had brought upon him, Karenin found his position badly shaken. At this critical moment he made an important decision. He announced, to the amazement of the entire Commission, that he intended asking permission to visit the minor nationalities himself and make an investigation. Having received permission, he set out for distant provinces.

Karenin's departure caused a sensation, particularly since just before setting out he officially returned the money allotted to him as posting fares for the twelve imaginary horses that were to take him to his destination.

"I consider that very noble of him," said Princess Betsy to Princess Myakaya. "Why should they keep on allotting money for horses when everybody knows people go everywhere by railway these days?"

Princess Myakaya disagreed; she was even annoyed to hear Betsy express such an opinion.

"It's all very well for you to say so," said she. "You with all your millions! But I am very happy when my husband is sent on trips of inspection in the summer. The trip is pleasant and good for his health and the money for horses goes to pay for my carriage and coachman."

On his way to the distant provinces Karenin spent three days in Moscow.

On the day after his arrival he paid a call on the gov-

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ernor-general. On his return, when his cab slowed down at the corner of Gazetny Lane where cabs and carriages always got into a jam, Karenin suddenly heard his name called out in such a loud and jovial voice that he could not but turn round. There on the pavement in a short fashionable coat and with a short fashionable hat perched on the side of his head stood Oblonsky—young, gay, dapper, a radiant smile showing dazzling white teeth between red lips—demanding vociferously that Karenin's cab should stop. With one hand he was holding on to the window-ledge of a carriage drawn up at the kerb, in which a woman's head in a velvet hat and two children's heads could be glimpsed; with the other hand he was beckoning to his brother-in-law. The lady, too, smiled warmly and beckoned to Karenin. It was Dolly and her children.

Karenin had not wanted to see anyone in Moscow, least of all his wife's brother. He lifted his hat with the intention of riding on, but Oblonsky shouted again at the cabby to stop and ran through the snow to the cab.

"What's this? Not letting us know you were here? Aren't you ashamed? Been here long? I was at the Dussot Hotel yesterday and saw the name Karenin on the list but I never supposed it could be you!" said Oblonsky, pushing his head through the cab window. "Otherwise I'd have dropped in. How jolly that you've come!" he said, striking one leg against the other to shake off the snow. "Aren't you ashamed not to have let us know?"

"I had no time, I was extremely busy," replied Karenin dryly.

"Come over and speak to my wife, she wants to see you."

Karenin unwound the rug in which his chilled feet were wrapped, got out of the cab and went over to Dolly.

"What's this, Alexei Alexandrovich? Why have you ignored us this way?" said Dolly with a smile.

"I was extremely busy. I am very glad to see you," he said in a tone saying plainly that he was very sorry to see them. "How are you?"

"How is our dear Anna?"

Karenin mumbled someth ... ut
lonsky stopped him.

"This is what we shall do: you invite him for dinner tomorrow, Dolly, and I will invite Koznishev and Pestsov; we'll give him a taste of our Moscow intellectuals."

"Oh, yes, do come," said Dolly. "At five—or at six if you prefer. But tell me how dear Anna is. It's been so long since—"

"She is well," mumbled Karenin, scowling. "Glad to have seen you," and he went back to his cab.

"Can we expect you?" Dolly called after him.

Karenin's answer was drowned in the noise of moving vehicles.

"I'll come for you tomorrow!" called out Oblonsky.

Karenin got into his cab and shrank into the corner so as not to see or be seen.

"Queer egg," said Oblonsky to his wife, then he glanced at his watch, blew a kiss to her and the children, and marched briskly off.

"Steve! Steve!" called Dolly after him, blushing.

He turned round.

"I've got to buy coats for Tanya and Grisha. Please give me some money."

"That's all right. You just tell them I will pay," and off he went again, nodding brightly to an acquaintance who rode past.

7

The next day was Sunday. Oblonsky attended a ballet rehearsal at the Bolshoi Theatre and gave Masha Chibisova (an adorable little dancer who, through his patronage, had just been added to the troupe) the coral necklace he had promised her the evening before; behind the scenes, in the day-time darkness of the theatre, he managed to kiss her pretty face, all aglow from the gift. Besides presenting her with the corals, he had to make an appointment with her for the evening, after the ballet. He explained to her he would be unable to appear at the beginning of the performance but would come for the last act and take her to supper.

From the theatre Oblonsky went to Okhotny Row, chose the fish and asparagus for dinner himself, and by

twelve o'clock was at the Dussot where he had to make three calls, three of his friends having fortunately chosen the same hotel: Levin, who had just returned from abroad; his new chief, who had recently been assigned to this high post and was in Moscow on a trip of inspection; and his brother-in-law Karenin, whom Oblonsky was to bring home for dinner at any cost.

Oblonsky enjoyed dining out, but he enjoyed giving dinner parties even more, small dinner parties distinguished for the choiceness of the food, drink and guests. He was very much pleased with the bill of fare he had drawn up for this day's dinner party: fresh perch and asparagus and, as the *pièce de résistance,* simple roast beef but of superb quality, and wines to suit every dish. So much for the food and drink. As for the guests, there would be Kitty and Levin and, to prevent this selection from being too evident, a cousin had been invited and the young Scherbatsky; the *pièce de résistance* was to be the combination of Koznishev and Karenin: Koznishev, a Moscow philosopher; Karenin, a Petersburg man-of-affairs. He would also invite the well-known crank and enthusiast Pestsov—a liberal, a musician, a historian, a great talker, a delightful fifty-year-old youth who would serve as sauce to Koznishev and Karenin. He would tease them and set them at each other.

The merchant had sent the second payment for the timber and some of the money was still left, Dolly had been very sweet and kind of late and thoughts of the dinner-party pleased Oblonsky in every respect; as a result he could not have been in a happier frame of mind. Only two circumstances presented themselves in unpleasant guise, but both of them were drowned in the sea of joyous good-humour that heaved in Oblonsky's bosom. These two circumstances were: first, the coldness and severity with which Karenin had greeted him in the street on the preceding day and which, combined with Karenin's having come to Moscow without calling on them or even letting them know of his presence, and with the rumours being circulated as to Anna and Vronsky, led Oblonsky to guess that all was not well between husband and wife.

This was the first unpleasantness. Another minor un-

pleasantness was that his new chief, like all new chiefs, had the reputation of being an ogre who got up at six in the morning and worked like a horse and expected his subordinates to do the same. His new chief also had the reputation of being a boor in his relations with others and, they said, held to a line of conduct diametrically opposed to the one adopted by Oblonsky's former chief and by Oblonsky himself up to the present. On the preceding day Oblonsky had appeared at the office in his uniform and the new chief was very amiable and spoke to him as to an old acquaintance; that is why Oblonsky felt it incumbent on him to pay him a visit in a frock-coat. The fear that his new chief might accord him a cool reception this time was the other minor unpleasantness. But instinctively Oblonsky felt that *all would shape up* in the best possible way. "We are all humans, all sinners, so why should we quarrel and make trouble for one another?" he thought as he entered the hotel.

"Afternoon, Vassili," he said to a footman he knew as he walked jauntily down the corridor with his hat cocked on one side. "Grown sidewhiskers, have you? Levin in room seven, eh? Show me to it, if you don't mind. And find out if Count Anichkin can see me." (Count Anichkin was his new chief.)

"Yes, sir," replied Vassili with a smile. "Been a long time since we've seen you, sir."

"I was here yesterday but I used the other entrance. This room seven?"

When Oblonsky entered he found Levin and a peasant from Tver Gubernia measuring the skin of a bear they had killed.

"Ah, your quarry?" cried out Oblonsky. "A beauty. A she-bear? Afternoon, Arkhip."

He shook the peasant's hand and sat down without taking off his coat and hat.

"Take off your things and stay awhile," said Levin, removing Oblonsky's hat.

"No time, I've only come for a moment," replied Oblonsky. He threw open his coat but later he took it off and stayed an hour talking to Levin about hunting and more personal things.

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"Well, tell me how you spent your time abroad. Where

did you go?" he asked when the peasant had left.

"I was in Germany, Prussia, France and England, but not in the capitals, mostly in factory towns, and I saw a great deal that was new to me. I'm very glad I went."

"I know your ideas about the organization of labour."

"Oh, no. In Russia there can be no labour question. In Russia it is a question of the relationship of the labourer to the soil; the same problem exists abroad, but there it is a matter of patching up what has been spoiled, while with us..."

Oblonsky listened to Levin attentively.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "It's quite possible you are right," he said. "But I'm glad to find you in such fine feather—bear-hunting, working, throwing your heart into things. Scherbatsky told me—he met you, I believe—he told me you were in the dumps, talking of death..."

"Well, I never stop thinking of death," said Levin. "Truly I think it's time to die. Nothing else makes sense. I tell you honestly: my ideas and my work are very dear to me, but judge for yourself—this whole world of ours, what is it but a thin growth of mould on an infinitesimal planet. And we imagine we are capable of great things—great thoughts, great deeds! Psha! Mere grains of sand."

"That's as old as the hills, dear boy!"

"So it is, but when you see it clearly everything loses its value. When you thoroughly understand that today or tomorrow you will die and nothing of you will remain, how perfectly senseless everything becomes! I consider my idea of vast importance, but even if I succeed in realizing it, it actually has no more importance than that bearskin. That's how we spend our lives—throwing ourselves into hunting, into our work, into anything that takes our minds off the thought of death."

An affectionate little smile played on Oblonsky's lips as he listened to Levin.

"True, true. Remember when you came to see me, how you lighted into me for wanting to enjoy life? 'Be not so stern, oh moralist!' "

"Yes, but after all the best things in life are..." Levin was at a loss. "I don't know. The only thing I know is that we all shall die, and very soon."

"Oh, why soon?"

"And do you know, thoughts of death bring peace of mind, even if they rob life of some of its joy."

"I find, on the contrary, that the nearer you come to the end, the sweeter life is. Well, time for me to be going," said Oblonsky, getting up for the tenth time.

"Not yet, wait a bit," said Levin, restraining him. "When shall we see each other again? I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Well, I'm a fine one! What did I come here for? You're to have dinner with us today for sure! Your brother will be there and so will my brother-in-law Karenin."

"Is he here?" asked Levin, but what he really wanted to ask was about Kitty. He had heard that at the beginning of winter she had gone to visit her sister, the diplomat's wife, in St. Petersburg and he did not know whether she had come back or not. He did not ask, however: If she is here, she is; if she isn't, she isn't—it makes no difference.

"Will you come?"

"Of course."

"At five. In a dinner-jacket."

This time Oblonsky got up and went downstairs to see his new chief. His intuition had not deceived him. The ogre turned out to be very amiable and Oblonsky had lunch with him and sat so long over it that it was after three when he went to look up Karenin.

8

Having attended early mass, Karenin spent the rest of the morning in the hotel. He had two things to attend to that morning: first of all he had to receive and instruct a delegation from the minor nationalities who were in Moscow on their way to St. Petersburg; secondly, he had to write the promised letter to his lawyer. Even though Karenin was responsible for the summoning of this delegation, their coming cost him inconvenience and represented a danger; he was very glad of the opportunity of seeing them while they were still in Moscow. They, poor things, had not the slightest idea of the role they were playing and what was expected of them. They in-

that it was only natural he should adopt to the brother of a wife he was divorcing; but he had not taken into account the sea of good-humour that flooded Oblonsky's soul.

Oblonsky opened wide his clear and shining eyes. "Why can you not? What do you mean?" he said in astonishment, speaking in French. "But you have promised. We are counting on you."

"I wish to say that I cannot come because our kinship relations must be severed."

"What? I don't understand. Why?" said Oblonsky with a smile.

"Because I am divorcing your sister, my wife. I ought to have..."

In the middle of his speech Oblonsky behaved in a way Karenin could not possibly have anticipated. Oblonsky gasped and collapsed in a chair.

"No, no, Alexei Alexandrovich, you cannot mean it," he exclaimed, his face drawn with distress.

"It is so."

"Forgive me, but I cannot—oh, I cannot believe it."

Karenin sat down, aware that his words had elicited quite a different response from the one he had expected, and that he must explain things, and that no matter how he explained them his attitude to his brother-in-law would remain what it had always been.

"I have been faced with the hard necessity of demanding a divorce," he said.

"I have only one thing to say, Alexei Alexandrovich. I know you to be a good and a just man, and I know Anna—forgive me, but I cannot change my opinion of her—I know her to be a good woman, a splendid woman, and so—forgive me, but I cannot believe what you have said. There must be a misunderstanding," he said.

"Ah, if only it were a misunderstanding!"

"Wait... I understand," interrupted Oblonsky. "To be sure... But there's just one thing: don't be hasty. Oh, don't be hasty, don't be hasty."

"I am not acting in haste," said Karenin coldly. "But no one can offer advice in such a matter. I am firmly resolved."

"How dreadful!" said Oblonsky with a deep sigh.

"There is one thing you must certainly do, Alexei Alexandrovich, I implore you to do it," he said. "I understand you have not begun proceedings yet. Before you begin, see my wife, speak to her. She loves Anna like a sister, and she loves you too, and she is a remarkable woman. For God's sake, speak to her. Do it for my sake, I implore you."

Karenin became thoughtful and Oblonsky watched him with compassion, without intruding on his silence.

"Will you go and see her?"

"I don't know. That is why I did not call on you. I suppose our relations must change."

"But why? I don't see why. Allow me to believe that, outside of our being relatives, you feel for me at least some of the friendship I have always felt for you. And genuine esteem," he said, pressing Karenin's hand. "If your worst suppositions should turn out to be true, I would not take it upon myself to judge either side, and I see no reason why our relations must change. But do what I ask, go and speak to my wife."

"We see things differently," said Karenin coldly. "Let us say no more about it."

"But why shouldn't you come? At least to dinner today. My wife is expecting you. Please do come. And above all—speak to her. She is a remarkable woman. Please. On my knees I implore you."

"If it means so much to you, I will come," said Karenin with a sigh.

To change the subject he then spoke of something that interested both of them: Oblonsky's new chief, a man who, still rather young, had been elevated to such a high post.

Karenin had never liked Count Anichkin and had always differed with his opinions; now he felt, in addition, the understandable hatred of a man suffering a setback in his career for one who has received promotion.

"Have you met him?" asked Karenin with an insidious smile.

"Oh, yes, he was at the office yesterday. He seems to have an excellent knowledge of affairs and a great deal of energy."

"Yes, but to what end is his energy directed?" asked

Karenin. "To the accomplishing of something or to the undoing of what has already been accomplished? The greatest misfortune of our government is red-tape administration, of which he is a worthy exponent."

"I'm not in a position to judge. I don't yet know him as a supervisor, but one thing I do know—he's a fine chap," said Oblonsky. "I just called on him, and he certainly is a fine chap. We lunched together and I taught him to mix that drink—you know, wine and orange-juice. Very refreshing. Amazing that he hadn't heard of it before. He liked it. Oh, yes, he's a very fine chap!"

Oblonsky glanced at his watch.

"The deuce! If it isn't past four already and I still have to stop in at Dolgovushin's! Well, then, do come for dinner. You can't imagine how disappointed my wife and I will be if you don't come."

Karenin saw his brother-in-law out in an entirely different mood from that in which he had received him.

"Since I have promised, I will come," he replied gloomily.

"I appreciate it, you know, and I'm sure you won't regret it," said Oblonsky, smiling.

He pulled on his coat as he ran out, accidentally knocked the servant on the head with his elbow, laughed and went on his way.

"At five, then! Dinner-jacket!" he called back.

9

It was after five and some of the guests had arrived already when the host himself put in an appearance. He entered together with Koznishev and Pestsov, whom he had run into in the entrance. Oblonsky always referred to them as the two foremost representatives of the Moscow intelligentsia. Both of them were highly esteemed for character and intellect. They esteemed each other, too, but in almost everything they were completely and hopelessly at variance, not because they adhered to opposite camps, but precisely because they belonged to the same camp (their enemies swore there was no difference between them), but in this one camp each had his

own leanings. And since nothing estranges people more effectively than differences of view in regard to semi-abstractions, they not only differed in all their opinions, but they had long been accustomed to accepting this without dudgeon, each laughing at the other's ineradicable misconceptions.

They were entering the door and discussing the weather when Oblonsky overtook them. By this time Prince Scherbatsky (Oblonsky's father-in-law), young Scherbatsky, Turovtsin, Kitty and Karenin were sitting in the drawing-room.

Oblonsky instantly perceived that things were not going well here. Dolly, in her best grey silk, was apparently so distracted by thoughts of the children, who were dining alone in the nursery, and of her husband, who was conspicuous for his absence, that she could not cope with the company. They were all sitting there like clergymen's daughters (as the old prince put it), squeezing out words to break the silence and wondering to themselves why in the world they were there. When Oblonsky came in, the genial Turovtsin, who felt like a fish out of water, spread his thick lips in a smile that said as clearly as any words could: "A nice thing, old boy!— caging me up with these sticks when what I want is to have a drink and be off to the *Château des Fleurs!*" The old prince was sitting silent, casting an eye on Karenin from time to time and racking his brains (or so Oblonsky imagined) for an apt phrase with which to pull down this great statesman, who was served up at dinner-parties much as is a rare dish—pheasant, say. Kitty had her eyes fixed on the door and was summoning all her strength to keep herself from blushing when Levin should enter. Young Scherbatsky, whom they had not introduced to Karenin, was doing his best to show he did not really mind being overlooked. Karenin himself was in full dress with a white tie, as is the Petersburg custom when dining with ladies, and one look at his face told Oblonsky that he had come only because he had promised to come and his presence in this company was a painful duty. Indeed it was he who was to blame for the cold that had frozen people to silence until the advent of Oblonsky.

Oblonsky came in murmuring apologies, saying he had

been detained by a certain prince (whom he made the scape-goat for all of his absences and tardinesses); in the wink of an eye he had everyone acquainted with everyone else, he brought Koznishev to Karenin and tossed them the topic of the Russification of Poland, which all of them, including Pestsov, caught up eagerly. Oblonsky slapped Turovtsin on the back and whispered something funny in his ear and sat him beside Dolly and the old prince. He told Kitty she was looking particularly fetching that evening and he introduced young Scherbatsky to Karenin. Yes, in the wink of an eye he had kneaded that social dough so thoroughly that the drawing-room began to bubble and hum with vivacious conversation. Konstantin Levin was the only guest missing. But that was all to the good because on glancing into the dining-room Oblonsky discovered to his horror that the port and the sherry had been ordered from Depré instead of from Levé; he had time, however, to remedy this by despatching the coachman post-haste to Levé's.

On his way back to the drawing-room he met Levin.

"Am I late?"

"Are you ever *not* late?" replied Oblonsky, taking his arm.

"Lots of people in there? Who is here?" asked Levin, blushing in spite of himself as he knocked the snow off his hat with his glove.

"Only good friends. Kitty is here. Come along, I will introduce you to Karenin."

Oblonsky, liberal-minded though he was, knew that anyone would feel flattered by an introduction to Karenin, and so he offered it as a treat to his best friends. But Levin was in no state to appreciate the favour at this moment. Except for the glimpse of Kitty he had caught on the high road, he had not seen her since that memorable night on which he had met Vronsky. In his heart of hearts he had known he would meet her at this dinner-party, but he had tried to keep his mind free by convincing himself he did not know it. On hearing that she was really here he found himself overcome by an extremity of joy and fear that took his breath away and robbed him of the ability to speak.

What is she like? Like the girl I knew in the old days

or the one I caught a glimpse of in the four-in-hand? What if Dolly spoke the truth? Why should it not be the truth? he asked himself.

"Yes, do introduce me to Karenin," he finally came out with, as, with desperate resolution, he stepped into the drawing-room and—beheld her.

She was not like the girl he had known in the old days, nor yet like the one he had glimpsed in the four-in-hand. She was entirely different.

She was timid, frightened, shamefaced, and all the more charming for it. She saw him the moment he stepped into the room. She had been waiting for him. She was so overjoyed and at the same time so discomposed that there was a moment—the moment when he went up to his hostess and glanced at her again—when he and Dolly and she herself feared she would lose control and burst into tears. She blushed, and paled, and blushed again, and sat stiff as a post, her lips quivering, waiting for him. He went over to her, bowed and held out his hand without a word. But for the quivering of her lips and the moisture of her eyes, adding to their brilliance, she would have seemed almost serene as she smiled and said: "How long it has been since we last saw each other!" and with desperate resolution pressed his hand with her cold fingers:

"You have not seen me but I have seen you," said Levin, smiling radiantly. "I saw you when you were on your way to Ergushovo from the railway station."

"When?" she asked in surprise.

"When you were on your way to Ergushovo," repeated Levin, fairly choking with the happiness that surged in his bosom. How, he asked himself, could I ever have doubted the innocence of this touching creature? And it appears that Dolly spoke the truth, he thought.

Oblonsky took his arm and led him over to Karenin.

"Allow me to introduce you," and he murmured their names.

"Very glad to meet you again," said Karenin coldly, taking Levin's hand.

"You have met before?" asked Oblonsky in surprise.

"We spent three hours together in a train compart-

ment," smiled Levin. "We parted as if after a Ball Masque: intrigued. At least I was."

"Think of that!.. Ah, it is time to go in to dinner," said Oblonsky, indicating the direction of the dining-room.

The gentlemen entered the dining-room and went over to a side-table spread with hors-d'œuvres, with six different kinds of vodka and as many kinds of cheese, some with little silver cheese-knives, some without them, with caviar, herring, preserves of different sorts and French bread.

The gentlemen lingered beside the side-table redolent of vodka and hors-d'oeuvres, and the discussion of the Russification of Poland engaged in by Koznishev, Karenin and Pestsov petered out as they waited for dinner to be served.

Koznishev, who was a past-master of finishing off a profound theoretical discussion with an unexpected dash of Attic salt to change the colloquists' mood, demonstrated his art on this occasion.

Karenin had argued that the Russification of Poland could be accomplished only by the application of principles introduced from above by the Russian authorities.

Pestsov had insisted that one nationality can assimilate another only by out-populating it.

Koznishev accepted both arguments, but with reservations. When they left the drawing-room he smiled and said, by way of supplying the dash of wit:

"And so, we may say there remains one effective means of Russifying national minorities: have as many children as possible. My brother and I have contributed little to the cause. But you married men, and especially you, Oblonsky, conduct yourselves as true patriots: how many children have you?" he asked the host mischievously, holding out a tiny wine-glass to be filled.

They all laughed, none harder than Oblonsky.

"Upon my word, I do believe that is the best means!" he said, chewing a piece of cheese and filling the extended glass with a very special sort of vodka. The conversation thus ended on a jocular note.

"Not bad, this cheese. Allow me to recommend it,"

ingly vague," observed Karenin as he wiped the tips of his fingers on his napkin.

"I saw that you were undecided about me," said Levin good-humouredly, "so I hastened to begin an intellectual conversation to counter the impression made by my sheepskin."

Koznishev, who was listening to his brother with one ear as he talked to the hostess, shot him a sidelong glance. What's got into him? He has the air of a conqueror, he said to himself. He could not know that Levin felt as if he had sprouted wings. He was aware that *she* was listening to him, and enjoying listening to him. He cared for nothing else. Not in this room alone, but in the whole world there existed no one but he himself, who had assumed enormous importance and significance, and she. He felt as if he stood on some towering, dizzying height and way down below were all these kind, good-natured Karenins, Oblonskys, and the rest of the world.

Oblonsky sat Levin and Kitty next to each other at table—casually, without so much as looking at them, as if there were no other places to be had.

"You might as well sit here," he dropped.

The dinner was as choice as the china, for which Oblonsky had a weakness. The *soupe Marie-Louise* was uncommonly good and faultless were the tiny little *piroshki*. Two footmen and Matvei, in white neckties, served the food and wine quickly, quietly, unobtrusively. The dinner was a success in its material aspect; and just as much of a success in its immaterial one. Conversation, now general now individual, flowed on without a break and by the end of dinner it had become so lively that the gentlemen got up without interrupting their talk and even Karenin showed signs of animation.

10

Pestsov liked to carry an argument to its logical conclusion and was piqued by Koznishev's curtailing it, especially since he felt the injustice of his view.

"I did not mean density of population alone," Pestsov said to Karenin as they were having their soup, "but

density of population in conjunction with national roots rather than with principles."

"It appears to me," replied Karenin languidly, "that it amounts to the same thing. In my opinion one nation can dominate another only if it has achieved a higher stage of development, if it is—"

"Ah, but that is just the point," interrupted Pestsov in his deep bass voice and with characteristic eagerness; he always seemed to throw his whole heart into whatever he was saying. "How are we to understand a higher stage of development? The English, the French, the Germans—which of them have achieved a higher stage? Which is to nationalize the other? We see that certain Rhine lands have fallen under the influence of the French, but the Germans are not at a lower stage of development!" he cried. "Oh, no, an entirely different law operates here."

"It appears to me that influence is always wielded by the side that is truly educated," said Karenin.

"And by what signs are we to recognise true education, pray?" asked Pestsov.

"I should say that the signs are generally accepted," said Karenin.

"Are they indeed?" put in Koznishev with a sly smile. "Today only classical education is looked upon as true education, but a fierce battle is being waged by the adherents of the two sides and it is impossible to deny that the arguments brought forward by the opponents of classical education are very impressive."

"You yourself are a classical scholar, Koznishev. Some red wine?" said Oblonsky.

"I refrain from expressing my opinion of either side," said Koznishev with a condescending smile, as to a child, as he held out his wine-glass. "I can only say that both sides have strong arguments," he said, addressing Karenin. "I myself have had a classical education, and yet I have not ascertained to whom my allegiance is to be given in this quarrel, and yet I do not see convincing reasons for placing a classical education above a scientific one."

"Why, the natural sciences have just as good an educational influence, they develop the mind just as well,"

Pestsov hastened to put in. "Take astronomy or botany, or take zoology with its system of universal laws!"

"I'm afraid I cannot fully agree with you," said Karenin. "We must admit, I feel, that the very process of studying linguistic structures exercises a salutary influence on spiritual development. Moreover, it is not to be denied that the influence of classical writers is moral in the highest degree, whereas the teaching of natural sciences, unfortunately, has become associated with those false and harmful precepts that have become the scourge of our day."

Koznishev was about to reply but Pestsov's deep bass interrupted him. Pestsov entered upon a heated tirade denying the justice of such an opinion. Koznishev awaited his turn patiently so that he could produce the invincible argument he had got ready.

"Well," he said at last, turning to Karenin with a faint smile, "you must admit that it is difficult to properly weigh the pros and cons of this side and that side, and the question as to which side is to be supported would not have been so quickly and finally decided were it not that classical education offers the advantage which you have just pointed out: its moral influence—*disons le mot*—its anti-nihilistic influence."

"Unquestionably."

"Were it not for this advantage—the anti-nihilistic influence exerted by classical learning—we would argue the case at greater length, would weigh more sedulously the arguments for both sides," said Koznishev with his faint smile. "We would gladly give right of way to both trends. But now it has become clear that little pills of classical education contain potent doses of anti-nihilism, and so we boldly offer them to our patients... And what if they do not contain those potent doses?" he added unexpectedly as a dash of Attic salt.

Koznishev's pills and doses made everyone laugh; Turovtsin, who had been waiting for something amusing to crop up in this dull conversation, laughed louder and harder than anyone else.

Oblonsky had made no mistake in inviting Pestsov. Intellectual conversation could not lag when Pestsov was present. No sooner had Koznishev put an end to this dis-

cussion than Pestsov began another.

"It cannot be said," he remarked, "that the government has this aim in view. Evidently the government is guided by general considerations and is indifferent to the influences the adopted measures may wield. Education for women, for example, ought to be considered pernicious, yet the government is opening courses and colleges for women."

Straightaway the conversation switched to a new theme: the education of women.

Karenin expressed his opinion that the education of women is commonly confused with the emancipation of women, and for that reason only can it be called pernicious.

"But I consider that these two questions go hand in hand," declared Pestsov. "It is a vicious circle. Women are denied their rights because of lack of education, and their lack of education is the result of being denied their rights. We must not forget that the subjugation of women is so old and so complete that we often overlook the enormous gulf separating us from them," he said.

"You have spoken of rights," said Koznishev, who had been waiting for Pestsov to finish. "The right to be jurors, voters, chairmen of committees, the right to be clerks, members of parliament..."

"Exactly."

"But if women, in rare instances, are capable of occupying these posts, then it seems to me you have chosen the wrong word in using *rights*. It would be more correct to say *duties*. Anyone will agree that when we act as jurors, voters, telegraph operators, we feel that we are fulfilling a duty. It would, therefore, be more correct to say that women are looking for duties to fulfil, and quite properly. We can but sympathize with their desire to contribute to the general masculine effort."

"Perfectly true," acquiesced Karenin. "The only question that remains, I believe, is: are they capable of assuming these duties?"

"No doubt they will prove to be very capable, once education is made accessible to them," said Oblonsky. "We have seen—"

"What about the proverb?" said the old prince, who

had been listening to the conversation with a roguish sparkle in his eyes. "I'm not afraid to quote it in front of my daughters: 'Long hair and short wits'!"

"That is exactly what they thought of the Black people until they were emancipated!" said Pestsov testily.

"I find it odd that women should be anxious to take on new duties," said Koznishev, "when men, as we see to our sorrow, are only too anvious to avoid them."

"Duties are connected with rights: power, money, honour. That is what the women are after," said Pestsov.

"It's just as if I sought the right to be a wet-nurse and was offended because they paid the women for it and refused to hire me," said the old prince.

Turovtsin burst into loud laughter and Koznishev was sorry it was not he who had thought of this witticism. Even Karenin smiled.

"Yes, but a man cannot be a wet-nurse whereas a woman—" said Pestsov.

"Oh, can't he? There was that Englishman who suckled his own child on board ship," said the old prince, who allowed himself a little license in the presence of his daughters.

"Well, there will be just as many woman clerks as there are Englishmen of that sort," Koznishev came out with.

"But what, pray, is a girl to do who has no family?" asked Oblonsky, who had been thinking of Chibisova all this time and for that reason sympathized and supported Pestsov.

"If you look into the case of such a girl you're sure to find she has abandoned her family—or her sister's family—where she might have found a woman's occupation," put in Dolly unexpectedly and with asperity, no doubt guessing who her husband had in mind.

"But we stand for the principle, the ideal!" protested Pestsov in his resounding bass. "A woman wants the right to be independent, to receive an education. She is crushed and afflicted by the knowledge that these things are not for her."

"And I'm crushed and afflicted that they won't hire me as a wet-nurse in an orphanage," said the old prince,

to the boundless delight of Turovtsin, who laughed so hard that he dropped the thick end of his asparagus into the sauce.

11

Everyone took part in the discussion but Kitty and Levin. At the beginning, when they were speaking about the influence exercised by one nationality upon another, it occurred to Levin that he had something to say in that connection; but his ideas, once so important to him, faded in his mind like a dream and did not interest him in the least. He even marvelled that these people should be so anxious to express themselves on a matter for which nobody really gave a pin. One might have thought Kitty would have been interested in what was said about the rights and education of women. How much consideration had she given to this subject when thinking about her friend Varenka and her hateful position of dependence, and how many times had she thought that her own position would be the same if she did not marry, and how many times had she argued with her sister about just this! But now it was as nothing to her. She and Levin were holding their own discussion, or, rather, secret communion, which brought them closer with every moment and stirred in each of them a sense of joyous dread of the unknown upon which they were embarking.

At first Levin replied to Kitty's question as to how he could have seen her in the coach by describing how he had been coming from the hay-making when he met her on the high-road.

"It was very early in the morning. You probably had just waked up. Your maman was still sleeping in the corner. The morning was perfect. As I walked along I wondered whose coach-and-four it could be. Splendid horses with bells on them. They trotted past and there in the window what did I see?—you, holding the ribbons of your cap in both hands, deeply immersed in thought," he said, smiling. "How I should like to know what you were thinking about then! Something important?"

I wonder if my hair was rumpled, she thought, but the

sight of the rapturous smile induced by his recollection told her she had made a favourable impression. She blushed and smiled happily.

"I really don't remember."

"How contagious Turovtsin's laugh is!" said Levin enjoying the sight of the man's wet eyes and heaving shoulders.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who doesn't know him!"

"I see you think him unpleasant."

"Not unpleasant, just a nobody."

"Oh, but you are mistaken! Put that thought out of your head this very minute!" said Kitty. "I, too, used to have a bad opinion of him, but actually he is a dear–as kind as can be. He has a heart of gold."

"How do you know what his heart is made of?"

"Oh, he and I are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter, soon after you were at our house," she said with a guilty yet confiding smile, "all of Dolly's children came down with scarlet fever. He dropped in to see her one day and can you believe it?–" she said, lowering her voice, "–he felt so sorry for her that he stayed and helped her take care of the children. He lived in their house for three whole weeks and looked after the children like a nurse... I'm telling Konstantin Dmitrich about Turovtsin and the scarlet fever," she said, leaning towards her sister.

"Oh, he's wonderful, a perfect darling!" said Dolly, looking and smiling timidly at Turovtsin, who sensed they were talking about him. Levin glanced at the man again and marvelled that he had not perceived his charms before.

"Sorry, beastly sorry; never again shall I think ill of anyone," he said gaily, honestly expressing what he now thought.

12

The discussion of the rights of women led to the ticklish topic of the inequality of conjugal rights, which could hardly be treated in the women's presence. Pestsov had

headed for it again and again in the course of the dinner but Koznishev and Oblonsky had adroitly steered him away.

When the company rose from the table and the ladies withdrew, Pestsov, instead of following them out, turned to Karenin and undertook to explain to him the main reason for this inequality. The inequality of husband and wife, in his opinion, sprang from the fact that infidelity on the part of the wife and infidelity on the part of the husband were punished unequally both by law and by public opinion.

Oblonsky hurriedly came up to Karenin and proposed that they should go for a smoke.

"I do not smoke," replied Karenin serenely and, as if deliberately showing that he was not intimidated by the topic under discussion, he turned to Pestsov with a chilly smile.

"It seems to me there is a sound basis for such a practice," he said, setting out for the drawing-room but suddenly intercepted by Turovtsin.

"Have you heard about Pryachnikov?" asked Turovtsin who, giddy with champagne, had long been awaiting an opportunity to break his silence. "I was told just today," he began, a good-natured smile curving his moist red lips as he addressed himself largely to the main guest, Karenin, "that Vasya Pryachnikov fought a duel with Kvitsky in the town of Tver and killed him."

Just as it seems that a person's sore thumb is the spot that gets all the bumps, so it seemed to Oblonsky that evening that the conversation was always turning to Karenin's sore spot. This time, too, he made an attempt to lead him away, but Karenin himself asked with curiosity:

"And why, pray, did Pryachnikov fight a duel?"

"Because of his wife. Challenged the man and shot him. And good for him, I say!"

"Ah," said Karenin casually as, with a lift of his eyebrows, he went out in the direction of the drawing-room.

"How glad I am you've come!" said Dolly with a frightened little smile on meeting him in a little sitting-room he had to pass through. "I want to speak to you.

Let's sit down here."

He sat down beside her and gave a false smile, his face retaining the expression of indifference conveyed by his lifted eyebrows.

"All the better," he said, "for I, too, wanted to speak to you, to excuse myself and take my leave. Tomorrow I am going away."

Dolly, convinced of Anna's innocence, felt that she was pale and trembling with wrath against this cold, heartless man who was so complacently plotting the ruin of her innocent friend.

"Alexei Alexandrovich," she said looking him straight in the face in desperation. "I asked you how Anna was and you did not answer me. How is she?"

"I believe she is well, Daria Alexandrovna," he replied without looking at her.

"Alexei Alexandrovich, forgive me, I have no right ... but I love and respect Anna like a sister; I beg, I implore you to tell me what has come between you. What fault do you find in her?"

Karenin grimaced and, almost shutting his eyes, dropped his head.

"I believe your husband has told you the reasons for my finding it necessary to change my former relations with Anna Arkadievna," he said, avoiding her eyes and scowling at Scherbatsky, who passed through the sitting-room at that moment.

"I don't believe it, I cannot believe it!" said Dolly, impulsively clasping her bony fingers. She got up quickly and put her hand on Karenin's sleeve. "We have no privacy here. Come with me."

Dolly's agitation affected Karenin. He got up and meekly followed her into the children's study-room. They sat down at a desk covered with oilcloth that had been slashed by penknives.

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" repeated Dolly, trying to catch the eyes that steadfastly evaded her.

"One cannot help believing facts, Daria Alexandrovna," he said, placing special emphasis on *facts*.

"But what has she done?" asked Dolly. "Precisely what?"

"She has spurned her duty and been unfaithful to her

husband. That is what she has done," he said.

"No, no, that is impossible! Surely, surely you are mistaken!" said Dolly, shutting her eyes and pressing her fingers against her temples.

Karenin smiled coldly with his lips alone, hoping to show her, and himself as well, the firmness of his conviction, but Dolly's vehement defence, even though it did not shake him, was like salt on his wound. Now he spoke with great animation:

"It is exceedingly difficult to be mistaken when your wife herself tells you such a thing. Announces that the eight years of your life together and your son—that all this has been a mistake and she wishes to begin life all over again," he said angrily, with little snorts.

"Anna and—evil; I cannot associate those two things; I simply cannot believe it."

"Daria Alexandrovna!" he said, now looking directly into Dolly's kind, agitated face and feeling that his tongue was being loosened despite himself. "What would I not give to be able to go on doubting? It was hard for me when I doubted, but easier than now. So long as I doubted there was hope; now there is no hope, and still I doubt everything. I doubt everything to such an extent that I doubt my son is my son, and I have come to hate him. I am utterly miserable."

There was no need for him to say this. Dolly could see it the moment he looked into her face, and she pitied him, and her belief in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful! But can it be true that you have decided to divorce her?"

"I have decided on the last possible measure. There is nothing else left to me."

"Nothing else, nothing else," she echoed with tears in her eyes. "Oh, but there must be!" she said.

"That is the dreadful thing about this sort of misfortune, that one cannot just bear one's grief as with other misfortunes—as with death, or the loss of a dear one—but one must take action," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "One must find a way out of the humiliating position in which one is placed. The three of us cannot live together."

"I understand, I understand very well," said Dolly, wering her head. She said nothing for awhile, thinking f herself, of her own troubles, but suddenly she lifted her ead and clasped her hands beseechingly: "Wait! You are Christian, are you not? Think of her! What will become f her if you cast her off?"

"I have thought of that, Daria Alexandrovna; I have ven it a great deal of thought," said Karenin. His face roke out in red blotches and his lustreless eyes were urned directly to her. By this time Dolly pitied him with ll her heart. "I thought of this as soon as she herself told ne of my disgrace. I allowed everything to go on as it ad been. I gave her a chance to reconsider her ways. I ried to save her. And what came of it? She did not omply with my simplest demand: that she observe the ropricties," he said, his anger growing. "One can save person who wants to be saved, but if a person is so corrupt, so depraved, that her very ruin is to her as salva- ion, what can be done?"

"Anything, anything but divorce!" said Dolly.

"What, pray, is this anything?"

"Oh, it is too awful. She will be nobody's wife, she will be ruined!"

"What can I do?" asked Karenin, with a lift of his eye- brows and shoulders. The recollection of his wife's latest offense galled him so that he again assumed the coldness he had shown at the beginning of their interview. "I am exceedingly grateful to you for your sympathy, and now I must go," he said, getting up.

"Not yet! Oh, you must not ruin her! Listen, let me tell you about myself. I got married and my husband was untrue to me; in jealousy and indignation I, too, wanted to throw everything over; I, too, wanted... But I was brought to my senses. And by whom? By Anna. She saved me. And I go on. The children are growing up, my husband has his family and feels in the wrong, is becoming better, purer ... and I go on... I forgave, and you must forgive."

Karenin listened, but this time her words had no effect on him. All the anger of that day when he had decided to get a divorce welled up again in his soul. He straightened his shoulders and said in a loud shrill voice:

"Forgive her I cannot and will not, I consider such a thing unjust. I have done everything for that woman and she has sullied everything with the filth she revels in. I am not a vicious man, I have never hated anyone, but I hate her with every fibre of my being and I cannot forgive her because I hate her too much for all the wrong she has done me!" he declared in a voice choking with rage.

"Love those that hate you," murmured Dolly shamefacedly.

Karenin gave a contemptuous snort. He knew that well enough but it could not be applied to his case.

"Love those that hate you, perhaps, but no man can love those that he hates. Pray forgive me for upsetting you. Everyone has enough cares of his own." In perfect control of himself now, Karenin said goodbye and went out.

13

When everyone rose from the table Levin would have gone with Kitty into the drawing-room, but he feared she would disapprove of his making a show of his attentions. He stayed in the group of men and took part in their discussion, but all the time he was conscious of her presence, her movements, her glances, even though he did not look at her.

Without the slightest effort he was fulfilling the promise he had given her to think evil of no one and to love everyone. Conversation centred on the Russian peasant communes in which Pestsov saw the beginning of new social forms; he called it the "choral beginning". Levin agreed neither with Pestsov nor with his brother, who, in his usual way, both did recognize and did not recognize the significance of the Russian peasant communes. Levin did, however, take part in the conversation to the extent of trying to soften their differences and placate them. He was not at all interested in what he himself said and even less interested in what they said; he wanted only one thing—that they should be happy and content. He knew now that only one thing was of any importance. This one thing had been in the drawing-room and had now come

to the doorway and stopped there. Without turning round he felt a glance and a smile resting upon him. He turned round. She was standing in the doorway with Scherbatsky, looking at him.

"I supposed you were going to the piano," he said, coming up to her. "That is a thing I miss badly in the country—music."

"No, we came here to call you away. Thank you for coming," she said, rewarding him with a smile. "What's the sense in all this arguing? Nobody ever convinces anyone else."

"True enough," said Levin. "We argue so hotly most of the time just because we don't understand what our opponent is trying to say."

Levin had long since learned from listening to disputes between extremely clever men, that after exerting enormous effort and producing an enormous number of the most subtle and logical arguments, the disputants became aware at last that what they had been trying to prove to each other had been known to both for a long time, ever since the argument began, but their tastes were different; they liked different things and were afraid to state what they liked for fear their preferences would be challenged. There had been numerous occasions when, in the course of an argument, he had caught a glimpse of what his opponent liked and he had come to like it too and so he had instantly agreed with his opponent and there was no longer any need for arguing; and sometimes he had experienced the same thing the other way round: that is, he had come out with what he liked, with what he had been inventing arguments to defend, and, if he had been able to express himself clearly and convincingly, his opponent had suddenly agreed with him and stopped arguing. That was what he wanted to say to Kitty. She wrinkled her forehead in the effort to understand him, but as soon as he began to elucidate, she understood.

"I see, you must first find out what your opponent is defending, what he likes, and then...."

She had perfectly grasped and simply expressed his ill-expressed thought. He smiled delightedly, such a relief was the change from the muddled verbosity of Pestsov and Koznishev to the clear, logical statement of a complex

thought in a minimum of words.

Scherbatsky left them and Kitty went over to a card table that had just been set up; she sat down, picked up a piece of chalk and began drawing concentric circles on the green baize covering.

They returned to the discussion of women's rights begun at the dinner-table. Levin agreed with Dolly's assertion that a girl who did not marry could find herself a woman's occupation within some family. He argued that there was not a single family that did not need assistance, that every family, rich or poor, needed a nursemaid, whether hired or a member of the family.

"You are wrong," said Kitty, blushing, but fixing her candid eyes on him bravely. "A girl can be placed in such a position that she cannot without humiliation enter a family, and yet she—"

He understood at once.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, yes, you are right, you are right!"

He now understood all that Pestsov had tried to prove at the dinner-table as to the rights of women, because he saw how terribly afraid Kitty was of remaining a spinster and being humiliated, and since he loved her he shared her fear and humiliation immediately surrendered his position.

A short silence followed. She kept drawing with the chalk. A quiet light glowed in her eyes. Sensitive to her mood, he felt his whole body grow tense with happiness.

"Dear me, I've marked up the whole table," she said. Putting down the chalk, she made as if to get up.

Is she going to leave me here alone? thought Levin in panic, picking up the chalk. "Wait," he said, sitting down at the table. "I've long been wanting to ask you something."

He looked directly into her gentle but frightened eyes.

"Ask me, then."

"Here," and he wrote down the first letters of a series of words: w.y.s., i.c.b, w.t.f.? The letters stood for *When you said: "It cannot be," was that final?* There was slight chance that she should guess such a complicated sentence, but his eyes bored into her as if his very life depended on her doing so.

She looked at him gravely, then rested her chin in her hand, wrinkled her brow, and began guessing what the letters stood for. From time to time she glanced at him as if to ask, "Is my guess right?"

"I have understood," she said, blushing.

"What is this word?" he asked, pointing to the "f" standing for *final*.

"Final," she said. "Oh, it was not!"

Quickly he rubbed out what was written, gave her the chalk and stood up. She wrote: i.c.n.h.a.o.t.

Dolly caught sight of these two at the card table, and the heavy heart she had brought away from her talk with Karenin grew lighter. Kitty was sitting with the chalk in her hand, looking up at Levin with a shy, happy smile; Levin's handsome figure was bent over the table, his burning eyes turned now on her, now on the letters. Suddenly his face grew radiant. He had guessed. The letters stood for: *I could not have answered otherwise then.*

He looked at her shyly, appealingly.

"Only then?"

"Yes," she replied with a smile.

"And now?" he asked.

"Here, read this. I shall write what I long for—with all my heart!" She wrote the letters: i.o.y.c.f.a.f.! They stood for: *If only you could forget and forgive!*

He snatched the chalk in tense, quivering fingers and, breaking a piece off, wrote the first letters of the following message: *I have nothing to forget and forgive! I have never ceased loving you!*

She smiled up at him tremulously.

"I have understood," she whispered.

He sat down and wrote a long phrase. She understood it and without stopping to ask him if her guess was correct, wrote an answer.

For some time he could not guess what she had written and kept glancing inquiringly into her eyes. His mind was dulled by happiness. Try as he might he could not guess the words, but the radiance of her beautiful eyes told him all he needed to know. He wrote three letters. Before he had finished she read them over his shoulder and completed the line and wrote the answer: Yes.

"Playing post office?" asked the old prince, who came

up at this moment. "Well, daughter, it's time we were leaving if you don't wish to be late for the theatre."

Levin got up and saw Kitty to the door.

Everything had been said. It had been said that she loved him and would tell her father and mother and he would call on them the following morning.

14

When Kitty went away and Levin remained alone, he felt so restless without her and so impatient for the next morning to come quickly, quickly, so that he could see her again and be united to her for good, that he was deathly afraid of the fourteen hours he would have to put in without her. It was imperative that he be with people and talk to them so as to cheat time. Oblonsky would have been the best companion for him, but he was leaving for another gathering, as he said, but actually for the ballet. Levin managed, however, to tell him that he was supremely happy and that he loved him and never, never would forget what he had done for him. The look and the smile Oblonsky gave him told Levin that his friend understood his feelings correctly.

"No longer thinking of dying?" asked Oblonsky as he shook Levin's hand in a particular way.

"Oh, no-o-o!" said Levin.

Dolly, too, said, as if congratulating him when he took his leave:

"How happy I am that you have met Kitty again! One must cherish old friendships!"

Levin did not like her words. His feelings were so lofty, so far above her comprehension, that he found it presumptuous for her to refer to them.

Levin said goodbye and joined his brother so as not to be alone.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"I'll go with you. May I?"

"Why not? Come along," said Koznishev with a smile. "What's happened to you?"

"To me? Happiness has happened to me," said Levin,

letting down the window of the carriage in which they were riding. "You don't mind?—it's so stuffy. Happiness! Why have you never married?"

Koznishev smiled.

"I'm very glad, she seems to be very charming—" he began.

"Not a word, not a word!" cried Levin, seizing Koznishev's fur collar in both hands and shutting his mouth with it. *She seems to be very charming*—were such ordinary, trite words, so inadequate to his feelings.

Koznishev laughed gaily, which was unusual with him.

"At least you might let me express my pleasure in the event."

"That you may do tomorrow and not a minute sooner! Not a word, not a word, complete silence!" said Levin and, burying his brother's mouth in his collar again, he added: "I'm so deucedly fond of you, old boy! May I come to your meeting?"

"Of course, you may."

"What are you discussing today?" Levin asked still smiling.

They arrived at the meeting. Levin listened to the secretary read out the order of the day stumblingly, evidently without understanding, but his face told Levin that he was a good, kind, well-meaning man; the very embarrassment his stumbling caused him was proof of it. Then the speeches began. The members argued about the allocation of a certain sum of money and the laying of some pipes, and Koznishev hurt the feelings of two of the members and spoke very long and quite truimphantly about something or other, and then a member who had been jotting down notes began speaking shyly but warmed up and answered Koznishev very bitingly and aptly. Then Sviazhsky (he, too, was present) said something in a fine, elevated tone, and Levin listened to them and could clearly see that these allocated sums and these pipes meant nothing at all and the members were not really angry with one another but were all good kind men who were just carrying on their business very nicely, very pleasantly. They harmed no one and they themselves were enjoying it. The most remarkable thing for Levin was that today he could penetrate to the inner essence of all of them; could, by means of little signs

he had never noticed before, read their very hearts, and he saw that all of them were good kind men. And they were all particularly drawn to Levin, as he could tell by the way they spoke to him and the gentle, affectionate way they looked at him, even men he had never met before.

"Well, are you pleased?" Koznishev asked him.

"Exceedingly. I never imagined it could be so interesting! Splendid! Delightful!"

Sviazhsky came up to Levin and invited him to come home with him for tea. Try as he might, Levin could not remember what it was he had disliked in Sviazhsky and what he had looked for in him. He was such a clever man and so wonderfully kind.

"With pleasue," he replied and made inquiries as to his wife and sister-in-law. And by a strange association of ideas, Sviazhsky's sister-in-law being connected in Levin's mind with marriage, he supposed they would be just the persons to tell about his extraordinary happiness. And so he was glad to go and have tea with them.

Sviazhsky asked him how his affairs in the country were getting on, as convinced as ever that Levin could find no methods that had not already been found in Europe; but today this did not annoy Levin. On the contrary, he felt that Sviazhsky was right and that these affairs were of no consequence and that Sviazhsky showed great tact and delicacy in not pressing his point. Sviazhsky's ladies had never been more charming. Levin fancied that they knew everything and rejoiced for him but were too diffident to speak of it. He sat with them an hour, two hours, three, discussing all sorts of things but conscious of only the one thing that filled his soul, and he did not notice that they became weary of him and longed to go to bed. Sviazhsky saw him out into the hall, unable to suppress his yawns or to understand what had got into his friend. It was going on for two o'clock in the morning by this time. When Levin returned to his hotel he was terrified by the prospect of having to spend ten whole hours alone with his impatience. The footman on night duty lighted a candle for him and would have gone out if Levin had not stopped him. This footman, Egor by name, had never before recommended himself to Levin's attention, but tonight Levin

saw that he was a good, bright fellow and, above all, very kind.

"Hard not to sleep all night, eh, Egor?"

"Can't be helped, sir. Easier working for a family but we gets more tips here."

It turned out that Egor had three sons and a daughter who was a seamstress and whom Egor wanted to give in marriage to an assistant in a harness shop.

Levin took advantage of this opportunity of expounding to Egor his idea that the main thing in marriage was love and that if the couple loved each other they were sure to be happy because happiness was within you.

Egor listened to him attentively and seemed to understand him perfectly, in confirmation of which he said, to Levin's surprise, that whenever he served good masters he was satisfied with them and he was quite satisfied with his present master even though he was a Frenchman.

A remarkably good-natured fellow, thought Levin.

"And what about you, Egor—did you love your wife when you married her?"

"How else, sir?" replied Egor.

Levin could see that Egor, too, was feeling elated and was about to confide all his finer feelings to him.

"It's a wonderful life I've lived. Ever since I was but a little shaver..." he began with shining eyes, catching Levin's mood as one catches the yawns.

Just then a bell was rung; Egor went out and Levin was left alone. He had eaten almost nothing for dinner and had refused tea and supper at the Sviazhskys, and still he could not bear the thought of food. He had not slept the preceding night, but he could not bear the thought of sleep. It was chilly in the room but he felt hot. He opened the top pane of the window and sat down opposite it. Above the snow-covered roofs rose a fancy wrought-iron cross festooned with little chains, and above the cross the ascending three-cornered constellation of Auriga with the brilliant yellow star Capella. His eyes roamed between the cross and the star as he sat there taking in deep breaths of the fresh cold air drifting through the window, allowing memories and images to drift in like manner through his mind. Some time after three he heard steps in the corridor and opened the door to see who it was. It

was Myaskin, a gambler he knew, returning from his club. He looked unhappy, scowling and coughing. "Poor fellow," thought Levin, his eyes filling with tears of love and compassion for this man. He would have gone out and spoken words of comfort to him, but remembering that he was in his night-shirt, he went back and sat under the open window again to bathe in the cold air and gaze at the design of that silent cross that held such meaning for him, and at the ascending yellow star. When it was going on for seven o'clock the floor-polishers began their work, church-bells began ringing, and Levin began to feel the cold. He shut the window, washed, dressed, and went outdoors.

15

The streets were still empty. Levin went to the Scherbatsky house. The entrance doors were closed and the whole house seemed asleep. He went back to the hotel, entered his room and ordered coffee. The day footman, not Egor, brought it to him. Levin wanted to talk to the man but a service bell summoned him and he went out. Levin tried to drink the coffee and take a bite of the bun, but his mouth refused to accept food. He spit it out, put on his coat and went out again. It was after nine when he came for the second time to the Scherbatsky house. Its occupants seemed to be getting up, the cook came out to go shopping. Levin had to live through another two hours.

All that night and morning Levin was completely unconscious of himself and felt completely detached from the material world. He had eaten nothing all day, had not slept for two nights and had spent several hours undressed in the cold, yet not only did he feel more healthy and vigorous than ever before but he enjoyed the sense of being wholely independent of his body. He moved without straining his muscles and was under the impression there was nothing he could not do. He did not doubt but that, were it necessary, he could fly up into the air or move a house. He spent the remaining time walking the streets, continually glancing at his watch and looking about him.

What he saw that moring he would never see thereafter. He was especially touched by the sight of children running to school and some grey pigeons that flew off the roof down to the pavement, and some fresh-baked buns sprinkled with flour that an unseen hand thrust out on a window-sill to cool. These buns, these pigeons, and these schoolchildren were not of this world. Everything happened simultaneously, at one and the same instant: one of the schoolboys ran over to a pigeon and looked back to smile at Levin, the pigeon fluttered its wings and flew up into the air, gleaming in the sun among sparkling snow-dust, and from the window out of which the buns were thrust poured the delectable aroma of freshly baked bread. All of this taken together was so extraordinarily good that Levin wanted to laugh and cry with joy. He took the long way round, through Gazetny Lane and Kislovka, and even so found himself back at the hotel all too soon. He sat down with his watch in front of him to wait until twelve o'clock. In the adjoining room they were talking about machines and a fraud of some sort and coughing their morning coughs. It meant nothing to them that the hands of the clock were approaching twelve. The hands reached twelve. Levin went out. The cabbies obviously knew everything. They surrounded him with happy faces, quarrelling with one another for the privilege of driving him. He chose one, trying not to offend the others, assuring each that he would ride with him another time and asking the chosen one to take him to the Scherbatskys'. The driver looked splendid with the white collar of his blouse encircling his thick red neck above his sheepskin. His was a high graceful sleigh, more beautiful than any Levin would ever ride in again, and the horse, too, was beautiful and did its best to run but somehow seemed not to move at all. The driver knew the Scherbatskys' house and when he drew up in front of the entrance he rounded out his arms in a way showing particular deference for his passenger as he called out "Whoa-a-a!" The Scherbatskys' hall porter knew everything, too. This was evident from his smiling eyes and the way he said:

"It's a long time since we last saw you, Konstantin Dmitrich!"

Not only did he know everything but he seemed to be

overjoyed and to find difficulty in containing his joy. Indeed, a look into the kindly eyes of the old man gave Levin a deeper understanding of his own happiness.

"Family up?"

"Yes indeed, sir," adding with a smile when he saw that Levin intended taking his hat with him, "you had better leave it here."

That was a meaningful detail.

"Whom shall I tell you've come?" asked the footman.

The footman, though young and of the new type, a dandy, was kind and good-natured and, like everyone else, knew everything.

"The princess ... the prince ... the young princess..." said Levin.

The first person he saw was Mademoiselle Linon. She was passing through the drawing-room with shining face and shining ringlets. Scarcely had he exchanged a word with her when a rustle of skirts was heard on the other side of the door and Levin no longer saw Mademoiselle Linon, so engulfed was he by the dread joy of his approaching happiness. Mademoiselle Linon left him hurriedly and went out through another door. As soon as she was gone quick little steps came pattering over the parquet floor and his happiness, his life, he himself—something better than himself, that which he had sought for and yearned for all this time—came quickly, quickly, towards him. Not walking—no, she was swept towards him by some invisible force.

He saw nothing but her clear, candid eyes, frightened by that same overpowering joy of love that filled his own heart. The shine of her eyes came closer and closer, blinding him with love's radiance. She came to a halt so close that she touched him. Her arms rose and settled on his shoulders.

She had done all that she could do: she had run to him and given herself to him, shyly and joyfully. He embraced her and pressed his lips to the mouth that was seeking his kiss.

She, too, had not slept all night and had waited for him all morning. Her mother and father had gladly given their consent and were happy in her happiness. She had been waiting for him. She wanted to be the first to see him

and tell him of his happiness and hers. She had made herself ready to meet him alone and rejoiced in the anticipation of it and was shy and ashamed and did not know how she would behave. She heard his steps and his voice and had waited at the door until Mademoiselle Linon should go. Mademoiselle Linon went. Without thinking, without asking herself how and when, she ran to him and did what she did.

"Come to mamma," she said, taking his hand. For a long time he was unable to utter a word, not so much because he feared that words would desecrate the loftiness of his feelings as because every time he tried to say something tears of happiness choked the words. He took her hand and kissed it.

"Can it really be true?" he said at last huskily. "I cannot believe that you love me."

The humbleness with which he looked at her made her smile.

"I do," she said slowly and with deep meaning. "I am so happy!"

Without letting go of his hand she led him into the drawing-room. When the princess saw them her breath came in quick gasps and she instantly began crying and then laughing and rushed over to them with an energy Levin had not suspected she possessed, and she seized Levin's head in her hands and kissed him and wet his cheeks with her tears.

"So all is settled! I am glad. Love her. I am glad. Oh, Kitty!"

"Didn't take you long!" said the old prince, trying to be nonchalant, but Levin observed that his eyes were moist. "I have wanted this for a long time—I have always wanted it," he said, taking Levin's hand and drawing him towards him. "Even that time when this little flibbertigibbet took it into her head—"

"Papa!" cried Kitty, covering his mouth with her hand.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I am glad, very, very glad... Bah! what a nincompoop I am!"

He put his arms round Kitty, kissed her face, hands, face again, and made the sign of the cross over her.

On seeing how tenderly Kitty kissed his plump hand

again and again, Levin felt an uprush of feeling for him, this old prince who used to be just an acquaintance before.

16

The princess sat in an armchair smiling but not speaking. The prince sat down beside her. Kitty stood beside her father's chair still holding his hand. Nobody spoke.

The princess was the first to name things, to use words that converted their thoughts and feelings into practical problems. At first all of them found this strange and painful.

"When is it to take place? We must have the benediction and announcement. When will the wedding be? What do you think, Alexander?"

"He's the one to say," said the old prince, pointing to Levin. "He's the hero."

"When?" said Levin, blushing. "Tomorrow. If you ask my opinion I say: today the benediction, tomorrow the wedding."

"Come, *mon cher*, you are talking *nonsense!*"

"Well then, in a week's time."

"The man's mad!"

"Just think!" said the mother, smiling happily at his precipitation. "What about the trousseau?"

Is there to be a trousseau and all that? thought Levin in horror. But surely a trousseau and benediction and all that—surely none of these things can spoil my happiness. Nothing can spoil it! He glanced at Kitty and saw that the idea of a trousseau did not trouble her in the least. So it must be necessary, he thought.

"I don't understand these things, I only expressed my wish," he murmured apologetically.

"Then we shall make the decisions. We can have the benediction and announcement at once. That is clear."

The princess moved towards her husband, kissed him and was about to leave, but he held her, put his arms round her and kissed her, again and again, smiling like a young lover. The old people seemed to be confused, to be not quite sure whether it was they who were enjoying

young love all over again or their daughter. When the prince and princess went out Levin went to his betrothed and took her hand. He had himself under control now; he could speak now, and there was much he wanted to tell her. But he did not say what he wanted to say.

"I knew it would be like this. I never allowed myself to hope, but deep in my heart I was always sure of it," he said. "I believe it was foreordained."

"I too," she said. "Even then..." She paused a moment, then went on, deliberately turning her candid eyes directly upon him. "Even then when I repulsed my happiness. You are the only one I have ever loved, but for a time I was infatuated. I must confess that... Oh, can you ever forget it?"

"Perhaps it was all for the best. You have much to forgive me. I, too, must confess...."

This was one of the things he had resolved to tell her. He had resolved to tell her two things at the very beginning: that he was not chaste as she was, and that he was not a believer. It was hard for him, but he felt it incumbent upon him to tell her both of these things.

"No, not now. Later," he said.

"Just as you wish, but be sure to tell me. I am not afraid of anything. I must know everything. Now it is settled."

He completed the thought:

"It is settled that you will take me just as I am, nothing will make you reject me now, is that it?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

They were interrupted by Mademoiselle Linon, who came in with an affected but tender smile to congratulate her favourite pupil. Before she had gone out the servants came with their congratulations. Then came relatives, and Levin found himself plunged into a chaos of blissful activities from which he emerged only on the day after the wedding. Levin constantly felt awkward and uncomfortable, but his happiness only grew in intensity. A great many things of which he knew nothing were demanded of him, but he did whatever he was told, and the doing of it gave him pleasure. He had thought that his engagement would not be like ordinary engagements, that the formalities attending ordinary engagements would run counter to his

cern of hers if the state of his soul was called lack of faith. His other confession caused her bitter tears.

Not without an inner struggle did Levin give her his diaries. He knew that there ought not to be, indeed could not be, any secrets between him and her, and for that reason he wanted her to read them; but he had not reckoned with the impact it would make upon her, he had not put himself in her place. It was only when he went to the Scherbatskys before the theatre that evening and, on entering her room, found her dear face wet with tears expressing the inconsolable sorrow he had inflicted upon her, that he comprehended the terrible gulf separating his own shameful past from her dove-like purity. He was appalled by what he had done.

"Take these horrible books away! Here!" she said, pushing them across the table towards him. "Why did you give them to me? But no, it is better so," she added, moved by the despair in his face. "Even so, it is awful, awful!"

He dropped his head and said nothing. There was nothing to say.

"Can you forgive me?" he whispered.

"I have forgiven you, but it is awful!"

His happiness, however, was so great that even this could not spoil it; it only conferred upon it a new shade of meaning. She forgave him, and from that moment he was even more convinced of his unworthiness to be her husband, he bowed even lower before her moral ascendancy and he appreciated his undeserved happiness even more than before.

17

As Karenin rode back to his solitary room in the hotel he kept going over in his mind the conversations he had taken part in during and after dinner. Dolly's words about forgiveness only vexed him. Whether the Christian precept ought to be applied to his case or not was too serious a question to be treated lightly, and it was, moreover, a question Karenin had long since decided in the negative. Of all that had been said, the words spoken by foolish good-natured Turovtsin had sunk deepest into his mind:

Challenged the man and shot him! Good for him! It was clear that everyone sympathized with this point of view but they were too tactful to say so.

But the matter is settled, there is no point in thinking of it any more, he said to himself. By the time he reached his room he had driven all thoughts out of his mind but those pertaining to his coming journey and its purpose. When he asked for his manservant, the porter, who had seen him to his room, said he had only just gone out. Karenin ordered tea, sat down at the table, picked up a traveller's guide-book and began studying the route of his journey.

"Two telegrams," said his servant as he came into the room. "Forgive me, Your Excellency, I only left for a moment."

Karenin took the telegrams and unsealed them. The first one announced the appointment of Stremov to a post Karenin himself had hoped to be given. He threw down the telegram and, reddening, got up and began pacing the floor. *"Quos vult perdere dementat,"* he said, meaning by *quos* the persons responsible for the appointment. He was not so much piqued by having been passed over as he was surprised and perplexed by their not understanding that no one was less capable of fulfilling the post than that clown, that phrase-monger, Stremov. How could they fail to see that they had ruined themselves and their prestige by making such an appointment?

Something else of the same sort, he thought bitterly as he unfolded the second telegram. It was from his wife. The first thing that struck his eye was her signature, *Anna*, in blue pencil. "I am dying. I beg, I implore you to come. I will die easier with your forgiveness," he read. He smiled contemptuously and tossed the paper away. In that first minute there was no doubt in his mind but that this was a ruse, a sly trick.

There is no deceit to which she would not stoop. She is going to have a child. Perhaps this is her confinement. But what can be her purpose? To make the child legitimate, to compromise me and prevent my getting a divorce, he thought. But what does she say?—"I am dying." He read the telegram a second time. Suddenly he was struck by the direct meaning of the words. And what if it is true?

he asked himself. What if the agony and closeness of death have made her really repent and I, thinking it a trick, refuse to go to her? A cruel thing and one for which others will blame me; and foolish besides.

"Pyotr, call a cab. I am going to Petersburg," he said to his servant.

Karenin decided to go to St. Petersburg and see his wife. If her illness turned out to be fraudulent he would say nothing and go away. If she were really ill, fatally ill, and wanted to see him before she died, he would forgive her if he did not arrive too late, and he would give her proper burial if he were too late.

Throughout the journey he thought no more of what he would do.

In the early haze of a Petersburg morning Karenin rode along the empty Nevsky Prospekt, tired and feeling unclean from the night spent in a railway carriage, gazing directly ahead, forbidding himself thoughts of what awaited him. He dared not think of it because whenever he did he was haunted by the realization that her death would resolve all the difficulties of his position. The bakers' boys, the closed shops, the yard porters sweeping the pavements—all these things flashed past and he watched them in the effort to stifle thoughts of what awaited him and of what he dared not desire but actually did desire. He rode up to the entrance. A cab and a carriage with a sleeping coachman on the box were standing there. As he made for the door Karenin drew his decision out of a far corner of his mind, as it were, and fitted it in place: If it is a trick—calm contempt and a quick departure; if it is true—careful observance of the proprieties.

The porter Kapitonich opened to him before he had a chance to ring. He presented an unwonted appearance in house slippers and an old coat without a tie.

"How is your mistress?"

"The baby was born yesterday, praise the Lord."

Karenin stopped and grew pale. Only now did he appreciate how much he desired her death.

"And how is she?"

At this point Kornei came running down the stairs in his morning apron.

"Very poorly, sir," he replied. "Yesterday the doctors held a consultation and a doctor is with her now."

"Bring my luggage," said Karenin as, with the relief of knowing there was still a chance of her dying, he entered the hall.

A military overcoat was hanging on the rack. Karenin noticed it and asked:

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the midwife, and Count Vronsky, sir."

Karenin went into the inner rooms.

He found no one in the drawing-room. At the sound of his steps the midwife in a cap with lavender ribbons came out of his wife's boudoir.

She approached Karenin and, with the familiarity permitted by the proximity of death, took his arm and led him in the direction of the bedroom.

"Thank God you've come! She keeps asking for you," she said.

"Give me the ice! Quick!" came the doctor's voice from the sick room.

Karenin went into his wife's boudoir. Beside her writing-table he found Vronsky sitting sidewise on a low chair, his face in his hands, weeping. The doctor's voice caused him to drop his hands and spring to his legs; instantly he saw Karenin. He was so put out that he sank down on the chair again with his head drawn between his shoulders as if he wished to become invisible. But he pulled himself together, stood up and said:

"She is dying. The doctor has said there is no hope. I am entirely at your mercy, but I pray you to allow me to remain here ... however, it shall be as you wish ... I..."

Vronsky's tears agitated Karenin as the sight of another's suffering always agitated him. He turned his face away and went quickly to the bedroom door without hearing Vronsky out. Anna's voice came from within. It was a bright, cheerful voice with very precise intonation. Karenin entered and went over to her bed. She was lying with her face towards him. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes brilliant, her small white hands, framed by the cuffs of her gown, were tugging at a corner of the blanket. She appeared to be not only well and strong but in the best of spirits. She was speaking quickly, loudly, and with un-

naturally correct and emotional articulation.

"Because Alexei—I mean my husband (what a strange and awful coincidence that they should both be called Alexei, is it not?)—Alexei would not refuse me. I would forget and he would forgive.... But why does he not come? He is so good—he himself does not know how good he is! Oh God, oh God! What agony! Water! Quick! Oh, dear, I mustn't, it is bad for my baby. Very well. Give her to the wet-nurse. It is better so. He will come and it will pain him to see her. Give her to the wet-nurse."

"Anna Arkadievna, he has come. Here he is," said the midwife, trying to draw her attention to Karenin.

"What nonsense!" went on Anna, not seeing her husband. "Give her to me, of course! To me! He hasn't come yet. You don't know him, that's why you say he will not forgive me. Nobody appreciates him. I am the only one, and goodness knows it has been hard enough for me. His eyes! Oh, if you only knew his eyes!—and Sergei's eyes are the same and that's why I cannot bear to look at them. Has Sergei been given his dinner? Oh, you will all neglect him, I know! He wouldn't neglect him. Sergei must be moved into the corner room and Mariette must be asked to sleep with him."

Suddenly she broke off, shrank and lifted her hands to her face in fright as if warding off a blow. She had seen her husband.

"But no," she said. "I'm not afraid of him, I'm afraid of death! Alexei, come here. I must hurry, I have no time, I've not long to live, the fever will begin again and then I shall not understand. I understand now, I understand everything, I see everything!"

A look of intense suffering came to Karenin's lined face. He took her hand and tried to say something but not a word would come; his lower lip was quivering but he struggled with his feeling, rarely allowing himself to look at her. Whenever he did, he found her eyes fixed on him with a look of ecstatic tenderness such as he had never seen in them before.

"Wait, you don't know yet... Wait, wait..." She stopped as if trying to collect her thoughts. "Ah, yes," she began. "Yes, yes. This is what I wanted to say. Don't be astonished—I have not changed. But another person has taken

possession of me and I am afraid of her. She fell in love with that other man and I tried to hate you and could not forget the person I once was. That other is not me. Now I am myself, all myself. I am dying; I know I am dying—ask him. I feel them already, these weights on my arms... legs ... fingers. Just look at my fingers—so big! But it will soon be over. I only want one thing: forgive me, forgive me completely! I am a wretched creature, but nurse says that that saint—what was her name?—that she was even worse. I will go to Rome, there's a desert there, and then I won't be in the way, I will only take Sergei and the little one with me.... No, you cannot forgive me, I know, such a thing cannot be forgiven. Ah, go away, go away, you are too good." With one burning hand she clung to him, with the other she pushed him away.

Karenin's agitation increased to such an extent that he gave up the struggle with it; suddenly it dawned upon him that what he had considered a spiritual malady was, on the contrary, a blissful state of the soul bringing him happiness such as he had never known before. It did not occur to him that the Christian precepts he had tried to follow all his life bade him love and forgive his enemies, but his soul was filled with the joy of loving and forgiving his enemies. He knelt beside the bed with his head on the crook of her burning arm and sobbed like a child. She took his head with its thinning hair in her hands and drew herself towards him and raised her eyes with a look of challenging pride:

"See? Oh, I knew he was like this! And now farewell, farewell to all!.. They're back again; why don't they go away?.. Oh, do take off these furs!"

The doctor gently loosened her hands and laid her back on the pillow, pulling the covers up over her shoulders. She lay submissively, gazing into space with shining eyes.

"Remember one thing: the only thing I wanted was forgiveness, nothing else... Why doesn't *he* come?" she said, turning to Vronsky, who was standing at the door. "Come here, come here! Give him you hand."

Vronsky came to the foot of the bed and on seeing her, covered his face with his hands again.

"Take your hands away and look at him. He's a saint!" she said. "Take your hands away, I tell you," she said

impatiently; then, to her husband: "Alexei, take his hands away. I want to see his face."

Karenin drew Vronsky's hands away from his face, which was horribly distorted by shame and suffering.

"Now give him your hand. Forgive him."

Karenin gave him his hand, making no effort to restrain the tears that streamed from his eyes.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said. "Now I am ready. I will just stretch my legs a little ... like this ... ah, that's nice. In what bad taste those flowers are! Not like violets in the least!" she said, looking at the wall-paper. "Oh, God, oh, God! When will it stop? Morphine! Doctor! Give me morphine! Oh, my God! My God!"

And she began tossing on the bed.

The doctor—all the doctors— said it was puerperal fever with only one chance in a hundred of recovery. All day long she had a high temperature and was either delirious or unconscious. By midnight she was in a coma and her pulse could hardly be felt.

The end was expected any moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back in the morning and Karenin, who happened to meet him in the hall, said: "You had better stay. She may ask for you," and he himself led Vronsky to her boudoir. In the morning she was again in a state of excitement, talking quickly and disconnectedly, and again it ended in unconsciousness. The third day was a repetition of the same thing and the doctor said there was hope. On that day Karenin went into the room where Vronsky was sitting, closed the door and sat down opposite him.

"Alexei Alexandrovich," said Vronsky, aware that the moment had come for explanations, "I cannot speak, I cannot think. Take pity on me! Hard as it is for you, believe me when I say it is much harder for me."

He made an attempt to get up, but Karenin took his hand and said:

"I beg you to listen to me, I must speak to you. I must explain to you my feelings, those which guided me before and will guide me in future. I want there to be no misconception in your mind as to me. As you know, I decided on

a divorce and had even begun proceedings. I shall not conceal from you that I hesitated to do this, I was torn by doubts; and I also confess that I was spurred on by a longing to take revenge on you and on her. When I got her telegram and came here, my heart was unchanged; I will say more: I wanted her to die. But..." he paused, considering whether he ought to reveal his feelings or not. "But I saw her and forgave her. And the joy of forgiveness showed me what I ought to do. I have forgiven completely. I wish to turn the other cheek, I wish to give my cloak when my coat has been taken and my one prayer is that God may not deprive me of this joy of forgiveness." Tears welled in his eyes and Vronsky was struck by the brightness and the serenity of his gaze. "That is how I stand," he went on. "You may trample me in the dust, make me a laughing-stock for all to behold, but I shall not desert her and not a word of rebuke will you ever hear from me. My duty has been made clear: I must be with her and I will be with her. If she wishes to see you, I will let you know, but now I believe it would be better for you to go."

He stood up, his words cut off by the sobs racking his body. Vronsky got up too and looked at him, unable to square his shoulders, unable to stand erect. Karenin's feelings were incomprehensible to him, yet he recognized in them something lofty, something inaccessible to him with his outlook.

18

After his conversation with Karenin, Vronsky went out of the house and stopped on the front steps, making an effort to remember where he was and where he must go. He felt ashamed, humiliated, guilty, and with no means of washing away his humiliation. He felt he had been rudely jolted out of the rut he had followed so proudly and lightheartedly till then. All the rules and habits of his life that had seemed so dependable suddenly turned out to be false and unsuitable. The deceived husband, whom he had always regarded as a pitiable figure accidentally and rather comically standing in the way of his happiness, had sud-

denly been summoned by Anna herself and elevated to an awe-inspiring height, and at such a height this husband appeared neither bad nor false nor ridiculous, but good and simple and great. Vronsky could not help feeling this. Unexpectedly their roles were reversed. Vronsky was aware of Karenin's loftiness and his own baseness, of Karenin's rightness and his own wrongness. He recognized the husband's magnanimity in his grief, and his own shabbiness and pettiness in the deceit he had practised. But the recognition of his shabbiness towards a man he had unjustly despised made up but a small part of what he was then suffering. He was made unutterably miserable by the knowledge that now, when he had lost Anna forever, his passion for her, which he believed to have abated of late, flared up stronger than ever. He had caught a glimpse of her in her entirety during her illness, had seen into her very soul, and he felt that never had he loved her until then. Now, when he had got to know her completely, when he had come to love her as she deserved to be loved, he had been humiliated in her sight and had lost her forever, leaving in her mind but a shameful memory of him. Most dreadful of all was the absurd and shameful figure he had cut when Karenin had drawn his hands away from his burning face. Like a lost soul he stood on the steps of Karenin's house, not knowing where to turn.

"Call a cab, sir?" asked the porter.

"Ah, yes. A cab."

When he reached home Vronsky, who had not slept for three nights, threw himself face-down on a sofa without undressing, his head on his arm. His head was like lead. Strange dreams, memories and thoughts chased themselves through his mind with extraordinary speed and vividness. Now he saw himself spilling medicine he was pouring out into a spoon for the patient, now he saw the midwife's white hands, now the grotesque picture Karenin made kneeling on the floor beside the bed.

To sleep! To forget! he said to himself with the calm conviction of a healthy man that if he is tired and wants to sleep he will go to sleep. And true enough, at that same moment his mind became hazy and he began the plunge into forgetfulness. Just when the waves of unconsciousness were closing over his head a powerful jerk as from an

electric shock sent his body bouncing on the spings and made him leap to his knees in fright, propping himself up on his arms. His eyes were wide open, as if he had never closed them. Gone was the heaviness of his head and the languor of his limbs.

"You may trample me in the dust," he heard Karenin saying, and he saw him sitting in front of him, and he saw Anna with burning cheeks and brilliant eyes looking not at him but at Karenin, and he saw himself looking, as he supposed, so foolish and absurd when Karenin pulled his hands away from his face. He lay down again and stretched his legs and closed his eyes.

To sleep! To sleep! he repeated to himself. But with his eyes closed he saw Anna's face as it had been on that memorable night before the races.

That is gone never to return, and she wishes to blot it out of her memory. But I cannot live without it. How are we to be reconciled, how are we to be reconciled? he asked himself out loud, unconsciously repeating the words over and over. The reiteration of the words held off the multitude of images and recollections crowding into his mind. But not for long did it curb his imagination. Once more and with extraordinary swiftness his happiest moments with Anna appeared to him, one after another, and along with them—his recent humiliation. "Take your hands away," came Anna's voice. He took his hands away and was conscious of the foolish and shamed look on his face.

He went on lying there trying to fall asleep even though he knew there was no chance of his doing so; he kept whispering to himself chance words relating to passing thoughts hoping in this way to prevent the emergence of new visions in his mind. He listened—and heard words being repeated in a strange, mad whisper: "I couldn't appreciate it, couldn't enjoy it; couldn't appreciate it, couldn't enjoy it."

What's this? Am I going mad? he asked himself. Quite possible, he answered. What makes people go mad? What makes them shoot themselves? He opened his eyes and to his surprise saw beside him a cushion that had been embroidered by Varya, his brother's wife. He fingered the tassels of the cushion and tried to recall Varya, tried to recall the last time he had seen her. But his mind refused

to be distracted. I must sleep! he said, pulling the cushion towards him and pressing his head into it, but it was all he could do to keep his eyes shut. He sprang up and sat on the edge of the sofa. That is all over, he said to himself. I must think of what I am to do now. What is left? His thoughts quickly reviewed his life apart from his love for Anna.

Ambition? Serpukhovsky? Society? The court? On none of these things could he centre his attention. All of them had had meaning before; now they had none. He got up, took off his coat, unbuckled his belt, bared his hairy chest so as to breathe more freely, and began pacing the floor. "This is how people go mad," he said. "And how they shoot themselves—to escape their shame," he added slowly.

He went to the door and shut it; then with fixed gaze and clenched teeth he went to the desk, took out his revolver, looked at it, cocked it, and fell to thinking. He stood there for a few minutes with the revolver in his hands, head bent, an expression of intense concentration on his face. Of course, he said to himself, as if a logical, prolonged and lucid train of thought had brought him to an indubitable conclusion. As a matter of fact this *of course*, which he found so convincing, was merely the result of his again repeating the circle of memories and imaginings that had passed through his mind at least ten times in the last hour. The same remembrances of a happiness lost to him forever, the same contemplation of the meaninglessness of everything life could now offer him, the same awareness of his humiliation—all these imaginings and emotions in exactly the same sequence.

Of course, he repeated. As his thoughts again set out upon the vicious circle of memories and imaginings, he thrust the muzzle of the revolver against the left side of his breast and pulled the trigger by shutting his hand convulsively, like making a fist. He did not hear the report but a blow in the chest almost knocked him down. He clutched at the edge of the desk, dropped the revolver, reeled and slumped to a sitting position on the floor, looking wonderingly about him. He did not recognize the room—the curved legs of the desk, the waste-paper basket, the tiger-skin rug seen from the floor level. The swift steps of a servant creaking across the drawing-room

brought him to his senses. By an effort of will he understood that he was on the floor and, seeing blood on the tiger-skin and on his own hand, that he had shot himself.

"A miss. How stupid!" he murmured as he felt for the revolver. The revolver was close to his side but he supposed it was further away. In his attempt to find it he leant over, lost his balance and collapsed, bleeding profusely.

The elegant servant with side-whiskers, who on various occasions had complained of having weak nerves, was so frightened by the sight of his master lying on the floor that he left him there bleeding while he ran off to seek help. An hour later his brother's wife Varya arrived with three doctors, for whom she had dispatched couriers in every direction and who all arrived at the same time. She put the wounded man to bed and remained at his house to take care of him.

19

When Karenin was preparing himself for the encounter with his wife, he made the error of not considering the contingency of his wife's repentance being genuine, of his forgiving her and of her recovering; the full import of this error was brought home to him some two months after his return from Moscow. The error had occurred not only because he failed to consider such a contingency, but also because until the confrontation with his dying wife he did not know his own heart. At his wife's bedside he for the first time in his life gave himself up to the softening influence of compassion which the sight of another's suffering had always produced in him and which he had hitherto looked upon as a shameful weakness. His compassion for her and his remorse for having desired her death, and above all the joy he experienced in forgiving her, mitigated his own suffering and brought him an inner peace he had never known before. He suddenly recognized that the cause of his suffering was likewise the cause of his spiritual exaltation, and that a problem which had appeared insoluble when he hated and passed judgement and made recriminations, became clear and simple as soon as he was filled with love and forgiveness.

three o'clock in the afternoon. On entering the hall he saw a handsome footman in braided livery and a shoulder-cape of bear-skin holding woman's white fur cloak.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"Princess Tverskaya," replied the footman, with what Karenin fancied was a smile.

Throughout this painful period Karenin noticed that all his society friends, especially the women, evinced exceptional interest in him and his wife. He observed that all these friends took a scarcely concealed delight in something, the same delight he had detected in the lawyer's eyes and now in the footman's. They seemed as happy as if they were attending a wedding. Whenever they met him they could hardly contain the joy with which they asked about her health.

Karenin was displeased by this visit from Princess Betsy both because of the memories associated with her and because he generally disliked her, and so he went at once to the children. In the first nursery he found Sergei kneeling on a chair with his chest on the table, drawing and chattering away gaily. The English governess who had taken the place of the French one during Anna's illness, was sitting and knitting beside Sergei; she hastily got up when Karenin entered, curtseyed and gave Sergei's sleeve a little tug.

Karenin ran his hand over his son's hair, replied to the governess' inquiry as to his wife's health, and asked what the doctor had said about the baby.

"He said there was no danger and prescribed baths, sir."

"But she is still in pain," said Karenin, listening to the child's screams coming from the other room.

"It's my opinion that the wet-nurse ought to be changed, sir," said the English woman firmly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Karenin, halting on his way to the infant.

"That's how it was with Countess Paul, sir. They treated the baby for something else and it was just that it was hungry; the wet-nurse had no milk, sir."

After considering the matter a little, Karenin went into the other nursery. The child lay in the wet-nurse's arms with its head thrown back, screaming, squirming, refusing take the buxom breast offered it or to be placated

despite the frenzied clucking of both nurse and wet-nurse.

"No better?" asked Karenin.

"Very uneasy, sir," whispered the nurse.

"Miss Edwards says the wet-nurse may have no milk," he said.

"So I think myself, Alexei Alexandrovich."

"Then why haven't you said so?"

"Who was I to say it to? Anna Arkadievna is still so sick," the nurse said disapprovingly.

The nurse was an old servant in the house. In her plain words Karenin seemed to catch an allusion to his position.

The baby screamed even louder, growing hoarse. With a despairing wave of her hand, the nurse took it away from the wet-nurse and began walking up and down, rocking it in her arms.

"The doctor must examine the wet-nurse," said Karenin.

Frightened by the prospect of being dismissed, the wet-nurse, dressed in her best and apparently bursting with health, buttoned in her huge breast and muttered something to herself with a scornful smile for those who could entertain doubts of her milkiness. And in this smile, too, Karenin read contempt for his position.

"Poor baby!" said the nurse as she walked with it and clucked at it.

Karenin sat down and watched her walk up and down, his face pained and gloomy.

When the baby was soothed at last and the nurse, having put it in its crib and adjusted the pillow, went away, Karenin got up and tip-toed awkwardly over to it. For a minute or two he stood watching it in gloomy silence, but suddenly a smile lighted his face, moving the skin of his forehead and the hair of his scalp, and the next moment he tip-toed out of the room.

When he reached the dining-room he rang and told the servant to send for the doctor again. He was vexed with his wife for showing no concern for such a charming baby, and in this mood he did not wish to go to her, nor did he wish to see Princess Betsy; but his wife might wonder why he had failed to come at his usual hour and so he forced himself to go to her bedroom. As he approached the door over the thick carpet he could not help hearing a conversation he would have preferred not to hear:

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"If it were not for his going away, I could understand your refusal to see him—and his, too. But your husban ought to be above that," said Betsy.

"It is not because of my husband; I myself do not wa to see him. Pray do not speak of it again," came Anna agitated voice.

"But surely you cannot refuse to say goodbye to man who shot himself for your sake and—"

"That is precisely why I do not wish to see him.

Karenin halted, looking frightened and guilty and woul have stolen away; feeling, however, the lack of dignit of such behaviour, he announced himself with a littl cough.

The voices became silent, and he entered the room

Anna was sitting on the sofa in a grey dressing-gown her clipped hair forming a thick black cap on her roun head. As always happened when she saw her husband all the vivacity went out of her face. She dropped her hea and glanced up anxiously at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in th most extravagant fashion, in a small hat perched upon th top of her head like a shade on a lamp, and dove coloured gown with diagonal stripes going one way on th bodice and the other way on the skirt, was sitting next t Anna on the sofa, her long flat torso held severely erect She met Karenin with a derisive smile.

"Ah," she said, as if in surprise, "I am delighted to fin you at home. You never go anywhere these days, so I hav not seen you since Anna's illness. But I have heard a about you—how wonderfully you have taken care of her Oh, but you are an exceptional husband!" she said with a affectionate and meaning look, as if she were bestowin upon him the Order of Magnanimity for his behaviou towards his wife.

Karenin bowed coldly, kissed his wife's hand and asked how she felt.

"I believe I am better," she said, avoiding his eyes

"But your face is flushed; are you sure you have n fever?" he said, stressing the word *fever*.

"We've been talking too much," said Betsy. "I've bee selfish and now I shall go."

She got up but Anna, blushing suddenly, caught he hand.

"No, not yet, please stay. I must speak to you—no—to you," she said, turning to Karenin, the blush suffusing her neck and forehead. "I do not wish—indeed, I am not able to hide anything from you," she said.

Karenin cracked his knuckles and bowed his head.

"Betsy has told me that Count Vronsky wishes to come here to say goodbye before he leaves for Tashkent." She did not look at her husband and was evidently in a great hurry to get out what she had to say, however difficult it might be. "I have told her I cannot receive him."

"You said, darling, that it all depended on Alexei Alexandrovich," Betsy corrected her.

"No, I cannot receive him, nothing could possibly come—" She stopped suddenly and turned questioning eyes to her husband (who was not looking at her). "In short, I do not wish—"

Karenin drew closer and reached for her hand.

Instinctively she snatched it away from the moist fingers laced with swollen veins that reached for hers, but then she herself, with obvious effort, pressed his hand.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence, but..." he said, feeling with confusion and vexation that a decision which had seemed so clear and simple when he was alone with himself could not be discussed in front of Princess Betsy, who was for him the incarnation of that rude force guiding his mundane life and preventing him from surrendering himself to feelings of love and forgiveness. He broke off, looking at Princess Betsy.

"Well, goodbye, darling," said Betsy, getting up. She kissed Anna and went out. Karenin escorted her.

"Alexei Alexandrovich! I know you are truly generous," she said, stopping in the little drawing-room to press his hand again, this time with particular warmth. "I am an outsider, of course, but I have such love for her and esteem for you that I venture to offer a word of advice. Do let him come. Alexei Vronsky is the very soul of honour, and he is leaving for Tashkent."

"Thank you for your kind feelings and advice, Princess, but my wife herself is the only one who can decide whom she will or will not receive."

He pronounced these words with accustomed dignity, with a lift of his eyebrows, and instantly the thought

crossed his mind that no matter what the words, there could be no dignity in his present position. He saw this in the restrained, insidious, sardonic smile with which Betsy glanced at him after he had spoken.

20

Karenin said goodbye to Betsy in the big hall and returned to his wife. She had been lying down but hurriedly sat up on hearing his steps. She looked at him in fright and he could see she had been crying.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence," he repeated meekly and in Russian what he had said in French in Betsy's presence. Anna was always exasperated when he spoke Russian and addressed her with the intimate pronoun. "And *very grateful for your decision.* I, too, am of the opinion that, inasmuch as he is going away, there is no reason why Count Vronsky should come here. However, if—"

"I have already spoken, why go over it?" she broke out with an impatience she could not control. To herself she said: No reason for a man to come and say goodbye to the woman he loves, for whose sake he was willing to ruin himself and kill himself—a woman who cannot live without him! No reason! She bit her lips and let her glistening eyes fall on the hands laced with swollen veins, which he was now rubbing together slowly.

"Let us never speak of this again," she added in a calmer voice.

"I have allowed you to decide this question and I am very glad—" he began.

"—that our wishes coincide," she finished quickly, irritated by his slow way of speaking when she knew exactly what was to come.

"Yes," he assented. "And I find it quite out of place for Princess Betsy to interfere in private affairs of the most complicated nature. She is particularly—"

"I don't believe any of the gossip spread about her," put in Anna hastily. "I only know she loves me sincerely."

Karenin heaved a sigh and said no more. She played nervously with a tassel of her gown and glanced at him om time to time with that dreadful feeling of physical

repulsion for which she rebuked herself but which she could not overcome. She wanted but one thing at the moment—to be relieved of his wearisome presence.

"I have just sent for the doctor," he said.

"I am well; why should I have the doctor?"

"Not you, the little one. She keeps crying and they say the wet-nurse has not enough milk."

"Why did you not allow me to nurse her myself when I begged you to let me? Ah, but it makes no difference." (Karenin caught the significance of this *no difference.*) "She is a child and is being starved." She rang and asked to have the baby brought to her. "I asked to be allowed to nurse her myself and was not allowed, and now I am blamed for it."

"I have not blamed you."

"Yes you have! My God, why did I not die?" and she burst into tears. "Forgive me, I am nervous, I am unjust," she said, pulling herself together. "But do go away."

No, things cannot go on like this, Karenin said to himself as he left his wife's room.

Never before had he seen with such clarity the impossibility of his position in the world's eyes, the loathing his wife felt for him, the all-powerfulness of that rude and mysterious force which guided his life in defiance of his spiritual yearnings, demanding that he obey its will and change his attitude towards his wife. He clearly saw that his wife and society demanded something of him, but what, exactly, he could not make out. He felt it was this that gave rise to the anger in his soul, which was destroying his peace and all the rewards of the feat he had performed. He believed it would be better for Anna to put an end to her relations with Vronsky, but if everyone considered such a thing impossible he was even willing to let the relations be revived so long as the children were not disgraced and not taken away from him and his own position remained uninjured. Bad as this would be, it was better than a rupture that would place her in a hopeless and shameful position and deprive him of everything most dear to him. But he felt helpless. He knew in advance that everyone would be against him and would not allow him to do what now seemed so natural and good; they would force him to do what was bad but what was, as they fancied, his duty.

21

Betsy had not yet left the big hall when Oblonsky, who had just come from Yeliseyev's shop where they were selling oysters, met her in the doorway.

"Ah, Princess! What a pleasant surprise!" he said. "I called on you, by the way."

"I can only stop a minute, I must be off," said Betsy, smiling as she drew on a glove.

"Do not hurry with that glove, allow me to kiss your hand first. Now that old customs are being revived, I am grateful for nothing so much as the revival of hand-kissing." He kissed Betsy's hand. "When shall I see you?"

"You do not deserve to see me," replied Betsy with a smile.

"Indeed I do, and very much so. I have become the most serious of men. It is not only my own affairs I arrange satisfactorily but others' as well," he said with a significant look.

"Oh, but that is splendid!" said Betsy, immediately guessing that he referred to Anna. They retired to a corner of the hall. "He is killing her," said Betsy in a weighty whisper. "It has become impossible, impossible!"

"I am glad you find it so," said Oblonsky, shaking his head with a grave and pained look. "That is why I have come to Petersburg."

"The whole town is talking of it," she said. "It cannot go on. She is simply pining away. He does not understand that she is one of those women who cannot take their love lightly. It must be one of two things: either he acts resolutely and takes her away from here, or he gives her a divorce. As it is, she is simply suffocating."

"Yes, yes ... that's it..." sighed Oblonsky. "That's why I have come. That is, there's another reason too... I have been made a *Kammerherr* and ... well, I had to express my gratitude. But the main thing is to arrange things for her."

"Well, God help you," said Betsy.

When he had seen Betsy out and kissed her hand once more (the inner wrist at the glove opening where the pulse beats), and having whispered suggestive compliments into

her ear that left her not knowing whether to laugh or take umbrage, Oblonsky went to his sister. He found her in tears.

Oblonsky's mood naturally switched from the ebullience he had brought with him to the sympathetic, poetic perturbation befitting her state. He asked her how she was feeling and how she had spent the morning.

"Dreadfully, dreadfully. The morning and the whole of yesterday and all past and future days," she said.

"I fear you have given yourself up to melancholy. You must shake yourself out of it, you must look life in the face. I know how hard it is, but—"

"I have heard that women love men for their vices," she came out with unexpectedly. "Well, I hate him for his virtues. I cannot live with him. Try to understand that the very sight of him affects me physically, simply drives me mad. Oh, I cannot live with him, I cannot, cannot! What am I to do? I was so wretched I thought I had reached the limits of wretchedness, but I could not have conceived anything as appalling as the state I am in now. How is it possible for me to hate him so, knowing how good, how wonderful he is, knowing that I am not worth his little finger? I hate him for his very generosity. There is nothing left for me but—"

She would have said death, but Oblonsky would not allow her to finish.

"You are ill and excited," he said. "Believe me when I say you exaggerate horribly. There is nothing frightful in all this."

Oblonsky smiled. No one else would have allowed himself to smile in the presence of such despair (a smile would have seemed brutal), but there was so much kindness and almost feminine tenderness in his smile that it did not offend but rather soothed and comforted. His quiet placating words and smile soothed like almond oil. Anna felt this very soon.

"No, Steve," she said. "I am ruined. Worse than ruined. I am not ruined yet, I cannot say that all is over; on the contrary, I am very much aware that it is not over. I am like a taut string about to snap. It is not yet over and the end will be horrible."

"Calm yourself, my dear, and we will loosen the string

little by little. There is a way out of everything."

"I have thought and thought. There is only one way—"

Again he guessed from her frightened look that the only way out she could see was death, and again he did not allow her to say it.

"Not at all," he said. "Listen to me, you cannot appraise the situation as I can. Allow me to give my honest opinion." Once more he gently released his almond-oil smile. "I shall begin from the beginning. You married a man twenty years your elder. You married him without love, without knowing what love was. That, let us say, was a mistake."

"A dreadful mistake!" said Anna.

"But I repeat: it is an accomplished fact. Then you had the misfortune, let us say, to fall in love with another man. A misfortune, but also an accomplished fact. Your husband recognized the fact and has forgiven you." He paused after every sentence, expecting her to object, but she said nothing. "That, then, is how it is. The question now is: can you go on living with your husband? Do you wish to go on living with him? Does he wish it?"

"I know nothing, nothing."

"But you yourself have said you cannot endure him."

"I said nothing of the kind. I deny it. I know nothing, I understand nothing."

"Oh, but come—"

"You cannot understand. I feel that I am punging head foremost into an abyss and I must not try to save myself. I cannot save myself."

"Have no fear, we will provide a soft landing and rescue you. I see how it is; I see that you cannot bring yourself to say what you want and what you feel."

"There is nothing I want—but that it were all over."

"He sees this and knows it. Do you suppose that his suffering is less than yours? He is in torture and you are in torture—what good can come of it? Whereas divorce would untangle it all." It was not easy for Oblonsky to come out with this, his main idea, and he did it with a look full of meaning bent upon her.

She made no answer, only shook her cropped head. But from the flash of former beauty that suddenly lighted her face he saw that she rejected it only because it seemed to

her a happiness unattainable.

"I am fearfully sorry for both of you! How happy I should be if I could arrange it!" said Oblonsky with a bolder smile. "Hush, hush, not a word! If only God gives me the power of putting what I feel into words! I am going to him."

Anna looked at him with thoughtful, glistening eyes and said nothing.

22

With something of the solemn air Oblonsky assumed when taking the chairman's seat at board meeting, he now entered Karenin's study. Karenin was walking up and down with his hands clasped behind him, thinking of the very thing Oblonsky had been discussing with his wife.

"I am not intruding?" asked Oblonsky, the sight of his brother-in-law evoking in him an unwonted feeling of embarrassment. To cover it up he took out a cigarette case with a new-fangled clasp he had just bought, sniffed the leather and chose a cigarette.

"No. Do you want something?" Karenin replied ungraciously.

"Yes, I wished ... I must ... yes, I must speak to you," said Oblonsky experiencing, to his own surprise, an unaccustomed timidity.

The feeling was so strange and unexpected that he was unable to recognize in it the voice of conscience telling him not to do the evil thing he was about to do. He put forth a great effort to overcome his timidity.

"I trust you have no doubt of my love for my sister and my sincere attachment and esteem for you," he said, reddening.

Karenin did not reply but he stopped pacing the floor. Oblonsky was shocked by the look on his face of one who has resigned himself to being sacrificed.

"I intended—that is, I wished to speak to you about my sister and your relations," said Oblonsky, still fighting down his timidity.

Karenin gave a woeful little smile, gazed at his brother-

in-law without speaking, then went to his desk, picked up a letter he had been writing and held it out to him.

"It is a thing I think of unceasingly. Here, this is what I have written, assuming that it is better to put it in writing since my presence irritates her," he said, giving him the letter.

Oblonsky took it, looked with astonished incredulity into the lustreless eyes fixed upon him, and began reading:

"I see that you find my presence irksome. Hard as it is for me to accept this, I see that it is so and cannot be changed. I do not blame you and with God as my witness I declare that at your bedside I earnestly resolved to forget all that had taken place between us and begin a new life. I do not regret and never will regret what I did; I wanted only one thing—your well-being, the well-being of your soul, and now I see I have not secured it. Tell me yourself what will bring you genuine happiness and peace of mind. I surrender myself wholely to your will and your sense of justice."

Oblonsky handed back the letter and looked at his brother-in-law with the same incredulity, not knowing what to say. The ensuing silence made both of them so uncomfortable that Oblonsky's lips began to twitch while he waited, his eyes glued to Karenin's face.

"That, then, is what I wished to say," said Karenin at last, turning away.

"Ah ... yes," said Oblonsky, unable to speak for the lump that rose in his throat. "Yes. I understand you," he murmured at last.

"I wish to know what she wants," said Karenin.

"I fear she herself does not appreciate her position. She cannot judge," said Oblonsky, recovering himself. "She is overwhelmed—precisely that: overwhelmed by your generosity. If she reads that letter she will not be able to say anything, she will only let her head drop even lower."

"Then what is to be done? How to explain? How to find out her wishes?"

"If you will allow me to give my opinion, I would say it is up to you to point out whatever measures you think should be taken so as to put an end to the present situation."

"It follows you think an end ought to be put to it?"

interrupted Karenin. "But how?" he asked, with a helpless little gesture that ill suited him. "I do not see any possible way out."

"There is a way out of any situation," said Oblonsky, jumping up in a sudden access of vitality. "There was a time when you wished to break everything off. If you are now convinced that you cannot achieve mutual happiness—"

"There are different conceptions of happiness. But let us say I agree to everything, that I desire nothing for myself. What, then, is the way out of our situation?"

"If you wish to know my opinion—" said Oblonsky with that soothing almond-oil smile he had used with Anna, a smile so effective that Karenin, conscious of his own weakness and surrendering to it, was ready to accept whatever Oblonsky should propose, "—if you wish to know my opinion, only one thing is possible," he said. "There is only one thing she could desire even though she does not admit it: the ending of your relationship and of all memories associated with it. It seems to me your present situation requires the forming of a new relationship. And this new relationship can be achieved only when both parties are free."

"Divorce," interposed Karenin with repugnance.

"Yes, I have divorce in mind. Divorce," he repeated, flushing. "From every point of view this is the best way out for two people who find themselves in the position you are in. What else can be done if these two people find they can no longer live together? It can happen to anyone." Karenin gave a deep sigh and closed his eyes. "Only one thing can serve as an obstacle: the desire of one of the parties to remarry. If this is not the case, everything is very simple," said Oblonsky, feeling more and more free of constraint.

Karenin frowned in his agitation, muttered something to himself and made no reply. Hundreds and hundreds of times had he gone over in his mind the remedy that Oblonsky found so simple; for him it was not simple; indeed, it was utterly impossible. Divorce, the conditions of which he had taken the pains to find out, now seemed impossible because his sense of dignity as well as his religious beliefs would not allow him to take upon himself a

fictitious charge of adultery, and even less would they allow him to expose the wife he loved and had forgiven to shame and disgrace.

But there were other even more important reasons that made him reject the idea of divorce. What would become of his son if they were divorced? His divorced wife would have a new and illegitimate family in which the boy's position and upbringing would no doubt leave much to be desired. Ought he to keep his son with him? That, he knew, would be an act of vengeance and he did not want vengeance. But the main reason why he found divorce impossible was that it would spell ruin for Anna. He could not forget what Dolly had said to him in Moscow: that in deciding on a divorce he was thinking only of himself and forgetting that it would ruin her irremediably. These words took on new meaning for him now that he had forgiven his wife and become attached to the children. To agree to a divorce, to agree to giving his wife her freedom, meant, as he saw it, to deprive himself of all ties binding him to the children he loved and to deprive her of all support on the path to virtue; meant, in a word, her ruin. Once she was divorced he knew she would join Vronsky, and this alliance would be illegal and sinful because according to the church a woman could not marry again so long as her husband was alive. She will join him and in a year or two either he will leave her or she will make another liaison, thought Karenin, and by agreeing to a divorce I will be guilty of her ruin. This he had gone over in his mind hundreds of times and had concluded that divorce, far from being the simple thing Oblonsky made it out to be, was utterly impossible. He was not convinced by a word his brother-in-law said, he had a thousand answers for each of the arguments he brought forward, but he listened to him, knowing that what he said was dictated by the rude force guiding his worldly life and that he would have to obey it.

"The only question that remains is, what are the conditions on which you agree to a divorce? She herself asks nothing, dares not ask for anything, she leaves it all to your generosity."

My God! My God! groaned Karenin inwardly and recall- that little detail of divorce proceedings according

to which the husbnad took upon himself the guilt, he covered his face with his hands in shame as Vronsky had done.

"You are distressed. I understand you, but if you give the matter serious thought..."

Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also, said Karenin to himself.

"Yes, yes," he cried in his shrill voice. "I shall take the shame upon myself. I shall even let her keep our son, but ... but would it not be better to drop it all? However, let it be as you say."

And turning away so that his brother-in-law should not see his face, he sat down by the window. He felt bitter, he felt ashamed, but besides the bitterness and the shame he experienced the joy and sweetness of so lofty a sacrifice.

Oblonsky was touched. He was silent.

"Alexei Alexandrovich," he murmured at last, "believe me when I say she will appreciate your magnanimity. But this, it seems, is the will of God," he added and, having added it, at once felt how foolish it sounded and could hardly resist smiling at his own foolishness.

Karenin would have answered if tears had not prevented his doing so.

"Fate is responsible for this misfortune and we must see it in this light. Accepting it as a fact, I am trying to help both you and her," said Oblonsky.

When Oblonsky left his brother-in-law he was still touched, but this did not mar the satisfaction he felt in having accomplished his purpose, certain as he was that Karenin would not go back on his word. To this satisfaction was added the pleasure of his having thought of a riddle he would put to his wife and closest friends when the business of the divorce was over; the riddle was: "Why am I like Alexander the Great? Because we both cut knots—he the Gordian, I the marital." Or perhaps: "What is the difference between me and Alexander the Great? He cut the Gordian knot, I the marital." I may find even a better version, he said to himself with a smile.

23

Vronsky had seriously wounded himself, though the bullet had missed his heart. For a few days he hung between life and death. When he spoke his first words only Varya, his brother's wife, was in the room.

"Varya," he said, looking at her severely, "I shot myself by chance. And never mention it to me, pray, and tell others it was an accident. It is all too silly."

Without answering, Varya bent over him and looked into his eyes with a happy smile. His eyes were clear, not feverish, but their expression was severe.

"Thank God!" she said. "Have you any pain?"

"A little. Here," and he pointed to his chest.

"Let me put on a fresh dressing."

He clenched his broad jaws and watched her change it. When she had finished he said:

"My mind is not wandering; I beg you to see that there is no talk of my having shot myself on purpose."

"There is no such talk. Only I hope you will not shoot yourself by chance again?" she said with a questioning smile.

"I dare say I will not, but it would have been better if..." He smiled lugubriously.

When the fever had subsided and he began to get better he knew, despite these words and the smile that had frightened Varya, he had completely freed himself of one cause of his suffering. His act had washed away, as it were, the sense of shame and humiliation he had suffered. Now he could think calmly of Karenin. He owned that Karenin had behaved magnanimously and he himself no longer felt humiliated. Now he could resume his place in his old life. He could look people in the face without shame and live according to his old habits. The one thing he could not tear out of his heart even though he struggled unceasingly with his feelings, was a regret amounting to despair that he had lost her forever. He had firmly resolved that, having redeemed himself in her husband's eyes, he must give her up and never again stand between her, a repentant wife, and her husband. But he could not tear out of his heart his regret for the loss of her love, nor could he erase from his memory those rapturous moments he

had known with her, moments he had ill appreciated at the time and which haunted him now.

Serpukhovsky had arranged an appointment in Tashkent for him and Vronsky had accepted it without a moment's hesitation. But the closer the hour of departure drew, the harder it became for him to make this sacrifice to what he considered his duty.

His wound healed and he made preparations for leaving.

If I could only see her one last time I could bury myself, I could die, he thought, and he expressed this thought to Betsy when he called on her to say goodbye. Betsy took the message to Anna and returned with a negative answer.

So much the better, thought Vronsky on hearing it. It was weakness on my part that would have destroyed whatever strength I have left.

But on the following morning Betsy herself came and said Oblonsky had brought her the happy news that Karenin had agreed to a divorce and therefore there was no reason why he should not see her.

Without so much as seeing Betsy off, forgetting all about his resolution, without asking permission to call or inquiring where Karenin was, Vronsky rode off to the Karenins'. He ran up the stairs, seeing nothing and no one, and swiftly, almost running, entered her room. Without noticing or caring whether anyone else was there, he threw his arms about her and covered her face, hands and throat with kisses.

Anna had expected this meeting, had thought of it and decided what she would say, but she had no chance to say it. She was caught up in the flames of his passion; she wished to quell it in him and in herself, but it was too late. Her lips trembled so that it was some time before she could utter a word.

"Yes, you have conquered, I am yours," she murmured at last, pressing his hand to her bosom.

"That is as it should be!" he said. "So long as we two live, that is as it should be! I know that now."

"Yes," she said, growing paler and taking his head in her hands. "And yet there is something dreadful in it, after all that has taken place."

"It will pass, and we will be happy! It is just this something dreadful that will make our love greater, if it can

possibly be greater," he said as he lifted his head, his handsome teeth flashing in a smile.

She could not help answering with a smile—answering not his words, but his adoring eyes. She took his hand and ran it over her cold cheeks and chipped hair.

"I hardly know you with your short hair. You are lovelier than ever. Like a boy. But how pale you are!"

"I am very weak," she said, smiling. Once again her lips began quivering.

"We will go to Italy. You will regain your strength there," he said.

"Is such a thing possible? You and I as man and wife, with our own family?" she said, looking closely into his eyes.

"My only wonder is that it could ever have been otherwise."

"Steve says *he* agrees to everything, but I cannot accept such generosity from *him*," she said, gazing pensively past Vronsky. "I don't want a divorce. It makes no difference to me now. The only thing is—what will he decide about Sergei?"

He could not understand how she could think of her son and divorce at this first moment of their reunion. As if such things mattered!

"Don't speak of it, don't think of it," he said, turning her hand over in his and trying to distract her attention, but she still looked past him.

"Oh, why did I not die?—how much better it would have been!" she said, and tears stole silently down her cheeks; but she made herself smile so as not to cause him pain.

According to Vronsky's former way of looking at things, it would be a disgrace, almost an impossibility, to reject the flattering and dangerous appointment in Tashkent. Now, however, he rejected it without a moment's thought and, seeing that this was met with disapproval in higher circles, he at once retired from the army.

Within the month Karenin found himself alone with his son; and Anna, having refused to consider a divorce, went abroad with Vronsky without it.

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